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# SERVICE BOOK;

CONTAINING

PRAYERS, PSALTER, AND HYMNS,

FOR USE IN

PRAYER MEETINGS,

AND ON OTHER INFORMAL OCCASIONS.

A R R A N G E D

BY THE

RECTOR OF ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

*Charles D. Cooper*

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# PRAYERS

FOR

## SOCIAL WORSHIP.

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ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father; We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done: And there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou those, O God, who confess their faults. Restore thou those who are penitent; According to thy promises declared unto mankind, in Christ Jesus our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake; That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life; To the glory of thy holy name. *Amen.*

ALMIGHTY God, our heavenly Father, who, of his great mercy, hath promised forgiveness of sins to all those who, with  
(3)

heartly repentance and true faith, turn unto him; have mercy upon you, pardon and deliver you from all your sins, confirm and strengthen you in all goodness, and bring you to everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

OUR Father, who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy Will be done on Earth, as it is in Heaven; Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil; For thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory, forever and ever. *Amen.*

O Lord, open thou our lips:

*Ans.* And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.

¶ Here all standing up, the Minister shall say,

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost:

*Ans.* As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

*Min.* Praise ye the Lord:

*Ans.* The Lord's name be praised.

[Here may follow one of the selections of Psalms, concluding with the Gloria Patri. After which a lesson from the Old or New Testament.]



## GENERAL PRAYERS.

**A**LMIGHTY God, the Father of all mercies, we, thine unworthy servants, do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us and to all men. Praised be thy glorious name for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ. Wonderful are the mercies through him vouchsafed to thy sinful creatures; unspeakably precious the blessings which thou hast given us through his death and resurrection. We bless thee, O God, especially for this opportunity of meeting together, and for the delightful fellowship and communion which, by thy goodness, we are now permitted to enjoy. Grant, O Lord, that great and permanent good to our souls may ensue from this meeting. Whatever lessons we may learn, whatever impressions we receive, may they be sanctified and abiding. May brotherly love continue. May our love to Christ, and for his church, be increased. May we be more devoted to his service, and more heartily determined, in the sufficiency of his grace, to make our calling and election sure. Enable us to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ; to be instant in season and out of season. May we follow after righteousness, faith, meekness, and love; and may the Gospel, which is preached, come to the hearers, not in word only, but also in power, to the purifying of the heart by faith.

But before thee, O God, who searchest the heart, and triest the reins of men, we bow with self-abasement, and a sense of unworthiness, and ask thy forgiveness of the sins which we have committed in thy presence. We feel that our holiest things have need of pardon. Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have mercy upon us, and pardon our offenses for his sake who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

**O** GOD, who hast commanded us to make intercession for all men, have mercy, we beseech thee, upon the whole church of Christ on earth. Let thy continued pity cleanse and defend it; and especially that portion of it with which we are particularly associated. Preserve it from all perils and adversities, and cause it to shine in the light of thy blessing, as a city set on a hill. Defend it from all heresy and schism. Take away every root of bitterness, that all its ministers and people may be kindly affectioned one to another; in honor preferring one another; not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. On all our congregations and their pastors pour out a spirit of active and self-denying zeal, that they may labor, in unity of spirit and in the bond of peace, to promote the spread of the Gospel throughout our land, and to the uttermost parts of the earth. And to all the means of grace, and all the efforts of benevolence, vouchsafe thy favor to guide,

govern, and prosper them, that thy glory may be advanced, and the kingdom of Christ enlarged. We humbly pray for thy blessing upon the bishops of our church, and especially upon him who has the spiritual superintendence of the churches in this diocese. Endow him richly with all the wisdom, love, tenderness, firmness, and zeal necessary to the faithful discharge of the duties of his office. Deeply imbue his heart with the spirit of Christ. May all his influence be holy. May he lay hands suddenly on no man; and may all those whom he shall ordain to the sacred ministry, be such as will do the work of evangelists. May he labor in hope, and so fight the good fight of faith, and finish his course, that finally he may receive a crown of righteousness, which fadeth not away.

And we pray, O gracious Lord, that all Christians may have more and more of the mind of Christ, and be diligent in all good works. May all their endeavors to do thy will be sanctified by thy Spirit, guided by thy wisdom, and prospered by thy blessing. May an ardent desire for the coming of thy kingdom unite the hearts, increase the prayers, and multiply the exertions of all who name themselves of Christ. May they pray earnestly and strive diligently, that the Gospel may be preached to every creature. May we deeply lament the weakness of our faith, and the coldness of our love and our zeal for thee and for thy church. O Lord,

we beseech thee, pour out upon all Christian people the spirit of missions; the earnest desire, by all proper means, to spread to all the nations of the earth the knowledge of Christ, and the doctrines of eternal life. May the treasury of the Lord be filled with the means of supporting those who do the work of evangelists. May thy blessing be with those servants of Christ who have gone forth to preach the Gospel to the destitute, whether in heathen or in Christian lands, and let the power of thy grace be manifested in their success. Have mercy upon all idolaters and unbelievers. For the children of Israel, unto whom pertained the adoption and the covenants, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, we offer our earnest intercession; our hearts' desire and prayer to thee for Israel is, that they may be saved. From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, let thy name be great among the Gentiles, and in every place may incense be offered unto thy name and a pure offering. O take the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

Finally, O Lord, we beseech thee to have mercy on us, unworthy sinners. Whatever we need in time, and for eternity, vouchsafe to grant; and when we have served thee in our generation, may we sleep in Jesus, and meet at thy right hand, having our garments washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. And unto the Father, the Son, and

the Holy Ghost, three persons and one God, be all honor and glory, world without end.  
*Amen.*

**O** GOD, the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners. We are encouraged to pray, in the all-prevailing name of Jesus, for thy marvelous light to be imparted to us. Open thou our eyes, that we may behold wonderful things out of thy law. Teach us, we beseech thee, those things which are foolishness to the natural man, and which we can none of us see or know without thy gracious light. Oh do thou come as the Spirit of truth, effectually to convince us of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment. Show us that the depravity and corruption of our nature is such, that thy holy law can only cause our offenses to abound; and that we can never be effectually purged from dead works, to serve the living God, without the blood of sprinkling. Purge thou us therewith, and we shall be clean; wash us, and we shall be whiter than snow. Give us, we humbly pray, a right judgment in all things; and do thou deeply impress upon our hearts, that the things which are seen are temporal, and the things which are not seen are eternal. May none of us be satisfied to receive our good things now in our lifetime; but may we hope for that which we see not, and be enabled with patience to wait for it. If thou hast begun the good work in our hearts, oh



do thou perfect that which concerneth us, and cherish and maintain thine own work in our souls. Many there be that fight against us, O thou Most High. But, Lord, replenish us with everlasting oil; let thine own most precious and holy anointing abide upon us, that, in all our trials, distresses and temptations, we may rejoice in thy heavenly comfort, and find thy grace sufficient for us, and thy strength perfected in our weakness. Strengthen us with might in the inner man, that we may endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and fight manfully under his banner against sin, the world, and the devil, until at last we are admitted to those unspeakable joys which are prepared in heaven for the people of God. We ask this in the name and mediation of Jesus Christ, to whom with thee, O Father, and thee, O Holy Ghost, be ascribed all honor and glory, world without end. *Amen.*

**O** MERCIFUL God, we bless thy holy name for the gift of thy dear Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father. Send thy Holy Spirit into our hearts, and grant that we may all partake of the precious benefits which the Redeemer of the world has procured for his people. We are fallen, guilty, and depraved sinners, surrounded with objects on every side that strive to entice us from the narrow way of



life. Turn away our eyes from beholding vanity; and quicken thou us in thy way. Thou knowest us to be set in the midst of so many and such great dangers, that by reason of the frailty of our mortal nature we cannot always stand upright; give us, we most humbly beseech thee, all needful instruction, and all-sufficient supplies of grace and strength, to support us in every trying scene through which we are appointed to pass. We know not what is before us: but thou knowest. And thou hast warned us that in the world we shall have tribulation, and that all who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. May we set our faces as a flint, and in thy name, and in thy strength, may we overcome not only all the wiles of the devil, and the lusts of the flesh, but all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Oh teach us to make a proper estimate of the life which now is, and the life of the world to come. While we are in the world, may we declare plainly that we are not of the world. May we have our conversation in heaven, and set our affections on things above, and not on things on the earth. There be many that say, "Who will show us any good?" but Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us. Thou only art a suitable portion for our souls. Thou only art able to satisfy us, and make us happy both here and forever. Except thou bless us, what good will our life do us? We shall walk but in a vain

show, and disquiet ourselves in vain. Oh ! turn us from all our idols and vanities ; and grant, Lord, that there may be nothing, either in heaven above or in the earth beneath, to occupy that place in our hearts which belongs to thee. May we never be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified ; and may we declare plainly whose we are and whom we serve. Grant that as strangers and pilgrims we may abstain from fleshly lusts, not fashioning ourselves according to the children of this world ; but may we put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and know nothing as the ground of our hope but his atoning blood and his justifying righteousness. May we speak the language of the heavenly city to which we are tending ; and may our speech be always with grace seasoned with salt. And grant, Lord, that we may always manifest a holy indifference to every thing which this world has to bestow, that we may never follow after any of its carnal delights, or be led by any of its covetous desires. Hear us, O gracious Father, and uphold us by thy right hand, amid all the snares and temptations that we meet on our pilgrimage, until we are brought to the heavenly Canaan, to see thy face and sing thy praise forever, through Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

**O** MERCIFUL God, who hast made all men, and wouldst not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live, look down in mercy upon

us, who desire now humbly to approach the throne of thy grace. Lord, hear us in the day of trouble, send us help from the sanctuary, and strengthen us out of Zion. Give us, we beseech thee, that deep conviction of sin, and that realizing sense of eternal things, that we may be effectually warned to flee from the wrath to come. And since we are set in the midst of so many and such great dangers, grant to us such strength and protection as may support us in all dangers, and carry us through all temptations. May we never be turned aside by any of the trials, or snares, or discouragements that we meet in the way. Teach us to feel that we are escaping for our lives; and suffer us not to linger in all the plain, neither to look behind us. Lord, grant that we may be deaf to every voice that would call us back, and unmoved by all the counsel that would turn us from the narrow way of life to the broad road of destruction, may we look well to our goings, that we may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life set before us in the Gospel. And if for a season the sorrows of our hearts are enlarged,—if our hope have perished and our way be hid—if we sink in the mire where there is no standing, oh be thou our help in trouble, when the help of man is vain! Stretch forth the right hand of thy mercy to save and deliver us. Bring us out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay; set our feet upon the rock, and establish our goings, and put

a new song into our mouth; so will we sing and praise thy power. These mercies we ask in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, our only Mediator and Redeemer. *Amen.*

**A**LMIGHTY and ever-living God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, behold in mercy thy dependent creatures, who desire, with all humility and adoration, to approach thy gracious throne. We beseech thee to hear our prayers, and pardon our sins. Create and make in us new and contrite hearts, and give us such sincere repentance, that we may obtain of thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness.

We adore thee, O God, for thine infinite perfections; we bless thee for thy great and manifold mercies. With hearts united, we would render unto thee humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us and to all mankind. We thank thee for our life, and for all the blessings which add to our comfort; that our lives, so unprofitable to thee, are still continued; that we have been preserved through various perils, and conducted by unnumbered mercies, safely to the present time. We thank thee for this present opportunity and privilege of assembling in thy name and presence; and for the comforting doctrines of life and peace contained in thy holy word. We praise thee, O God, that thou hast laid

help on one who is mighty; that thou hast so loved the world, hast had such compassion upon the fallen race of men, as to give thine only Son to be our Saviour; that through the merits of his sacrifice thou canst be just, and yet be the justifier of those who believe in Jesus Christ; and that we are called to a knowledge of thy grace and faith in thee. Make us sensible of thy goodness in giving us such gracious means and frequent opportunities of religious improvement. Blessed be thy name for thy forbearing mercy; for thy patient goodness to creatures so undeserving; for the invitations of thy word, and for thy promises of salvation and eternal life in Jesus Christ. May thy Holy Spirit impress the saving truths of the Gospel upon the minds and hearts of all who are connected with this congregation; grant us that lively, holy faith which renews the heart; and whilst we live, may we live to thee. Do thou, the Lord of all power and might, the author and giver of all good things, graft in our hearts the love of thy name; increase in us pure and undefiled religion; nourish us with the lively truth of thy holy word, filling our souls with goodness; and of thy great mercy dispose our hearts, and direct our ways, toward the attainment of everlasting salvation.

Give us grace, O Lord, to love thy statutes, and to walk faithfully in the way of thy commandments. Incline our heart unto thy testimonies. Turn away our eyes from



all sinful vanities, and quicken us in the way that we should go. Assist us in all we do with thy heavenly grace, and dispose our ways toward the attainment of everlasting salvation, that among all the perils of this changing world, our hearts may be steadfastly fixed upon the unchanging glories of the world to come. May we follow the steps of our blessed Saviour, who once came into this world to visit us in great humility; like him be unwearied in well-doing; that when he shall come again, in his glorious majesty, to judge the quick and the dead, we may be found acceptable in thy sight, and receive the blessing which he shall pronounce to those who love and fear thee.

And accept, O Lord, of our intercessions for all our fellow-men. Extend, we beseech thee, the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and the saving truths of thy blessed word, through all the nations of the earth. May thy Gospel be spread till it is preached to every creature, and in an honest and good heart by all received. Oh may thy kingdom come and its power increase, till thy will is done on earth as it is in heaven. Awaken in the impenitent a just sense of thy power and of thy mercy. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; may they return unto the Lord, who will have mercy upon them, and to God, who will abundantly pardon. May we and all men seek thee while thou mayest be found, and call upon thee while thou art near, and partake in the



benefits of thy everlasting covenant, even the sure mercies of David.

Give us hearts, O Lord, to feel, and to pray for all the sons and daughters of sorrow. May they remember the exhortation, not to despise the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when rebuked of him; and, knowing that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, may they trust in thy mercy and be resigned to thy will. Behold, O Lord, in mercy them who are visited with sickness. May they bow with submission under thy rod, knowing who hath appointed it, and be enabled, through thy grace, to see wisdom and goodness in all thy dealings. May they know, in a holy, lively faith, that to live is Christ, to die is gain.

We commend ourselves, O heavenly Father, to thy holy protecting providence. Wilt thou watch over us for good, and direct and bless us in all we do.

O thou blessed Saviour of a sinful world, who for us men and for our redemption came down from heaven; lived for our example; was delivered for our offenses, and raised for our justification, help us to walk in thy steps, and to serve thee as our Lord and Master, doing the things which thou commandest.

O thou Holy Spirit of the Father, and of the Son, Sanctifier of the faithful, visit us, we pray thee, with thy love and favor. Open our understanding, that we may know and receive the truth as it is in Jesus Christ.

Dwell in our hearts, and sanctify our desires and all our affections. Send thy reviving influences upon the impenitent, quicken into life all who are dead in trespasses and sins, and save them with an everlasting salvation.

O blessed Lord God and Saviour, who hast given us grace at this time to make our common supplications unto thee, and dost promise, that when two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt grant their requests; fulfill now, O Lord, we humbly beseech thee, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them, granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting, through Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord and Redeemer. *Amen.*

**O** ETERNAL God, whose wise and unfailing providence orders all things in heaven and on earth, who hast compassion upon the sons of men, and hast graciously promised to hear the prayers of those who ask in the name of Jesus Christ, we desire, with reverence and adoration, to present before thee our humble supplications. Let thy merciful ears be open to our petitions, and that we obtain our requests, help us, we beseech thee, to ask for such things, and with such hearts, as shall please thee. We are unworthy, through our manifold sins, to offer unto thee any sacrifice. We have daily offended against thee, who art holy, just and good. We have sinned and done wickedly

in departing from thy precepts and thy judgments. We have erred and strayed from thy righteous ways, and have followed too much the evil devices and desires of our own hearts. We have left undone what our duty required, and have done those things which thy law forbids. Do thou, O heavenly Father, who hast promised forgiveness to those who confess and forsake their sins, have mercy upon us; pardon our offenses, and deliver us from the condemnation and the power of sin. Sanctify our hearts, and, by thy Holy Spirit, work in us to will and to do what is pleasing in thy sight.

We bless thy holy name, that to the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness; that through the merits of a righteous Saviour thou art ever ready to receive a returning, penitent sinner. We praise thee for thy adorable attributes of power and wisdom, benevolence and mercy. We thank thee for unnumbered favors vouchsafed to us and to all mankind; for the Gospel preached to sinful creatures, and for the day and means of grace and salvation. We thank thee that our lives are still preserved; and that we are permitted, once more, to lay aside our worldly cares; to meet here in thy presence; to read thy word; to hear of thy mercies, and to address thee in prayer and praise. Grant, O Lord, that we may pass this time of our being together as becometh weak and dependent creatures, in the presence of a righteous, holy, and heart-searching God. Sanctify all

our affections; give us right views of thy character, of the Saviour's merits, and of our duty. Preserve us from all self-righteousness, vanity and pride. May it be our chief desire to honor thee, and to save ourselves and others. Grant that all things may be done decently and in good order, to thy glory and to our edification. May our mouth be exercised in wisdom, and our talking be of thy judgments. In every duty of prayer or praise, of reading thy word or speaking of thy mercies, let thy Holy Spirit be with us, to strengthen our faith, to restrain our wandering thoughts, to enliven our devotion, and to fix our attention and our desires on spiritual things, and to unite our hearts in Christian love. Our hearts are in thy hand; our wants and our infirmities are all before thee. Thou knowest our desires and our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking. O gracious God, wilt thou do for us and work in us whatever thou seest fitting for our present need, and our eternal good. Increase in us faith, hope and charity, and may we never forget that the greatest of these is charity. Oh shed abroad thy love in our hearts; may that spirit be in us which was in our Saviour Christ; that meekness and humility, that forgiving temper and spirit of love. May our benevolent affections be raised in thankfulness to thee, and fall, as the dew of heaven, upon our fellow-men.

Assist, O Lord, and hear our supplications for all mankind. Bless thy church universal,

wherever dispersed, throughout the world. May mercy and peace be upon the whole Israel of God. Prosper thy word, wherever it is spoken, and send it where it is not heard. Cause thy face to shine upon thy chosen people, and grant that thy way may be known through all the earth, and thy saving health among all nations. May the borders of Zion be enlarged, till the kingdoms of the earth become the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ, and all shall know thee from the least to the greatest. Bless all who name the name of Christ, with every gift and every grace. Revive thy work in the midst of the years. Pour out of thy Spirit, O blessed Lord, amongst us. Awaken the zeal of thy people : bless the labors of thy ministering servants. May all our churches arise and shine, and be the salt of the earth ; and may the light of Gospel truth dispel the darkness of sin and unbelief. Increase and bless the means which are used to extend the knowledge of Christ and the doctrines of life. Wilt thou, O Lord, add to thy church daily and in great numbers such as should be saved. May they who are now living in sin be renewed in heart, awakened to righteousness, and saved in Christ forever. Awaken in our minds a deep concern for the perishing souls of our fellow-men. O blessed Lord, who died for their sins, give them repentance unto life, and save them from perdition.

We beseech thee, O Lord, mercifully to hear these our supplications and prayers.



Pardon our cold affections and wandering thoughts, and fulfill our desires and petitions in such manner as may be most expedient for us; granting us, in this world, knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. These, our petitions, we present in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

And unto thee, who art able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the throne of thy glory, be ascribed all majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. *Amen.*

**A**DORABLE and ever-living God, the Father of all mercies, the Giver of all good, we, thine unworthy creatures, who are still, by thy patient goodness, preserved, and permitted once more to meet before thee, desire, with heart and voice united, to lift our souls to thee in adoration and praise. Thou art the Lord, by whom we escape death, and enjoy the things which pertain to life and godliness. We bless thee as the author of our being, and the giver of life, and of all that makes life desirable. Thou hast holden us up ever since we were born, and may our praise be always of thee. Impress upon our hearts a lively and lasting sense of what thou hast done for us, and work in us that which is pleasing in thy sight.

We acknowledge, O God, our sinfulness, and beseech thee to give us that true repentance which is not to be repented of, and that faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ which re-



news the heart, worketh by love, and overcometh the world. Through the merits of his blood, may our sins be forgiven; and through thy sanctifying grace, may we be created again unto good works. Oh may thy Spirit help our infirmities and make intercession for us. Let the words of our mouth and the meditation of our heart be acceptable in thy sight. May our prayers be set forth before thee as incense, and the lifting up of our hands as the evening sacrifice.

Great, O Lord, are thy mercies vouchsafed to us, while our hearts are worldly, forgetful of thy goodness and neglectful of thy great salvation. Shut not thy merciful ears to our prayers; but spare us, O Lord God, most mighty; thou holy, just and merciful Saviour, permit us not, for the vanities of life, to err from thee, nor, for any things of time and sense, to lose our souls.

Teach us, O thou God of mercy, to realize how short and uncertain is the life of man. The son of man cometh as a thief in the night, and thou only knowest how soon we shall be called to another world, and our souls be fixed in their eternal state. And yet we live in this world as though we were never to leave it; forgetful of our latter end, and unprepared for judgment. How wasteful are we of our precious time! how careless of our souls! how thoughtless of eternity! Justly mightest thou call us away in the midst of our sins. Oh quicken us that we may live. Awaken us to righteousness, that

we sin not. Remember not, Lord, our sins against thee, but thy love to us in Jesus Christ; not weighing our merits, but pardoning our offenses.

And wilt thou, O merciful God, awaken in our minds a deep concern for the salvation, not of ourselves only, but of others. Hear our prayer, we humbly beseech thee, for those who do not pray for themselves. Arrest, by thy grace, those who are going along the broad way to ruin; turning a deaf ear to the calls of mercy and of a bleeding Saviour, and unmindful of the judgment which awaits them. Oh may thy quickening Spirit convince them of sin, of righteousness and of judgment, and turn their hearts to the wisdom of the just.

Extend thy mercy to all for whom we ought to pray. Bless our churches and our country. Behold, O Lord, in mercy, this little flock of thy worshiping people here before thee. Bless the church of God, which Christ has purchased with his blood, and especially that branch of it with which we are particularly connected. Keep us, O Lord, by thy perpetual mercy. Unite our hearts in Christian love. Enrich our minds with true wisdom and heavenly grace. May we be steadfast and immovable; always abounding in the work of the Lord, through Jesus Christ, to whom, with the Father and Holy Spirit, be endless praise. *Amen.*

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may address thee with reverence and godly fear, and with hearts duly thankful for thy unnumbered mercies. We thank thee for thy goodness in preserving our unprofitable lives from day to day, and from week to week, that seasons of spiritual refreshment often return, and that time and opportunity are given us to know thy word and to do thy will. We bless thee, O God, especially for thy favors vouchsafed us during the past day and this present evening. To the praise of thy patient goodness we thankfully acknowledge it, that we have had this opportunity of meeting together; that we have been permitted with social affections to unite our hearts and voices in prayer and praise to thee, the Lord God of our salvation; that we may talk of thy loving-kindness early in the morning, and of thy faithfulness in the night season. Oh may we be duly thankful for this, and for all thy mercies. May we realize the blessedness of Gospel truth; of seeing the things which we see, and of hearing the things which we hear. May the counsels of thy word sink deep in our hearts, and bring forth the fruits of pure and undefiled religion. Like thy servants of old who feared the Lord, may we speak often one to another on the subject of our salvation in Jesus

Christ; and may a book of remembrance be written, a remembrance, not of our sins and unworthiness, but of thy mercy, and of the love of Christ, which passeth man's understanding. May a sense of thy goodness increase our love of thy law, and make us more faithful in serving thee.

Let thy fatherly hand, we beseech thee, ever be extended to preserve us from sin and danger, and to guide our steps in the way of righteousness and peace. Though, through the frailty of our nature, and amidst the busy cares of life, we are prone to be forgetful of thee, our God and Saviour, oh be not thou unmindful of us. May thy kind and watchful providence ever be over us. May thy Holy Spirit be ever with us, and so lead us in the knowledge and obedience of thy word, that in the end we may obtain everlasting life.

Shed abroad thy love in our hearts. May we all be united in the bands of a holy affection, and strive together for the faith of the Gospel, in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life. Dispose our minds to every good word and work, that we may abound in mercy and good fruits. Make us thankful in prosperity; patient in tribulation; resigned in adversity, and faithful in every duty.

Wilt thou, O gracious God, revive thy work among this people. May the knowledge of Christ, and an awakened concern for the salvation of their souls, be more widely

extended. O may multitudes be inquiring what they shall do to be saved; how they shall flee from the wrath to come, and save themselves from this untoward generation. With sincere penitence and lively faith, may they come into thy church as doves to their windows.

Inspire, O Lord, the ministers of thy Gospel with holy zeal; and of thy great mercy so direct and govern them in their labor of love, that the comfortable Gospel of Jesus Christ may be truly preached, truly received, and truly followed. Have mercy upon those who are still in the ways of sin, impiety, and unbelief. Take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of thy word; and fetch them home, blessed Lord, to thy flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of the true Israelites, and be made one fold under one Shepherd.

Bless the people of our country with union, prosperity, and peace; shield them by thy holy protecting providence. Surely trusting in thy defense, may we not fear the power of any adversary. Make us, we beseech thee, a happy people, having the Lord for our God, and thy word for our guide. Do thou, O God, mercifully incline thine ear unto us who have now made our prayers and supplications unto thee, and grant that what we have asked according to thy will may effectually be obtained. Have compassion, we beseech thee, upon us and our infirmities; pardon us wherein we ask amiss; and those good



things, which for our unworthiness we dare not, and for our blindness we cannot ask, vouchsafe to give us for the worthiness of thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

O Lord, bless us and keep us; be gracious unto us, and give us peace, both now and evermore, for the sake of thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

**O** GOD, who art the strength of them that put their trust in thee, mercifully look down upon us for the Redeemer's sake; and grant that in this and all our works, begun, continued, and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy name. We humbly beseech thee that we may be enabled to understand the important truths which have been set before us. May we all have a spiritual and experimental acquaintance of these things. Lord, grant that we may indeed set out in earnest for the heavenly city. May we have such a view and such a sense of our guilt and danger as sinners, that we may flee from the wrath to come, and be unmoved either by the ridicule of others, or our own desponding fears. Save us from the delusion of seeking to be justified by the works of the law. May we give ourselves unto prayer, and knock and wait at the door of mercy until it is opened to us. May we all be under the special teaching of thy Holy Spirit. Oh may He take of the things of Christ, and show them unto us, and reveal to us the Saviour of sinners, as the only ground of our pardon

and acceptance, and the never-failing source of grace and strength. And we humbly beseech thee, O merciful Father, enable us to make progress in the way everlasting, and to go from strength unto strength. Make us useful in our day and generation; and may we know how we ought to answer every man. Deliver us from grieving thy Holy Spirit; and grant that at all times we may watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation. May we be companions of them that fear thee, and know more and more of the benefit of communion with thy saints. May we walk humbly with our God, and be prepared to withstand all the fiery darts of the wicked one. In thy light may we walk through darkness. May we behave ourselves wisely amid all the vanities that are spread before us, and constantly strive by well-doing to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. Let integrity and uprightness always preserve us, that we may be kept from every snare, and delivered from every false path. And if at any time we are brought into bondage, oh, send thy word to deliver us, and bring us out of prison, that we may praise thy name. Do thou never leave us nor forsake us, but guide us until we have finished our course, and the days of our mourning are ended, and we appear every one before thee, the God of gods, in Zion. May our last days be our best days, and our end be brighter and better than our beginning. May we know more of the felicity of thy chosen, and shine as lights in

the world ; endeavoring to instruct the ignorant, to warn the unruly, to comfort the feeble-minded, and to support the weak. Oh save us from all flattering lips, and from every deceitful tongue. Keep us wakeful amid all the ensnaring scenes that would seduce us from thee, even to the end of our journey. And when we come to the brink of Jordan, make us, we beseech thee, more than conquerors over the last enemy ; that the gate of death be to every one of us the door of admission into thy blissful and glorious presence, where we shall sing forever the praises of Him who led us through the wilderness, and brought us to his eternal and glorious kingdom. And now, blessed be God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wonderful things ; and blessed be his glorious name forever and ever ; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. *Amen and Amen.*

## CONCLUDING PRAYERS.

**A**LMIGHTY and ever-living God, who art the Author and Giver of all good, we humbly and thankfully acknowledge thy manifold mercies to thy sinful creatures. We bless thee for the benefits which we have received during the day past, and for the favor of this opportunity of worshiping in thy house. Pardon, we beseech thee, the sins that we may have committed in thy presence.

Accept the prayers and thanksgivings which we have offered before thee. Forgive us wherein we have asked amiss. Grant that what has been faithfully asked, according to thy will, may effectually be obtained, to the supplying of what we need, and to the promotion of thy glory and praise. Grant, O Lord, that what has been read this evening from thy word, and what has been spoken according to thy will, may be to all who have heard it a savor of life unto life. May it be so impressed upon our hearts as to establish, strengthen, and settle us in the faith of Jesus Christ, and bring forth in us the fruit of righteousness and peace. We pray that thy good Spirit may go with us to our respective dwellings. May thy kind, protecting providence watch over us whilst we sleep, preserve us through the silent watches of the night, and fit us for the duties of the following day. And whilst our lives are prolonged upon the earth, take us, we beseech thee, O heavenly Father, and all who are near and dear to us, under thy holy care and keeping. Direct our steps in the paths of righteousness and peace, and dispose all our ways toward the attainment of everlasting salvation, that we may live to thy glory in this world, and in the world to come enjoy eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

GRANT, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that what has now been spoken according to thy word and will, may be grafted in

our hearts, and fruitful in our lives. Pardon us wherein we have spoken or heard amiss, and direct our desires and dispose our ways toward the attainment of everlasting salvation. And grant, O Lord, that by the operation of the Holy Ghost, all Christians may be so joined together in unity of spirit, and in the bond of peace, that they may be a holy temple acceptable unto thee. And especially to this congregation, and to those who worship thee in this house, give the abundance of thy grace, that with one heart they may desire the prosperity of thy holy apostolic church, and strive together for the faith of the Gospel which was once delivered to the saints. O thou blessed Spirit of the living God, Sanctifier of the faithful, dwell in our hearts with thy love and favor. Defend us from error, heresy, and pride. Enlighten our minds with the truth of thy word; graft in our hearts the love of thy name; increase in us true religion; nourish us with all goodness; and of thy great mercy keep us steadfast in the ways of thy laws, and in the works of thy commandments. And grant, we beseech thee, that the course of this world may be so peaceably ordered by thy governance, that we, and all thy people, may serve thee in godly quietness; that we may walk in the ways of truth and peace, and at last be numbered with thy saints in glory, through the merits of Jesus Christ our blessed Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*



## SPECIAL PRAYERS.

A Prayer for the Success of Missionary Labors.

O LORD GOD, our heavenly Father, who, in thy mercy, hast so loved the world as to give thine only Son to be our Saviour, and hast commanded that the good tidings of pardon and peace and life, through faith in him, should be proclaimed to all mankind, give us hearts, we beseech thee, to be duly thankful for this thy unspeakable goodness, and hear our supplications and prayers. May a thankful sense of thy mercy to our fallen, sinful race, awaken in our hearts a deep concern for the salvation of those for whom the Saviour died. Give thy blessing, we beseech thee, to the means and efforts used for the propagation of the Gospel, and for extending the light of thy word through the darkness of this sinful world.

Accept, O Lord, of our supplications for those nations and people of the earth who are sitting in the shadow of death, having no hope, and without God in the world; and for all who are in error, ignorance or unbelief. May the Sun of righteousness rise upon them, with healing in his wings. Take from them all blindness and hardness of heart, and give them repentance unto life. Bless thy word wherever it is spoken, and send it to all places where it is not heard. Look with favor upon the ministers of thy Gospel; give them wisdom and faith and zeal, and so bless thy word spoken by their

mouth, that the renovating doctrines of eternal life may be truly taught, truly received and truly followed, and the earth be filled with the knowledge of the Lord. Give thy blessing, we beseech thee, to Bible and Missionary societies, and to all who assist and labor and contribute for the spread of the Gospel, and for the promotion of truth and godliness. Remember them, O Lord, for good, and prosper and reward their labor of love.

Grant, O God, we beseech thee, that thy ministering servants, who have left their homes, their friends, and their country, to publish thy truth in heathen lands, may be under thy special care and keeping. Preserve them, O thou Father of mercies, from perils by land and perils by water; from sickness, from enemies, and from every evil to which they may be exposed. Give them such wisdom and such success that they may be instruments of turning many to righteousness, and hereafter shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars, forever and ever. Guide and bless them, we beseech thee, in every effort to extend the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

And be merciful, O Lord, we beseech thee, to the perishing souls among whom they labor. Do thou, who desirest not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live to thee, have mercy upon all who are living in sin, and give them repentance toward thee, the true God, and faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ, that they may

be saved among the true Israelites, and become one fold under one Shepherd.

And grant, O blessed Lord, that the stewards of thy mysteries who labor among us in word and doctrine, may be endued with wisdom from on high; and that we may so profit by their ministry, that in the last day, when our Saviour Christ shall come in glorious majesty to judge the world, we may rise to life immortal, through him who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

#### A Prayer for Ministers.

**M**OST gracious Lord God, the author of all blessedness and giver of all good, who, by thy Son Jesus Christ hast appointed divers orders of ministers in thy church, and promised to be with them to the end of the world, look down, we beseech thee, with thy favor and blessings, upon those who are called to minister before thee in sacred things. Without thee nothing is strong, nothing holy, nothing good. Without the aid of thy Holy Spirit, and the wisdom which is from above, no man is sufficient for such a work. Increase and multiply upon them thy mercy, and be thou their ruler and guide. Awaken in their minds a just estimate and lively sense of the nature and duties and importance of the office and ministry to which they are called; to be messengers, watchmen and stewards of the Lord Jesus Christ; to teach and feed and provide for his family; to seek

for his sheep who are dispersed abroad, that they may be saved in him forever. Preserve them, O Lord, from being deceived in regard to their call to this ministry, and from all unfaithfulness in the discharge of it. O thou God of mercy, may thy presence and thy grace be ever with them. Open their minds that they may understand the Scriptures and the true doctrines of eternal life. Awaken in their hearts a holy zeal for the honor of thy name, for the prosperity of thy church, and for the salvation of all men. May it be their meat and drink, and the supreme desire of their hearts, to walk in the steps of our Saviour, Christ, and to do his work. Remove from them the fear of man and all undue regard to worldly things; may they truly and faithfully declare to all who have ears to hear the whole counsel of God, and so plant and water that thou mayst give increase, and their labor be not in vain.

In all trials and difficulties do thou, O blessed Lord, be their guide and support. Though bonds or afflictions abide them, may none of them move them from their steadfastness: may it be their chief desire to finish their course with joy, and the ministry which they have received, and to testify the Gospel of the grace of God. Fill their memory with the words of thy law and the truth of thy Gospel. Help them to minister the doctrine and sacraments and discipline of Christ according as thou hast commanded, and to banish and drive away from thy

church all erroneous and strange doctrines which are contrary to thy word. Help them to be earnest and faithful in prayers, and to be diligent in reading and studying the Scriptures, and in the use of all other means which, through thy blessing, will help them in the performances of all the duties which appertain to their office and ministry.

And help them, O Lord, we beseech thee, so to fashion their lives and to walk before their people, that they may be wholesome examples to the flock of Christ. Help them to follow after charity, which is the bond of perfectness, and to maintain and set forward, as much as lieth in them, quietness, peace and love among all Christian people, and especially among them who are committed to their charge.

Be gracious, O Lord, to thy church. May the borders of Zion be enlarged, till the kingdoms of the earth shall become the kingdom of the Lord, and all the ends of the world shall rejoice in thy salvation. And wilt thou, O gracious Lord, behold with thy favor and blessing this congregation. We beseech thee to pour out thy Spirit and revive thy work amongst us. Bless to our edification the ministry of thy word. By thy mighty power may sinners be converted, and the careless awakened to righteousness. Strengthen those who stand; comfort and bless the weak-hearted; raise up those who fall, and add to thy church such as should be saved.



Direct us, O Lord, in all that we do and ought to do, with thy most gracious favor, and further us with thy continual help, that in all our works, begun, continued and ended in thee, we may be instrumental in building up the Redeemer's kingdom, to the glory of thy great name, and the salvation of ourselves and others.

These things, and whatever else thou seest to be necessary and convenient to us, and to thy whole church, we humbly ask, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our only Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

A Prayer suitable to be used by Parishioners for their Minister.

**O** MERCIFUL God, Sanctifier of the faithful, the giver of all good, whose ears are open to the prayers of those who ask in the name of Jesus Christ, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit. Mercifully assist us in these our supplications and prayers, and help us to ask for such things as shall please thee. Grant us true repentance, that we may obtain of thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness. Give us hearts, O Lord, to be thankful for thy manifold goodness to us and to all men. Make us duly thankful that we live in a land where the Gospel of our blessed Redeemer is faithfully preached, and taught from house to house; that thy holy word, written for our learning, is in our hands; and we have the inestimable privi-

lege of searching for ourselves those Scriptures which will make us wise unto salvation, and help us to know the certainty of those things wherein we have been instructed. We thank thee, O God, for the means of grace, for the ordinances of religion, and for all the privileges of thy sanctuary. We bless thy holy name for the gift of thy only Son to be our Saviour, and the author of everlasting life; who, after he had made perfect our redemption, sent his ministers into all the world to preach his Gospel to every creature. We bless thee, that thou art still graciously pleased to call others to the same office and ministry, who are continually laboring in word and doctrine. Make us thankful that our teachers are not removed into a corner, but that our eyes see our teachers, and our ears hear their words, instructing us in the right way, and exhorting us to walk therein, and that we turn not to the right hand or to the left. Give us grace, we beseech thee, to profit by their ministry; may thy word spoken in our ear sink deep in our heart, and bring forth in us the fruit of good living.

And, O gracious God, wilt thou send down upon the ministers of thy Gospel, and upon the congregations committed to their charge, the healthful spirit of thy grace. Pour upon them the continual dew of thy blessing. Give grace, O heavenly Father, to all bishops and other ministers, that they may, both by their life and doctrine, set forth thy true and lively word, and rightly and duly administer

the ordinances of thy Gospel. And especially, O Lord, and most earnestly do we ask thy blessing upon him who is appointed to be our spiritual ruler and guide; who labors among us in word and doctrine, and breaks to us the bread of life. Thou hast commanded us to remember those who have the rule over us, and have spoken unto us thy word; for they watch for our souls, as they who must give account to thee of their fidelity. Him who rules over us, and watches for our souls, would we, O blessed Lord, remember in these our prayers; beseeching thee to rule his heart, to strengthen his hands and bless his labors. His best gifts and acquirements are our gain: should he lose his labors, we must lose our souls. Do thou, the God of all mercy and grace, who hast given this treasure in earthen vessels, and who alone canst make the frailty of man sufficient for such a ministry, endue him, our beloved pastor, with every gift and grace necessary to the full and faithful performance of all the duties of his office. Awaken in his mind a holy zeal for thy glory, and for the salvation of men. Help him to devote himself, and all his powers and faculties, to thee, in the work of his ministry. Enlighten his mind with the truths of thy word, and with the doctrines of eternal life. May thy Holy Spirit be his teacher, and bring to his remembrance whatever is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness. Wilt thou, O gracious God,

be ever with him in performing the duties of his ministry. Support him under all the discouragements which may intercept his way. Give him patience and strength in all the painful labors of his office, and wisdom rightly to divide the word of truth, and to give to all their portion of meat in due season. Remove from him the fear of man, and give him utterance that he may open his mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the Gospel, and shun not to declare all the counsel of God. Grant him the comfort of seeing thy work prosper in his hand; may many souls, by his labors and thy blessing converted to thee, be his crown of rejoicing.

And wilt thou, O Lord, watch over him for good. May his life be precious in thy sight. Preserve, we beseech thee, his health and strength. Shield him from sorrows and perils and calamitous events, and grant him such temporal comforts as may be convenient and useful, and encourage him in his labor of love. Bless him in his house, [in his family,] and in his connections. May he long continue to labor successfully in building up the Redeemer's kingdom and turning many to righteousness; and at last, having fought a good fight, and finished his course with joy, may he receive the crown of righteousness laid up for him in thy heavenly kingdom.

And give us grace, O Lord, we beseech thee, rightly and truly to profit by his ministry, and to do all that is in our power to

hold up his hands, and aid him in the arduous duties of his pastoral care, that he may do them with joy and not with grief. May his patient labor for our benefit fill our hearts with grateful affection, and with that love which is not in word and tongue only, but in deed and in truth.

Hear us, O Lord, we beseech thee, for the sake of thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ, in whose name and words we further pray:—

Our Father who art, &c. *Amen.*



# SELECTIONS OF PSALMS,

TO BE USED INSTEAD OF THE PSALMS FOR THE  
DAY, AT THE DISCRETION OF THE MINISTER.

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## SELECTION I.

PSALM 19. *Cæli enarrant.*

**T**HE heavens declare the glory of God ; and  
the firmament showeth his handy work.

One day telleth another ; and one night certifieth another.

There is neither speech nor language ; but their voices are heard among them.

Their sound is gone out into all lands ; and their words into the ends of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun ; which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course.

It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth about unto the end of it again ; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the LORD is an undefiled law, converting the soul ; the testimony of the LORD is sure, and giveth wisdom unto the simple.

The statutes of the LORD are right, and rejoice the heart ; the commandment of the LORD is pure, and giveth light unto the eyes.

The fear of the LORD is clean, and endureth for ever ; the judgments of the LORD are true, and righteous altogether.

SEL. I. SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb.

Moreover, by them is thy servant taught; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can tell how oft he offendeth? O cleanse thou me from my secret faults.

Keep thy servant also from presumptuous sins, lest they get the dominion over me.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be alway acceptable in thy sight,

O LORD, my strength, and my redeemer.

PSALM 24. *Domini est terra.*

**T**HE earth is the LORD's, and all that therein is; the compass of the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and prepared it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD? or who shall rise up in his holy place?

Even he that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, nor sworn to deceive his neighbour.

He shall receive the blessing from the LORD; and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him; even of them that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is the King of glory? it is the LORD strong and mighty, even the LORD mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is the King of glory ? even the LORD of hosts, he is the King of glory.

PSALM 103. *Benedic, anima mea.*

**P**RAISE the LORD, O my soul ; and all that is within me, praise his holy Name.

Praise the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits :

Who forgiveth all thy sin, and healeth all thine infirmities ;

Who saveth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness ;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, making thee young and lusty as an eagle.

The LORD executeth righteousness and judgment for all them that are oppressed with wrong.

He showed his ways unto Moses, his works unto the children of Israel.

The LORD is full of compassion and mercy, long-suffering, and of great goodness.

He will not alway be chiding ; neither keepeth he his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins ; nor rewarded us according to our wickednesses.

For look how high the heaven is in comparison of the earth ; so great is his mercy also toward them that fear him !

Look how wide also the east is from the west ; so far hath he set our sins from us.

Yea, like as a father pitieth his own children ; even so is the LORD merciful unto them that fear him.

## SEL. 2. SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

For he knoweth whereof we are made ; he remembereth that we are but dust.

The days of man are but as grass ; for he flourisheth as a flower of the field.

For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone ; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the merciful goodness of the LORD endureth for ever and ever upon them that fear him ; and his righteousness upon children's children ;

Even upon such as keep his covenant, and think upon his commandments to do them.

The LORD hath prepared his seat in heaven, and his kingdom ruleth over all.

O praise the LORD, ye angels of his, ye that excel in strength ; ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken unto the voice of his words.

O praise the LORD, all ye his hosts ; ye servants of his that do his pleasure.

O speak good of the LORD, all ye works of his, in all places of his dominion : praise thou the LORD, O my soul.

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### SELECTION II.

FROM PSALM 139. *Domine, probasti.*

**O** LORD, thou hast searched me out, and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting, and mine up-rising ; thou understandest my thoughts long before.

Thou art about my path, and about my bed ; and spiest out all my ways.

For lo, there is not a word in my tongue, but thou, O LORD, knowest it altogether.

Thou hast fashioned me behind and before,  
and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent  
for me ; I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go then from thy Spirit ? or  
whither shall I go then from thy presence ?

If I climb up into heaven, thou art there ; if I  
go down to hell, thou art there also.

If I take the wings of the morning, and remain  
in the uttermost parts of the sea ;

Even there also shall thy hand lead me, and  
thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Peradventure the darkness shall  
cover me ; then shall my night be turned to day.

Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee,  
but the night is as clear as the day ; the darkness  
and light to thee are both alike.

For my reins are thine ; thou hast covered me  
in my mother's womb.

I will give thanks unto thee, for I am fearfully  
and wonderfully made : marvellous are thy works,  
and that my soul knoweth right well.

My bones are not hid from thee, though I be  
made secretly, and fashioned beneath in the  
earth.

Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being  
imperfect ; and in thy book were all my members  
written ;

Which day by day were fashioned, when as  
yet there was none of them.

How dear are thy counsels unto me, O God ;  
O how great is the sum of them !

If I tell them, they are more in number than  
the sand : when I wake up, I am present with  
thee.



## SEL. 2. SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart ; prove me, and examine my thoughts.

Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me ; and lead me in the way everlasting.

PSALM 145. *Exaltabo te, Deus.*

**I** WILL magnify thee, O God, my King, and I will praise thy Name for ever and ever.

Every day will I give thanks unto thee ; and praise thy Name for ever and ever.

Great is the LORD, and marvellous worthy to be praised ; there is no end of his greatness.

One generation shall praise thy works unto another, and declare thy power.

As for me, I will be talking of thy worship, thy glory, thy praise, and wondrous works ;

So that men shall speak of the might of thy marvellous acts ; and I will also tell of thy greatness.

The memorial of thine abundant kindness shall be showed ; and men shall sing of thy righteousness.

The LORD is gracious and merciful ; long-suffering, and of great goodness.

The LORD is loving unto every man ; and his mercy is over all his works.

All thy works praise thee, O LORD ; and thy saints give thanks unto thee.

They show the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power ;

That thy power, thy glory, and mightiness of thy kingdom, might be known unto men.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all ages.

The LORD upholdeth all such as fall, and lifeth up all those who are down.

The eyes of all wait upon thee, O LORD; and thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest thine hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness.

The LORD is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.

The LORD is nigh unto all them that call upon him; yea, all such as call upon him faithfully.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he also will hear their cry, and will help them.

The LORD preserveth all them that love him; but scattereth abroad all the ungodly.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the LORD; and let all flesh give thanks unto his holy Name for ever and ever.

## SELECTION III.

FROM PSALM 51. *Miserere mei, Deus.*

**H**AVE mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness; according to the multitude of thy mercies do away mine offences.

Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my faults, and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight; that thou mightest be justified in thy saying, and clear when thou art judged.

Behold, I was shapen in wickedness, and in sin hath my mother conceived me.

But lo, thou requirest truth in the inward

SEL. 3. SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

parts, and shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly.

Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean ; thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

'Turn thy face from my sins, and put out all my misdeeds.

Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

O give me the comfort of thy help again, and stablish me with thy free Spirit.

Then shall I teach thy ways unto the wicked, and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou that art the God of my health ; and my tongue shall sing of thy righteousness.

Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord, and my mouth shall show thy praise.

For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it thee ; but thou delightest not in burnt-offerings.

The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit : a broken and contrite heart, O God, shalt thou not despise.

FROM PSALM 42. *Quemadmodum.*

**L**IKE as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God : when shall I come to appear before the presence of God ?

My tears have been my meat day and night, while they daily say unto me, Where is now thy God?

Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my heart by myself; for I went with the multitude, and brought them forth into the house of God;

In the voice of praise and thanksgiving, among such as keep holyday.

Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul? and why art thou so disquieted within me?

Put thy trust in God; for I will yet give him thanks for the help of his countenance.

The LORD hath granted his loving-kindness in the day-time; and in the night-season did I sing of him, and made my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto the God of my strength, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I thus heavily, while the enemy oppresseth me?

Namely, while they say daily unto me, Where is now thy God?

Why art thou so vexed, O my soul? and why art thou so disquieted within me?

O put thy trust in God; for I will yet thank him, which is the help of my countenance and my God.

#### SELECTION IV.

PSALM 37. *Noli æmulari.*

**F**RET not thyself because of the ungodly; neither be thou envious against the evil doers:

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and be withered even as the green herb.

#### SEL. 4. SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Put thou thy trust in the LORD, and be doing good ; dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thou in the LORD, and he shall give thee thy heart's desire.

Commit thy way unto the LORD, and put thy trust in him, and he shall bring it to pass.

He shall make thy righteousness as clear as the light, and thy just dealing as the noon-day.

Hold thee still in the LORD, and abide patiently upon him : but grieve not thyself at him whose way doth prosper, against the man that doeth after evil counsels.

Leave off from wrath, and let go displeasure ; fret not thyself, else shalt thou be moved to do evil.

Wicked doers shall be rooted out ; and they that patiently abide the LORD, those shall inherit the land.

Yet a little while, and the ungodly shall be clean gone : thou shalt look after his place, and he shall be away.

But the meek-spirited shall possess the earth, and shall be refreshed in the multitude of peace.

The ungodly seeketh counsel against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth.

The LORD shall laugh him to scorn ; for he hath seen that his day is coming.

The ungodly have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow, to cast down the poor and needy, and to slay such as are of a right conversation.

Their sword shall go through their own heart, and their bow shall be broken.



A small thing that the righteous hath, is better than great riches of the ungodly.

For the arms of the ungodly shall be broken, and the LORD upholdeth the righteous.

The LORD knoweth the days of the godly; and their inheritance shall endure for ever.

They shall not be confounded in the perilous time; and in the days of dearth they shall have enough.

As for the ungodly, they shall perish, and the enemies of the LORD shall consume as the fat of lambs: yea, even as the smoke shall they consume away.

The ungodly borroweth, and payeth not again; but the righteous is merciful and liberal.

Such as are blessed of God, shall possess the land; and they that are cursed of him, shall be rooted out.

The LORD ordereth a good man's going, and maketh his way acceptable to himself.

Though he fall, he shall not be cast away; for the LORD upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old; and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.

The righteous is ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed is blessed.

Flee from evil, and do the thing that is good; and dwell for evermore.

For the LORD loveth the thing that is right; he forsaketh not his that be godly, but they are preserved for ever.

The unrighteous shall be punished; as for the seed of the ungodly, it shall be rooted out.

#### SEL. 4. SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein for ever.

The mouth of the righteous is exercised in wisdom, and his tongue will be talking of judgment.

The law of his God is in his heart, and his goings shall not slide.

The ungodly seeth the righteous, and seeketh occasion to slay him.

The LORD will not leave him in his hand, nor condemn him when he is judged.

Hope thou in the LORD, and keep his way, and he shall promote thee, that thou shalt possess the land : when the ungodly shall perish, thou shalt see it.

I myself have seen the ungodly in great power, and flourishing like a green bay-tree.

I went by, and lo, he was gone : I sought him, but his place could nowhere be found.

Keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is right ; for that shall bring a man peace at the last.

As for the transgressors, they shall perish together ; and the end of the ungodly is, they shall be rooted out at the last.

But the salvation of the righteous cometh of the LORD ; who is also their strength in the time of trouble.

And the LORD shall stand by them, and save them : he shall deliver them from the ungodly, and shall save them, because they put their trust in him.

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## SELECTION V.

PSALM 1. *Beatus vir, qui non abiit.*

**B**LESSED is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners, and hath not sat in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the LORD; and in his law will he exercise himself day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the water-side, that will bring forth his fruit in due season.

His leaf also shall not wither; and look, whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper.

As for the ungodly, it is not so with them; but they are like the chaff, which the wind scattereth away from the face of the earth.

Therefore the ungodly shall not be able to stand in the judgment, neither the sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

But the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous; and the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM 15. *Domine, quis habitabit?*

**L**ORD, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle? or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?

Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life, and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour, and hath not slandered his neighbour.

He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes, and maketh much of them that fear the LORD.

SEL. 5. SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hinderance.

He that hath not given his money upon usury, nor taken reward against the innocent.

Whoso doeth these things shall never fall.

PSALM 91. *Qui habitat.*

**W**HOSO dwelleth under the defence of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say unto the LORD, Thou art my hope, and my strong hold; my God, in him will I trust.

For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the hunter, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall defend thee under his wings, and thou shalt be safe under his feathers; his faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

For the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day.

A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Yea, with thine eyes shalt thou behold, and see the reward of the ungodly.

For thou, LORD, art my hope; thou hast set thine house of defence very high.

There shall no evil happen unto thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee in their hands, that thou hurt not thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt go upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him up, because he hath known my Name.

He shall call upon me, and I will hear him; yea, I am with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and bring him to honour.

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

## SELECTION VI.

FROM PSALM 32. *Beati, quorum.*

**B**LESSED is he whose unrighteousness is forgiven, and whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth no sin, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

I will acknowledge my sin unto thee; and mine unrighteousness have I not hid.

I said, I will confess my sins unto the LORD; and so thou forgavest the wickedness of my sin.

For this shall every one that is godly make his prayer unto thee, in a time when thou mayest be found; but in the great water floods they shall not come nigh him.

Thou art a place to hide me in; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

I will inform thee, and teach thee in the way



SEL. 6. SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

wherein thou shalt go; and I will guide thee with mine eye.

Great plagues remain for the ungodly; but whoso putteth his trust in the LORD, mercy embraceth him on every side.

Be glad, O ye righteous, and rejoice in the LORD; and be joyful, all ye that are true of heart.

PSALM 130. *De profundis.*

**O**UT of the deep have I called unto thee, O LORD; Lord, hear my voice.

O let thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint.

If thou, LORD, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it?

For there is mercy with thee; therefore shalt thou be feared.

I look for the LORD; my soul doth wait for him; in his word is my trust.

My soul fleeth unto the Lord before the morning watch; I say, before the morning watch.

O Israel, trust in the LORD; for with the LORD there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel from all his sins.

PSALM 121. *Levavi oculos meos.*

**I** WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh even from the LORD, who hath made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The LORD himself is thy keeper; the LORD is thy defence upon thy right hand;

So that the sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night.

The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil; yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

The LORD shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth for evermore.

## SELECTION VII.

PSALM 23. *Dominus regit me.*

**T**HE Lord is my shepherd; therefore can I lack nothing.

He shall feed me in a green pasture, and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

He shall convert my soul, and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.

Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me; thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.

But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

PSALM 34. *Benedicam Domino.*

**I** WILL alway give thanks unto the LORD; his praise shall ever be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the LORD; the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O praise the LORD with me, and let us magnify his Name together.

## SEL 7. SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

I sought the LORD, and he heard me ; yea, he delivered me out of all my fear.

They had an eye unto him, and were lightened ; and their faces were not ashamed.

Lo, the poor crieth, and the LORD heareth him ; yea, and saveth him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the LORD tarrieth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

O taste, and see, how gracious the LORD is : blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the LORD, ye that are his saints ; for they that fear him lack nothing.

The lions do lack, and suffer hunger ; but they that seek the LORD shall want no manner of thing that is good.

Come, ye children, and hearken unto me : I will teach you the fear of the LORD.

What man is he that lusteth to live, and would fain see good days ?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips, that they speak no guile.

Eschew evil, and do good ; seek peace, and ensue it.

The eyes of the LORD are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers.

The countenance of the LORD is against them that do evil, to root out the remembrance of them from the earth.

The righteous cry, and the LORD heareth them, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

The LORD is nigh unto them that are of a contrite heart, and will save such as be of an humble spirit.

Great are the troubles of the righteous ; but the LORD delivereth him out of all.

He keepeth all his bones, so that not one of them is broken.

But misfortune shall slay the ungodly; and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

The LORD delivereth the souls of his servants; and all they that put their trust in him shall not be destitute.

PSALM 65. *Te decet hymnus.*

**T**HOU, O God, art praised in Sion; and unto thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.

Thou that hearest the prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

My misdeeds prevail against me: O be thou merciful unto our sins.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and receivest unto thee: he shall dwell in thy court, and shall be satisfied with the pleasures of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

Thou shalt show us wonderful things in thy righteousness, O God of our salvation; thou that art the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain in the broad sea.

Who in his strength setteth fast the mountains, and is girded about with power.

Who stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of his waves, and the madness of the people.

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth shall be afraid at thy tokens, thou that makest the out-goings of the morning and evening to praise thee.

Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it; thou makest it very plenteous.

## SEL. 8. SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

The river of God is full of water: thou preparest their corn, for so thou providest for the earth.

Thou waterest her furrows; thou sendest rain into the little valleys thereof; thou makest it soft with the drops of rain, and blessest the increase of it.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy clouds drop fatness.

They shall drop upon the dwellings of the wilderness; and the little hills shall rejoice on every side.

The folds shall be full of sheep; the valleys also shall stand so thick with corn, that they shall laugh and sing.

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### SELECTION VIII.

FROM PSALM 84. *Quam dilecta!*

**O** HOW amiable are thy dwellings, thou LORD of hosts!

My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the LORD; my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest, where she may lay her young; even thy altars, O LORD of hosts, my King and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be alway praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are thy ways.

Who going through the vale of misery, use it for a well; and the pools are filled with water.



They will go from strength to strength; and unto the God of gods appeareth every one of them in Sion.

O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer; hearken, O God of Jacob.

For one day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness.

For the LORD God is a light and defence; the LORD will give grace and worship; and no good thing shall he withhold from them that live a godly life.

O LORD God of hosts, blessed is the man that putteth his trust in thee.

PSALM 85. *Benedixisti, Domine.*

**L**ORD, thou art become gracious unto thy land; thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob.

Thou hast forgiven the offence of thy people, and covered all their sins.

Thou hast taken away all thy displeasure, and turned thyself from thy wrathful indignation.

Turn us then, O God our Saviour, and let thine anger cease from us.

Wilt thou be displeased at us for ever? and wilt thou stretch out thy wrath from one generation to another?

Wilt thou not turn again, and quicken us, that thy people may rejoice in thee?

Show us thy mercy, O LORD, and grant us thy salvation.

I will hearken what the Lord God will say

## SEL. 8. SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

concerning me; for he shall speak peace unto his people, and to his saints, that they turn not again.

For his salvation is nigh them that fear him; that glory may dwell in our land.

Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Truth shall flourish out of the earth, and righteousness hath looked down from heaven.

Yea, the LORD shall show loving-kindness; and our land shall give her increase.

Righteousness shall go before him; and he shall direct his going in the way.

### PSALM 93. *Dominus regnavit.*

**T**HE LORD is King, and hath put on glorious apparel; the LORD hath put on his apparel, and girded himself with strength.

He hath made the round world so sure, that it cannot be moved.

Ever since the world began, hath thy seat been prepared: thou art from everlasting.

The floods are risen, O LORD, the floods have lift up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly; but yet the LORD, who dwelleth on high, is mightier.

Thy testimonies, O LORD, are very sure. holiness becometh thine house for ever.

### PSALM 97. *Dominus regnavit.*

**T**HE LORD is King, the earth may be glad thereof; yea, the multitude of the isles may be glad thereof.

Clouds and darkness are round about him:

righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his seat.

There shall go a fire before him, and burn up his enemies on every side.

His lightnings gave shine unto the world : the earth saw it, and was afraid.

The hills melted like wax at the presence of the LORD ; at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

The heavens have declared his righteousness, and all the people have seen his glory.

Confounded be all they that worship carved images, and that delight in vain gods : worship him, all ye gods.

Sion heard of it, and rejoiced ; and the daughters of Judah were glad, because of thy judgments, O LORD.

For thou, LORD, art higher than all that are in the earth : thou art exalted far above all gods.

O ye that love the LORD, see that ye hate the thing which is evil : the Lord preserveth the souls of his saints ; he shall deliver them from the hand of the ungodly.

There is sprung up a light for the righteous, and joyful gladness for such as are true-hearted.

Rejoice in the LORD, ye righteous ; and give thanks for a remembrance of his holiness.

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### SELECTION IX.

PSALM 8. *Domine, Dominus noster.*

**O** LORD, our Governor, how excellent is thy Name in all the world ; thou that hast set thy glory above the heavens !

## SEL. 9. SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

For I will consider thy heavens, even the works of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained.

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

Thou madest him lower than the angels, to crown him with glory and worship.

Thou makest him to have dominion of the works of thy hands; and thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet;

All sheep and oxen; yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea; and whatsoever walketh through the paths of the seas.

O LORD, our Governor, how excellent is thy Name in all the world!

FROM PSALM 33. *Exultate, justi.*

**R**EJOICE in the LORD, O ye righteous; for it becometh well the just to be thankful.

Praise the LORD with harp; sing praises unto him with the lute, and instrument of ten strings.

Sing unto the LORD a new song; sing praises unto him with a good courage.

For the word of the LORD is true; and all his works are faithful.

He loveth righteousness and judgment; the earth is full of the goodness of the LORD.

By the word of the LORD were the heavens

made; and all the hosts of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together, as it were upon an heap; and layeth up the deep, as in a treasure-house.

Let all the earth fear the LORD: stand in awe of him, all ye that dwell in the world.

For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

FROM PSALM 147. *Laudate Dominum.*

**O** PRAISE the LORD, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God; yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.

The LORD doth build up Jerusalem, and gather together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth those that are broken in heart, and giveth medicine to heal their sickness.

He telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names.

Great is our Lord, and great is his power; yea, and his wisdom is infinite.

The LORD setteth up the meek, and bringeth the ungodly down to the ground.

O sing unto the LORD with thanksgiving; sing praises upon the harp unto our God;

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth rain for the earth; and maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains, and herb for the use of men;

Who giveth fodder unto the cattle, and feedeth the young ravens that call upon him.

The LORD's delight is in them that fear him, and put their trust in his mercy.



## SEL. 9. SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem ; praise thy God, O Sion.

For he hath made fast the bars of thy gates, and hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the flour of wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth, and his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool, and scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels : who is able to abide his frost ?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them : he bloweth with his wind, and the waters flow.

He showeth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and ordinances unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation ; neither have the heathen knowledge of his laws.

FROM PSALM 57. *Miserere mei, Deus.*

SET up thyself, O God, above the heavens, and thy glory above all the earth.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed ; I will sing and give praise.

Awake up, my glory ; awake, lute and harp ; I myself will awake right early.

I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the people ; and I will sing unto thee among the nations.

For the greatness of thy mercy reacheth unto the heavens, and thy truth unto the clouds.

Set up thyself, O God, above the heavens ; and thy glory above all the earth.

## SELECTION X.

FROM PSALM 96. *Cantate Domino.*

**O** SING unto the LORD a new song ; sing unto the LORD, all the whole earth.

Sing unto the LORD, and praise his Name ; be telling of his salvation from day to day.

Declare his honour unto the heathen, and his wonders unto all people.

For the LORD is great, and cannot worthily be praised ; he is more to be feared than all gods.

PSALM 148. *Laudate Dominum.*

**O** PRAISE the LORD of heaven : praise him in the height.

Praise him, all ye angels of his : praise him, all his hosts.

Praise him, sun and moon : praise him, all ye stars and light.

Praise him, all ye heavens, and ye waters that are above the heavens.

Let them praise the Name of the LORD : for he spake the word, and they were made ; he commanded, and they were created.

He hath made them fast for ever and ever : he hath given them a law which shall not be broken.

Praise the LORD upon earth, ye dragons, and all deeps :

Fire and hail, snow and vapours, wind and storm, fulfilling his word :

Mountains and all hills ; fruitful trees and all cedars :

Beasts and all cattle ; worms and feathered fowls :

## SEL. 10. SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Kings of the earth and all people; princes and all judges of the world:

Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the Name of the LORD: for his Name only is excellent, and his praise above heaven and earth.

He shall exalt the horn of his people: all his saints shall praise him; even the children of Israel, even the people that serveth him.

FROM PSALM 149. *Cantate Domino.*

**O** SING unto the LORD a new song; let the congregation of saints praise him.

Let Israel rejoice in him that made him, and let the children of Sion be joyful in their King.

Let them praise his Name in the dance: let them sing praises unto him with tabret and harp.

For the LORD hath pleasure in his people, and helpeth the meek-hearted.

PSALM 150. *Laudate Dominum.*

**O** PRAISE God in his holiness: praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him in his noble acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him in the sound of the trumpet: praise him upon the lute and harp.

Praise him in the cymbals and dances: praise him upon the strings and pipe.

Praise him upon the well-tuned cymbals: praise him upon the loud cymbals.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

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# HYMNS.

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## I. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

### HYMN 1. C. M.

**G**REAT God, with wonder and with praise  
On all thy works I look;  
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,  
Shine brightest in thy book.

- 2 The stars that in their courses roll,  
Have much instruction given;  
But thy good word informs my soul  
How I may soar to heaven.
- 3 The fields provide me food, and show  
The goodness of the Lord;  
But fruits of life and glory grow  
In thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,  
Here my best comfort lies;  
Here my desires are satisfied,  
And here my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand thy law,  
Show what my faults have been;  
And from thy Gospel let me draw  
Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Here would I learn how Christ has died  
To save my soul from hell;  
Not all the books on earth beside,  
Such heavenly wonders tell.
- 7 Then let me love my Bible more,  
And take a fresh delight,  
By day to read these wonders o'er,  
And meditate by night.

## HYMNS 2, 3.

### HYMN 2. C. M.

FATHER of mercies ! in thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
For ever be thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find ;  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast ;  
Sublimier sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around ;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou for ever near ;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

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## II. CREATION.

### HYMN 3. C. M.

GREAT first of beings ! mighty Lord  
Of all this wondrous frame !  
Produced by thy creating word,  
The world from nothing came.

- 2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,  
'Twas instantly obey'd :



## HYMN 4.

- And through thy goodness all things stand  
Which by thy power were made.
- 3 Lord, for thy glory shine the whole ;  
They all reflect thy light :  
For this, in course the planets roll,  
And day succeeds the night.
- 4 For this, the sun dispenses heat  
And beams of cheering day ;  
And distant stars, in order set,  
By night thy power display.
- 5 For this, the earth its produce yields,  
For this, the waters flow ;  
And blooming plants adorn the fields,  
And trees aspiring grow.
- 6 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue  
This wise and noble end ;  
That all we think, and all we do,  
Shall to thine honour tend.

## HYMN 4. C. M.

Genesis i.

- L**ET heaven arise, let earth appear,  
Proclaim'd th' Eternal Lord :  
The heaven arose, the earth appear'd,  
At his creating word.
- 2 But formless was the earth, and void,  
Dark, sluggish, and confused ;  
Till o'er the mass the Spirit moved,  
And quickening power diffused.
- 3 Then spake the Lord Omnipotent  
The mandate, "Be there light :"  
Light darted forth in vivid rays,  
And scatter'd ancient night.
- 4 The glorious firmament he spread,  
To part the earth and sky ;  
And fix'd the upper elements  
Within their spheres on high.

## HYMN 5.

- 5 He bade the seas together flow ;  
They left the solid land :  
And herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,  
Sprung forth at his command.
- 6 Above, he form'd the stars ; and placed  
Two greater orbs of light ;  
The radiant sun to rule the day,  
The moon to rule the night.
- 7 To all the varied living tribes  
He gave their wondrous birth :  
Some form'd within the watery deep,  
Some from the teeming earth.
- 8 Then, chief o'er all his works below,  
Man, honour'd man, was made ;  
His soul with God's pure image stamp'd,  
With innocence array'd.
- 9 Completed now the mighty work,  
God his creation view'd ;  
And, pleased with all that he had made,  
Pronounced it "very good."

## HYMN 5.

## II. 1.

Psalm cxlviii.

*Praise from Living Creatures.*

- B**EGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,  
Let each enraptured thought obey,  
And praise th' Almighty's Name :  
Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,  
In one melodious concert rise,  
To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,  
While all the adoring thrones around  
His boundless mercy sing ;  
Let every listening saint above  
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
And touch the sweetest string.

## HYMN 6.

- 3 Whate'er this living world contains,  
That wings the air or treads the plains,  
United praise bestow ;  
Ye tenants of the ocean wide,  
Proclaim Him through the mighty tide,  
And in the deeps below.
- 4 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,  
The feeling heart, the judging head,  
In heavenly praise employ ;  
Spread HIS tremendous Name around,  
While heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,  
The general burst of joy.

## HYMN 6. II. 1.

Psalm cxlviii.

*Praise from the Elements and Worlds.*

- YE fields of light, celestial plains,  
Where pure, serene effulgence reigns,  
Ye scenes divinely fair,  
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,  
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,  
And breathed the fluid air.
- 2 Join, all ye stars, the vocal choir ;  
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,  
The mighty chorus aid ;  
And, soon as evening veils the plain,  
Thou moon, prolong the hallow'd strain,  
And praise Him in the shade.
- 3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,  
Proclaim the glories of thy God ;  
Ye worlds, declare his might ;  
He spake the word, and ye were made,  
Darkness and dismal chaos fled,  
And nature sprung to light.
- 4 Let every element rejoice ;  
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice  
To Him who bids you roll ;

## HYMNS 7, 8.

His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
And breathe it to the soul.

### HYMN 7. L. M.

Psalm xix.

**T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.

- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;  
And, nightly, to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth ;
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

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### III. PROVIDENCE.

### HYMN 8. L. M.

**E**TERNAL Source of every joy !  
Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
While in thy temple we appear,  
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year.

## HYMN 9.

- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports and guides the whole :  
The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 'The flowery spring at thy command  
Perfumes the air, and paints the land ;  
The summer rays with vigour shine,  
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;  
And winters, soften'd by thy care,  
No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise ;  
And be the grateful homage paid  
With morning light, and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,  
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,  
Till to those lofty heights we soar,  
Where days and years revolve no more.

## HYMN 9. II. 3.

Psalm xxiii.

- T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary wandering steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 'Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread ;



## HYMN 10.

My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

### HYMN 10. C. M.

**W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth,  
The gratitude declare  
That glows within my ravish'd heart !  
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redrest,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in prayer.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way,  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renew'd my face ;

## HYMN 11.

- And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er;  
And in a kind and faithful friend  
Has doubled all my store.
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 11 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.
- 12 When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 13 Through all eternity, to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise:  
But O! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

## HYMN 11.      III. 1.

Psalm xxxi. 15.

*My times are in thy hand.*

**S**OVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise,  
All our times are in thy hand,  
All events at thy command.

- 2 He that form'd us in the womb,  
He shall guide us to the tomb;  
All our ways shall ever be  
Ordered by his wise decree.
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health,  
Blighting want, and cheerful wealth,  
All our pleasures, all our pains,  
Come, and end, as God ordains.

## HYMNS 12, 13.

- 4 May we always own thy hand,  
Still to thee surrender'd stand,  
Know that thou art God alone,  
We and ours are all thy own !

### HYMN 12. C. M.

- G**OD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,  
With never failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his gracious will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace :  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour :  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain :  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.
- 

## IV. REDEMPTION.

### HYMN 13. S. M.

Job ix. 2—6.

**A**H, how shall fallen man  
Be just before his God !

## HYMN 14.

- If he contend in righteousness,  
We sink beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark  
With strict inquiring eyes,  
Could we for one of thousand faults  
A just excuse devise ?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God !  
Who can with thee contend ?  
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,  
Shall prosper in the end ?
- 4 The mountains in thy wrath,  
Their ancient seats forsake :  
The trembling earth deserts her place,  
Her rooted pillars shake.
- 5 Ah, how shall guilty man  
Contend with such a God ?  
None, none can meet him, and escape,  
But through the Saviour's blood.

HYMN 14.

L. M.

Job ix. 30—33.

- T**HOUGH I should seek to wash me clean  
In water of the driven snow,  
My soul would yet its spot retain,  
And sink in conscious guilt and woe :
- 2 The Spirit, in his power divine,  
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth,  
Expose the foulness of its sin,  
And show the vileness of its worth.
- 3 Ah, not like erring man is God,  
That men to answer him should dare ;  
Condemn'd, and into silence awed,  
They helpless stand before his bar.
- 4 There, must a Mediator plead,  
Who, God and man, may both embrace ;  
With God, for man to intercede,  
And offer man the purchased grace.

## HYMNS 15, 16.

- 5 And lo ! the Son of God is slain  
To be this Mediator crown'd :  
In Him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,  
In Him thy righteousness be found !

### HYMN 15. L. M.

- A**LL glorious God, what hymns of praise  
Shall our transported voices raise :  
What ardent love and zeal are due,  
While heaven stands open to our view.
- 2 Once we were fallen, and O how low !  
Just on the brink of endless woe :  
When Jesus, from the realms above,  
Borne on the wings of boundless love,
- 3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,  
And spread around his heavenly light :  
By him what wondrous grace is shown  
To souls impoverish'd and undone.
- 4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,  
A bright inheritance as ours ;  
Where saints in light our coming wait,  
To share their holy, happy state.

### HYMN 16. C. M.

- S**ALVATION ! O the joyful sound,  
Glad tidings to our ears ;  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation ! buried once in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay ;  
But now we rise by grace divine,  
And see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around ;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,  
To Thee the praise belongs :



## HYMNS 17, 18.

Our hearts shall kindle at thy Name,  
Thy Name inspire our songs.

*Chorus for the end of each verse.*

Glory, honour, praise, and power,  
Be unto the Lamb for ever!

Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!

Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

### HYMN 17. C. M.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name

Awake the sacred song:

O may his love (immortal flame!)

Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach;

What mortal tongue display!

Imagination's utmost stretch

In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,

Left the bright realms of bliss,

And came to earth to bleed and die!

Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay

Our humble thanks to thee,

May every heart with rapture say,

The Saviour died for me.

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,

Fill every heart and tongue;

Till strangers love thy charming Name,

And join the sacred song.

### HYMN 18. III. 3.

SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,

Tune my heart to grateful lays;

Streams of mercy, never ceasing,

Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,

Sung by raptured saints above;

## HYMNS 19, 20.

Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
While I sing redeeming love.

- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
Thou, to save my soul from danger,  
Didst redeem me with thy blood.
- 4 By thy hand restored, defended,  
Safe through life thus far I've come ;  
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heavenly home.

### HYMN 19. C. M.

Titus iii. 4—7.

**M**Y grateful soul, for ever praise,  
For ever love his Name,  
Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths  
Of folly, sin and shame.

- 2 Vain and presumptuous is the trust  
Which in our works we place ;  
Salvation from a higher source  
Flows to our fallen race.
- 3 'Tis from the love of God through Christ,  
That all our hopes begin ;  
His mercy saved our souls from death,  
And wash'd us from our sin.
- 4 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,  
His sacred fire imparts,  
Removes our dross, and love divine  
Enkindles in our hearts.
- 5 Thus raised from death, we live anew ;  
And, justified by grace,  
We hope in glory to appear,  
And see our Father's face.

### HYMN 20. C. M.

**H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load :

## HYMN 21.

- The heart unchanged can never rise  
To happiness and God.
- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,  
In paths of ruin stray :  
Reason debased can never find  
The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 Can aught beneath a power divine  
The stubborn will subdue ?  
'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine  
To form the heart anew.
- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,  
And upwards bid them rise ;  
And make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darken'd eyes ;
- 5 To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live,  
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine :  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord, be thine.

## HYMN 21. C. M.

- FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,  
On thee my hope depends,  
Convinced that every perfect gift  
From thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,  
And power and wisdom too ;  
Without the Spirit of thy Son  
We nothing good can do.
- 3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought.  
Our good is all divine ;  
The praise of every holy thought  
And righteous word is thine.

HYMNS 22, 23.

- 4 From thee, through Jesus, we receive  
The power on thee to call,  
In whom we are, and move, and live :  
Our God is all in all.

HYMN 22. III. 1.

- SING, my soul, His wondrous love,  
Who, from yon bright throne above,  
Ever watchful o'er our race,  
Still to man extends his grace.
- 2 Heaven and earth by him were made,  
All is by his sceptre sway'd ;  
What are we that he should show  
So much love to us below !
- 3 God, the merciful and good,  
Bought us with the Saviour's blood ;  
And, to make our safety sure,  
Guides us by his Spirit pure.
- 4 Sing, my soul, adore his Name,  
Let his glory be thy theme :  
Praise him till he calls thee home,  
Trust his love for all to come.

HYMN 23. S. M.

- GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear ;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man,  
And all the means that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace guides my wandering feet  
To tread the heavenly road ;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown  
Through everlasting days ;

## HYMNS 24, 25.

It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

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### V. THE CHURCH.

#### HYMN 24. S. M.

**L**IKE Noah's weary dove,  
That soar'd the earth around,  
But not a resting place above  
The cheerless waters found ;

2 O cease, my wandering soul,  
On restless wing to roam ;  
All the wide world, to either pole  
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,  
Behold the open door ;  
Hasten to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,  
There, sweet shall be thy rest,  
And every longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blest.

5 And, when the waves of ire  
Again the earth shall fill,  
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire ;  
Then rest on Sion's hill.

#### HYMN 25. S. M.

**I** LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode,  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God ;  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.



## HYMN 26.

- 3 If e'er to bless thy sons,  
     My voice or hands deny,  
     These hands let useful skill forsake,  
     This voice in silence die.
- 4 If e'er my heart forget  
     Her welfare or her woe,  
     Let every joy this heart forsake,  
     And every grief o'erflow.
- 5 For her my tears shall fall ;  
     For her my prayers ascend ;  
     To her my cares and toils be given,  
     Till toils and cares shall end.
- 6 Beyond my highest joy  
     I prize her heavenly ways,  
     Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
     Her hymns of love and praise.
- 7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,  
     Our Saviour and our King,  
     Thy hand from every snare and foe  
     Shall great deliverance bring.
- 8 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
     To Sion shall be given  
     The brightest glories earth can yield,  
     And brighter bliss of heaven.

HYMN 26.                      C. M.

*Hebrews xii. 18, 22—24.*

- N**OT to the terrors of the Lord,  
     The tempest, fire, and smoke ;  
 Not to the thunder of that word  
     Which God on Sinai spoke :
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,  
     The city of our God ;  
     Where milder words declare his will,  
     And spread his love abroad.
  - 3 Behold th' innumerable host  
     Of angels clothed in light :

HYMNS 27, 28.

Behold the spirits of the just  
Whose faith is changed to sight.

- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there  
Whose names are writ in heaven ;  
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare  
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven.
- 5 Angels, and living saints and dead,  
But one communion make :  
All join in Christ, their vital Head,  
And of his love partake.

HYMN 27. S. M.

**B**LEST is the tie that binds  
Our hearts in christian love :  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour united prayers ;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one ;  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear ;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we at death must part,  
How keen, how deep the pain :  
But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free ;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Throughout eternity.

HYMN 28. H. 1.

Psalm cxii.

*The Church in Glory.*

**W**ITH joy shall I behold the day  
That calls my willing soul away,  
To dwell among the blest :

## HYMN 29.

For lo ! my great Redeemer's power  
Unfolds the everlasting door,  
And points me to his rest.

2 E'en now, to my expecting eyes  
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise ;  
Their glory I survey ;  
I view her mansions that contain  
The angel host, a beauteous train,  
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,  
Lo ! the redeem'd of God ascend,  
Borne on immortal wing ;  
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,  
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ,  
Before th' almighty King.

4 The King a seat hath there prepared,  
High, on eternal base uprear'd,  
For his eternal Son :  
His palaces with joy abound ;  
His saints, by him with glory crown'd,  
Attend and share his throne.

5 Mother of cities ! o'er thy head  
Bright peace, with healing wings outspread,  
For evermore shall dwell :  
Let me, blest seat ! my name behold  
Among thy citizens enroll'd,  
And bid the world farewell.

## HYMN 29. L. M.

*Isaiah lii. 1, 2.*

**T**RIOUMPHANT Sion ! lift thy head  
From dust, and darkness, and the dead .  
Though humbled long, awake at length,  
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thy excellence be known :  
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,  
The world thy glories shall confess.

## HYMN 30.

- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,  
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread ;  
No more shall hell's insulting host  
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,  
His hand thy ruins shall repair :  
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace.

### VI. FESTIVALS AND FASTS.

#### *THE LORD'S DAY.*

#### HYMN 30. II. 4.

- A** WAKE, ye saints, awake,  
And hail this sacred day ;  
In loftiest songs of praise  
Your joyful homage pay :  
Welcome the day that God hath blest,  
The type of heaven's eternal rest.
- 2 On this auspicious morn  
The Lord of life arose ;  
He burst the bars of death,  
And vanquish'd all our foes :  
And now he pleads our cause above,  
And reaps the fruits of all his love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !  
Heaven with hosannas rings,  
And earth, in humbler strains,  
Thy praise responsive sings :  
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign.
- 4 Great King, gird on thy sword,  
Ascend thy conquering car ;  
While justice, truth, and love,  
Maintain thy glorious war :  
This day let sinners own thy sway,  
And rebels cast their arms away.

HYMNS 31, 32.

HYMN 31. C. M.

- T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
Let young and old rejoice :  
To him be vows and homage paid,  
Whose service is our choice.
- 2 This is the temple of the Lord ;  
How dreadful is this place !  
With meekness let us hear his word,  
With reverence seek his face.
- 3 This is the homage he requires ;  
The voice of praise and prayer,  
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,  
Ourselves and all we are.
- 4 While rich and poor for mercy call,  
Propitious from the skies,  
The Lord, the Maker of them all,  
Accepts the sacrifice.
- 5 Well pleased, through Jesus Christ his Son,  
From sin he grants release ;  
According to their faith 'tis done,  
He bids them go in peace.

HYMN 32. S. M.

- W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise ;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
To feast his saints to-day ;  
Here may we sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place  
Where Jesus is within,  
Is better than ten thousand days  
Of pleasure and of sin.



## HYMNS 33, 34.

- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
Till it is call'd to soar away  
To everlasting bliss.

### HYMN 33. L. M.

- A**NOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Lord's day has begun ;  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the hours thy God hath blest.
- 2 This day may our devotions rise,  
As grateful incense, to the skies ;  
And heaven that sweet repose bestow,  
Which none but they who feel it know.
- 3 This peaceful calm within the breast  
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,  
Which for the Church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties, let the day,  
In holy pleasures pass away :  
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

### HYMN 34. II. 3.

- G**REAT God, this sacred day of thine  
Demands the soul's collected powers ;  
Gladly we now to thee resign  
These solemn, consecrated hours :  
O may our souls adoring own  
The grace that calls us to thy throne.
- 2 All-seeing God ! thy piercing eye  
Can every secret thought explore ;  
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,  
And, where thou art, intrude no more :  
O may thy grace our spirits move,  
And fix our minds on things above !

## HYMNS 35, 36.

- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,  
And bid thy word, with life divine,  
Engage the ear, and warm the heart :  
Then shall the day indeed be thine ;  
Then shall our souls adoring own  
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

### HYMN 35. II. 4.

- I**N loud, exalted strains,  
The King of glory praise ;  
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,  
Through everlasting days ;  
But Sion, with his presence blest,  
Is his delight, his chosen rest.
- 2 O King of glory, come ;  
And with thy favour crown  
This temple as thy home,  
This people as thy own :  
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show  
How God can dwell with men below.
- 3 Now let thine ear attend  
Our supplicating cries ;  
Now let our praise ascend,  
Accepted to the skies :  
Now let thy Gospel's joyful sound  
Spread its celestial influence round.
- 4 Here may the listening throng  
Imbibe thy truth and love ;  
Here Christians join the song  
Of seraphim above :  
Till all who humbly seek thy face,  
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

### HYMN 36. L. M.

- F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, begone ;  
Let my religious hours alone :  
From flesh and sense I would be free,  
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

HYMNS 37, 38.

- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire  
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,  
And feel thine influence from above.
- 3 When I can say that God is mine,  
When I can see thy glories shine,  
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all that men call rich and great.
- 4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,  
To cheer me in this barren land;  
And in thy temple let me know  
The joys that from thy presence flow.

HYMN 37.

L. M.

MY opening eyes with rapture see  
The dawn of thy returning day;  
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,  
While thus my early vows I pay.

- 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,  
Nor would receive another guest;  
Eternal King! erect thy throne,  
And reign sole monarch in my breast.
- 3 O bid this trifling world retire,  
And drive each carnal thought away;  
Nor let me feel one vain desire,  
One sinful thought, through all the day.
- 4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,  
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,  
The wonders of thy love declare,  
And join the strains which angels sing.

HYMN 38.

III. 1.

TO thy temple I repair;  
Lord, I love to worship there;  
While thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

## HYMNS 39, 40.

- 2 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend ;  
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads ;  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 3 While I hearken to thy law,  
Fill my soul with humble awe,  
Till thy Gospel bring to me  
Life and immortality.
- 4 While thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in thy Name,  
Through their voice, by faith, may I  
Hear thee speaking from on high.
- 5 From thy house when I return,  
May my heart within me burn ;  
And at evening let me say,  
I have walked with God to-day.

HYMN 39. L. M.

*After Sermon.*

**A**LMIGHTY Father, bless the word,  
Which, through thy grace, we now have heard ;  
O may the precious seed take root,  
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

- 2 We praise thee for the means of grace,  
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face :  
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here,  
May all, at length, in heaven appear.

HYMN 40. III. 5.

**L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace ;  
O refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For the Gospel's joyful sound ;

## HYMNS 41, 42.

May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound :  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

### ADVENT.

#### HYMN 41. C. M.

- H**ARK ! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long :  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,  
Exerts his sacred fire ;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray ;  
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,  
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of his grace,  
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved Name.

#### HYMN 42. III. 3.

**H**AIL ! thou long expected Jesus,  
Born to set thy people free !  
From our sins and fears release us,  
Let us find our rest in thee.



## HYMN 43.

- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
     Hope of all the saints, thou art ;  
     Long desired of every nation,  
     Joy of every waiting heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,  
     Born a child, yet God our King,  
     Born to reign in us for ever,  
     Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit,  
     Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
     By thine all-sufficient merit,  
     Raise us to thy glorious throne.

### CHRISTMAS.

## HYMN 43.                      C. M.

Luke ii. 8—15.

- W**HILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by  
     All seated on the ground,                      [night,  
 The angel of the Lord came down,  
     And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread  
     Had seized their troubled mind ;  
     "Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
     To you, and all mankind.
  - 3 "To you, in David's town, this day  
     Is born, of David's line,  
     The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
     And this shall be the sign :
  - 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,  
     To human view display'd,  
     All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
     And in a manger laid."
  - 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
     Appear'd a shining throng  
     Of angels, praising God, who thus  
     Address'd their joyful song :

HYMNS 44, 45.

- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace ;  
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men,  
Begin and never cease."

HYMN 44. C. M.

**W**HILE angels thus, O Lord, rejoice,  
Shall men no anthem raise ?

O may we lose these useless tongues,  
When we forget to praise.

- 2 Then let us swell responsive notes,  
And join the heavenly throng ;  
For angels no such love have known  
As we, to wake their song.

- 3 Good-will to sinful dust is shown,  
And peace on earth is given ;  
For lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes,  
With news of joy from heaven.

- 4 Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,  
His rising beams adorn ;  
Let heaven and earth in concert sing,  
The promised child is born !

- 5 Glory to God, in highest strains,  
By highest worlds is paid ;  
Be glory, then, by us proclaim'd,  
And by our lives display'd ;

- 6 Till we attain those blissful realms,  
Where now our Saviour reigns ;  
To rival these celestial choirs  
In their immortal strains.

HYMN 45. III. 1.

**H**ARK ! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King ;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;  
God and sinners reconciled.

## HYMN 46.

- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies ;  
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of the virgin's womb.
- 4 Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see :  
Hail th' incarnate Deity,  
Pleased, as man, with man to dwell ;  
Jesus, now Emanuel.
- 5 Risen with healing in his wings,  
Light and life to all he brings :  
Hail the Sun of righteousness !  
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !

## HYMN 46.

*Chorus.* SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

- 1 Sion, the marvellous story be telling,  
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth !  
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,  
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.

*Chorus.* Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

- 2 Tell how he cometh ; from nation to nation,  
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo  
round ;  
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,  
How his people with joy everlasting are  
crown'd.

*Chorus.* Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,  
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise ;

## HYMNS 47, 48.

Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing ;  
One chorus resound through the earth and  
the skies :

*Chorus.* Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

### HYMN 47. C. M.

Isaiah ix. 2—7.

**T**HE race that long in darkness pin'd,  
Have seen a glorious light ;  
The people now behold the dawn,  
Who dwelt in death and night.

- 2 To hail thy rising, Sun of life,  
The gathering nations come ;  
Joyous as when the reapers bear  
Their harvest treasures home.
- 3 For thou our burden hast removed ;  
Th' oppressor's reign is broke ;  
Thy fiery conflict with the foe  
Has burst his cruel yoke.
- 4 To us the promised Child is born ;  
To us the Son is given ;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
And all the hosts of heaven.
- 5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
For evermore adored ;  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The mighty God, and Lord.
- 6 His power increasing still shall spread,  
His reign no end shall know ;  
Justice shall guard his throne above,  
And peace abound below.

### END OF THE YEAR.

### HYMN 48. C. M.

**T**IME hastens on ; ye longing saints,  
Now raise your voices high ;

## HYMNS 49, 50.

And magnify that sovereign love  
Which shows salvation nigh.

- 2 As time departs salvation comes,  
Each moment brings it near :  
Then welcome each declining day,  
Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their course shall run,  
Not many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd  
To our transported eyes.

### HYMN 49. C. M.

St. Luke xiii. 6—9.

SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord,  
A barren fig-tree stands ;  
No fruit it yields, no blossom bears,  
Though planted by His hands.

- 2 From year to year the tree He views,  
And still no fruit is found ;  
Then "Cut it down," the Lord commands,  
"Why cumberst it the ground?"
- 3 But lo ! the gracious Saviour pleads ;  
"The barren fig-tree spare,  
Another year in mercy wait,  
It yet may bloom and bear :
- 4 "But if my culture prove in vain,  
And still no fruit be found,  
I plead no more ; destroy the tree,  
And root it from thy ground."

### NEW-YEAR.

### HYMN 50. L. M.

THE God of life, whose constant care  
With blessings crowns each opening year,  
My scanty span doth still prolong,  
And wakes anew mine annual song.



## HYMN 51.

- 2 How many precious souls are fled  
To the vast regions of the dead,  
Since to this day the changing sun  
Through his last yearly period run!
- 3 We yet survive ; but who can say,  
"Or through this year, or month, or day,  
I shall retain this vital breath,  
Thus far, at least, in league with death?"
- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God ;  
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode ;  
It holds its life from thee alone,  
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee our spirits we resign,  
Make them and own them still as thine ;  
So shall they live secure from fear,  
Though death should blast the rising year.
- 6 Thy children, panting to be gone,  
May bid the tide of time roll on,  
To land them on that happy shore,  
Where years and death are known no more.
- 7 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that place ;  
No groans, to mingle with the songs  
Resounding from immortal tongues :
- 8 No more alarms from ghostly foes ;  
No cares to break the long repose ;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 9 O, long expected year ! begin ;  
Dawn on this world of woe and sin ;  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
To sleep in death, and rest with God.

HYMN 51.

C. M.

A S o'er the past my memory strays,  
Why heaves the secret sigh ?

## HYMN 52.

- 'Tis that I mourn departed days,  
Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world, and worldly things beloved,  
My anxious thoughts employ'd;  
And time unhallow'd, unimproved,  
Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair  
Chase from my labouring breast;  
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,  
That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;  
And when thy sure decree  
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,  
O speed my soul to thee.

### *EPIPHANY.*

## HYMN 52. S. M.

Isaiah lii. 7—10.

- H**OW beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Sion's hill;  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice;  
How sweet their tidings are:  
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King,  
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for  
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes  
That see this heavenly light:  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice  
And tuneful notes employ;

## HYMNS 53, 54.

Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad :  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

### HYMN 53. II. 5.

Isaiah lx. &c.

**R**ISE, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise ;  
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes :  
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,  
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend :  
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,  
While every land its joyous tribute brings.
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away :  
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains ;  
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

### HYMN 54. II. 6.

Psalm lxxii.

**H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son ,  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

- 2 He comes with succour speedy,  
To those who suffer wrong,

## HYMN 55.

To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong ;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,  
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth ;  
And love and joy, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth :  
Before him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go ;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows, ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end :  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His Name shall stand for ever :  
That Name to us is Love.

HYMN 55. C. M.

Isaiah ii. 2—5.

O'ER mountain tops the mount of God  
In latter days shall rise,  
Above the summits of the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;  
Up to the mount of God, they'll say,  
And to his house we'll go.

3 The beams that shine from Sion's hill  
Shall lighten every land ;  
The King who reigns in Salem's towers  
Shall all the world command.

## HYMN 56.

- 4 Among the nations he shall judge,  
His judgments truth shall guide ;  
His sceptre shall protect the just,  
And crush the sinner's pride.
- 5 For peaceful implements shall men  
Exchange their swords and spears ;  
Nor shall they study war again  
Throughout those happy years.
- 6 Come, O ye house of Jacob! come  
To worship at his shrine ;  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy graces shine.

*LENT.*

## HYMN 56.                      III. 1.

*Litany.*

- S**AVIOUR, when in dust, to thee,  
Low we bow th' adoring knee ;  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;  
O, by all thy pains and woe,  
Suffer'd once for man below,  
Bending from thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn litany.
- 2 By thy birth and early years,  
By thy human griefs and fears,  
By thy fasting and distress  
In the lonely wilderness :  
By thy victory in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power ;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;  
Hear our solemn litany.
  - 3 By thine hour of dark despair,  
By thine agony of prayer,  
By the purple robe of scorn,  
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,

## HYMNS 57, 58.

By thy cross, thy pangs and cries,  
By thy perfect sacrifice ;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;  
Hear our solemn litany.

- 4 By thy deep expiring groan,  
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,  
By thy triumph o'er the grave,  
By thy power from death to save ;  
Mighty God, ascended Lord,  
To thy throne in heaven restored,  
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,  
Hear our solemn litany.

### HYMN 57. L. M.

**M**Y God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee :  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.

- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And all my purest joys forego ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;  
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence :  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

### HYMN 58. C. M.

**A**LAS, what hourly dangers rise,  
What snares beset my way ;  
To heaven, O let me lift mine eyes,  
And hourly watch and pray.

- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,  
And melt in flowing tears :  
My weak resistance, ah, how vain ;  
How strong my foes and fears.
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,  
My feeble efforts aid ;



## HYMN 59.

Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,  
Though trembling and afraid.

- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
When foes and fears prevail ;  
And bear my fainting spirit up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,  
Or lure my feet aside,  
My God, thy powerful aid impart,  
My guardian and my guide.
- 6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,  
And bid the tempter flee ;  
And let me never, never stray  
From happiness and thee.

HYMN 59.                      C. M.

**H**OW oft, alas ! this wretched heart  
Has wander'd from the Lord :  
How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of his word.

- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return ;"  
Dear Lord, and may I come ?  
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;  
O, take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,  
And bid my crimes remove ?  
And shall a pardon'd rebel live  
To speak thy wondrous love ?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,  
How glorious, how divine ;  
That can to life and bliss restore  
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,  
Dear Saviour, I adore :  
O keep me at thy sacred feet,  
And let me rove no more.

HYMNS 60, 61.

HYMN 60.

L. M.

- O** THOU, to whose all searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light,  
Search, prove my heart ; it looks to thee,  
O burst its bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, remove its dross,  
Bind my affections to the cross ;  
Hallow each thought, let all within  
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my light, be thou my way ;  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,  
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee :  
O let thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to thy holy hill.

*(See Hymns on Repentance.)*

PASSION WEEK, AND GOOD FRIDAY.

HYMN 61.

III. 4.

Isaiah lxiii. 1—4.

- W**HO is this that comes from Edom,  
All his raiment stain'd with blood,  
To the captive speaking freedom,  
Bringing and bestowing good ;  
Glorious in the garb he wears,  
Glorious in the spoil he bears ?
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,  
Travelling onward in his might ;  
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious  
To his people is the sight !

## HYMNS 62, 63.

Satan conquer'd, and the grave,  
Jesus now is strong to save.

**3** Why that blood his raiment staining ?

'Tis the blood of many slain ;  
Of his foes there's none remaining,  
None, the contest to maintain :  
Fall'n they are, no more to rise,  
All their glory prostrate lies.

**4** Mighty Victor ! reign for ever,

Wear the crown so dearly won ;  
Never shall thy people, never,  
Cease to sing what thou hast done :  
Thou hast fought thy people's foes ;  
Thou hast healed thy people's woes.

HYMN 62.                      L. M.

**W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

**2** Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,

Save in the cross of Christ my God :  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

**3** See ! from his head, his hands, his feet,

Sorrow and love flow mingled down :  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?  
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown ?

**4** Were the whole realm of nature mine,

That were a tribute far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

HYMN 63.                      C. M.

**B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
Nail'd to the shameful tree ;  
How vast the love that him inclined  
To bleed and die for me !

## HYMN 64.

- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend ;  
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid ;  
"Receive my soul !" he cries :  
See where he bows his sacred head !  
He bows his head and dies.
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,  
And in full glory shine ;  
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love, like thine !

## HYMN 64.                  C. M.

- M**Y Saviour hanging on the tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Methought once turn'd his eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.
- 2 Sure, never till my latest breath  
Can I forget that look ;  
It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.
  - 3 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,  
And plunged me in despair ;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail him there.
  - 4 Alas ! I knew not what I did ;  
But now my tears are vain :  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?  
For I the Lord have slain.
  - 5 A second look he gave, which said,  
I freely all forgive ;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
I die that thou may'st live.
  - 6 Thus, while his death my sin displays  
In all its blackest hue—

## HYMNS 65, 66.

Such is the mystery of grace—  
It seals my pardon too.

### HYMN 65. C. M.

**F**ROM whence these direful omens round,  
Which heaven and earth amaze?  
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?  
Why hides the sun his rays?

- 2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,  
And nature sympathize;  
The sun as darkest night be black:  
Their Maker, Jesus, dies!
- 3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,  
His all-atoning blood!  
Is this the Infinite? 'tis He,  
My Saviour and my God!
- 4 For me these pangs his soul assail,  
For me this death is borne;  
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,  
And pointed every thorn.
- 5 Let sin no more my soul enslave,  
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;  
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,  
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

### HYMN 66. L. M.

St. John xix. 30.

**'T**IS finish'd; so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bow'd his head and died.  
'Tis finish'd: yes, the work is done,  
The battle fought, the victory won.

- 2 'Tis finish'd: all that heaven decreed,  
And all the ancient prophets said,  
Is now fulfill'd, as long design'd,  
In me, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd: Aaron now no more  
Must stain his robes with purple gore:

## HYMN 67.

The sacred vail is rent in twain,  
And Jewish rites no more remain.

- 4 'Tis finish'd : this, my dying groan,  
Shall sins of every kind atone ;  
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,  
By this, my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finish'd : heaven is reconciled,  
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd :  
Peace, love, and happiness, again  
Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'Tis finish'd : let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round :  
'Tis finish'd : let the echo fly  
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky

HYMN 67.            L. M

*For the Jews.*

**H**IGH on the bending willows hung,  
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string ?  
Still mute remains the sullen tongue,  
And Sion's song denies to sing ?

- 2 Awake ! thy loudest raptures raise,  
Let harp and voice unite their strains :  
Thy promised King his sceptre sways ;  
Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.
- 3 By foreign streams no longer roam,  
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood ;  
In every clime behold a home,  
In every temple see thy God.
- 4 No taunting foes the song require ;  
No strangers mock thy captive chain ;  
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,  
And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 5 Then why, on bending willows hung,  
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string ?  
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,  
And Sion's song delays to sing ?



## HYMNS 68, 69.

### EASTER.

#### HYMN 68. C. M.

1 Cor. v. 8. Rom. vi. 9—11.

**S**INCE Christ, our Passover, is slain,  
A sacrifice for all,  
Let all, with thankful hearts, agree  
To keep the festival :

- 2 Not with the leaven, as of old,  
Of sin and malice fed ;  
But with unfeign'd sincerity,  
And truth's unleaven'd bread.
- 3 Christ, being raised by power divine,  
And rescued from the grave,  
Shall die no more ; death shall on him  
No more dominion have.
- 4 For that he died, 'twas for our sins  
He once vouchsafed to die ;  
But that he lives, he lives to God  
For all eternity.
- 5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,  
But graciously restored,  
And made, henceforth, alive to God,  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

#### HYMN 69. III. 1.

**C**HRIST the Lord is risen to-day,  
Sons of men and angels say :  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing ye heavens, and earth reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the victory won :  
Jesus' agony is o'er,  
Darkness veils the earth no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;  
Death in vain forbids him rise,  
Christ hath open'd paradise.

## HYMNS 70, 71.

- 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Following our exalted Head;  
Made like him, like him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

### HYMN 70. L. M.

Col. iii. 1, 2.

- Y**E faithful souls who Jesus know,  
If risen indeed with him ye are,  
Superior to the joys below,  
His resurrection's power declare :
- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,  
By actions show your sins forgiven,  
And seek the glorious things above,  
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.
- 3 There your exalted Saviour see,  
Seated at God's right hand again,  
In all his Father's majesty,  
In everlasting power to reign.
- 4 To him continually aspire,  
Contending for your destined place,  
And emulate the angel choir,  
And only live to love and praise.

### HYMN 71. C. M.

1 Cor. xv. 20—22. Col. iii. 1.

- C**HRISt from the dead is raised, and made  
The First Fruits of the tomb;  
For, as by man came death, by man  
Did resurrection come.
- 2 For, as in Adam all mankind  
Did guilt and death derive;  
So, by the righteousness of Christ,  
Shall all be made alive.
- 3 If then ye risen are with Christ,  
Seek only how to get  
The things which are above, where Christ  
At God's right hand is set.

## HYMNS 72, 73.

### ASCENSION.

#### HYMN 72. L. M.

- H**E dies, the Friend of sinners dies ;  
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;  
A solemn darkness veils the skies ;  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Ye saints, approach, the anguish view,  
Of him who groans beneath your load ;  
He gives his precious life for you,  
For you he sheds his precious blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of Glory dies for men ;  
But lo ! what sudden joys we see,  
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb,  
Up to his Father's court he flies ;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliverer reigns :  
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
And led the tyrant death in chains.
- 6 Say, Live for ever glorious King,  
Born to redeem, instruct, and save !  
Then ask, O death, where is thy sting ?  
And where thy victory, O grave ?

#### HYMN 73. L. M.

- O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay ;  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

## HYMN 74.

- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the radiant scene;  
He claims those mansions as his right;  
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of Glory, who?  
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;  
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay,  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 6 Who is the King of Glory, who?  
The Lord of boundless power possess'd,  
The King of saints and angels too,  
God over all, for ever bless'd.

*WHITSUNDAY.*

HYMN 74. C. M.

- C**OME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,  
Inspire these souls of thine;  
Till every heart which thou hast made,  
Be fill'd with grace divine.
- 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift  
Of God, and fire of love;  
The everlasting spring of joy,  
And unction from above.
  - 3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st,  
God's law in each true heart;  
The promise of the Father, thou  
Dost heavenly speech impart.
  - 4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they  
Thy sacred love embrace;  
Assist our minds, by nature frail,  
With thy celestial grace.
  - 5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,  
And give us peace within;

## HYMNS 75, 76.

That, by thy guidance blest, we may  
Escape the snares of sin.

- 6 Teach us the Father to confess,  
And Son, from death revived,  
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,  
Who art from both derived.

### HYMN 75. C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 See, how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys :  
Our souls, how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,  
In vain we strive to rise :  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

### HYMN 76. C. M.

HE'S come, let every knee be bent,  
All hearts new joy resume ;  
Sing, ye redeem'd, with one consent,  
The Comforter is come.

- 2 What greater gift, what greater love,  
Could God on man bestow ?  
Angels for this rejoice above,  
Let man rejoice below.
- 3 Hail, blessed Spirit ! may each soul  
Thy sacred influence feel ;

HYMNS 77, 78.

Do thou each sinful thought control,  
And fix our wavering zeal.

- 4 Thou to the conscience dost convey  
Those checks which we should know ;  
Thy motions point to us the way ;  
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

*TRINITY SUNDAY.*

HYMN 77. L. M.

- O HOLY, holy, holy, Lord,  
Bright in thy deeds and in thy Name  
For ever be thy Name adored,  
Thy glories let the world proclaim.
- 2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified  
To take our load of sins away,  
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide  
Along the realms of upper day.
- 3 O Holy Spirit from above,  
In streams of light and glory given,  
Thou source of ecstasy and love,  
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.
- 4 O God Triune, to thee we owe  
Our every thought, our every song ;  
And ever may thy praises flow  
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

HYMN 78. L. M.

- FATHER of all, whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found,  
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us thy pardoning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,



## HYMN 79.

Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us thy quickening power extend.

- 4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son,  
Mysterious Godhead, Three in one !  
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

## HYMN 79.

II. 4.

**W**E give immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all our comforts here,  
And all our hopes above :  
He sent his own  
Eternal Son  
To die for sins  
That man had done.

- 2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who saved us by his blood  
From everlasting wo :  
And now he lives,  
And now he reigns,  
And sees the fruit  
Of all his pains.

- 3 To God the Spirit, praise  
And endless worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live :  
His work completes  
The great design,  
And fills the soul  
With joy divine.

- 4 Almighty God, to thee  
Be endless honours done ;  
The sacred Persons Three,  
The Godhead only One :

## HYMNS 80, 81.

Where reason fails  
With all her powers,  
There faith prevails,  
And love adores.

### *FAST-DAY.*

#### HYMN 80. C. M.

- A**LMIGHTY Lord, before thy throne  
Thy mourning people bend:  
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone,  
Our prostrate hopes depend.
- 2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,  
Thy dreadful power display;  
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.
- 3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,  
For error, guilt, and shame;  
What impious numbers, bold in sin,  
Disgrace the Christian name.
- 4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,  
Convert us by thy grace;  
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
And see again thy face.
- 5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,  
We will not sink in fear;  
Secure of all-sufficient aid,  
When God, our God, is near.

#### HYMN 81. III. 3.

- D**READ Jehovah, God of nations,  
From thy temple in the skies,  
Hear thy people's supplications,  
Now for their deliverance rise:
- 2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,  
Humbly at thy feet we bend;  
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,  
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

## HYMNS 82, 83.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,  
Long and loud for vengeance call,  
Thou hast mercy more abounding,  
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,  
Let that blood our guilt efface :  
Save thy people from oppression,  
Save from spoil thy holy place.

### HYMN 82. L. M.

*Prayer and Hope of Victory.*

NOW may the God of grace and power  
Attend his people's humble cry ;  
Defend them in the needful hour,  
And send deliverance from on high.

2 In his salvation is our hope ;  
And, in the Name of Israel's God,  
Our troops shall lift their banners up,  
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,  
And some of chariots make their boasts ;  
Our surest expectations are  
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,  
And let our trust be firm and strong,  
Till thy salvation shall appear,  
And hymns of peace conclude our song.

### THANKSGIVING DAY.

### HYMN 83.

PART I.

III. 2.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days ;  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ :  
All to thee, our God, we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow

## HYMN 83.

- 2 All the blessings of the fields,  
All the stores the garden yields,  
Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain :  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,  
All the plenty summer pours,  
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores :  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 4 Peace, prosperity, and health,  
Private bliss and public wealth,  
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,  
Pure religion's holier beams :  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

### PART II.

### III. 2.

- 5 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear ;  
Though the sickening flock should fall,  
And the herd desert the stall :  
Still to thee our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Should thine alter'd hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain,  
Blast each opening bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy :  
Still to thee our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 7 Life and grace, whate'er our woe,  
Still to thee, our God, we owe :  
Though of earthly hopes bereft,  
Yet our hope of heaven is left ;  
And for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HYMNS 84, 85.

HYMN 84. C. M.

**F**OUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,  
How rich thy bounties are :  
The rolling seasons, as they move,  
Proclaim thy constant care.

- 2 When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,  
The plants in beauty grew ;  
Thou gav'st the summer's suns to shine,  
The mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above  
Matured the swelling grain ;  
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway :  
Thy hand all nature hails ;  
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,  
Summer nor winter fails.

HYMN 85. L. M.

*For Public Mercies and Deliverances.*

**S**ALVATION doth to God belong,  
His power and grace shall be our song ;  
From him alone all mercies flow,  
His arm alone subdues the foe.

- 2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear  
Propitious to his people's prayer ;  
And, though deliverance he may stay,  
Yet answers still in his own day.
- 3 O may this goodness lead our land,  
Still saved by thine Almighty hand,  
The tribute of its love to bring  
To thee, our Saviour, and our King :

HYMNS 86, 87.

- 4 Till every public temple raise  
A song of triumph to thy praise ;  
And every peaceful, private home,  
To thee a temple shall become.
  - 5 Still be it our supreme delight  
To walk as in thy glorious sight,  
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,  
Till life's last hour, to persevere.
- 

VII. ORDINANCES AND SPECIAL  
OCCASIONS.

*BAPTISM OF INFANTS.*

HYMN 86. III. 3.

SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding  
With the shepherd's kindest care,  
All the feeble gently leading,  
While the lambs thy bosom share ;

- 2 Now, *these* little ones receiving,  
Fold *them* in thy gracious arm ;  
There, we know, thy word believing,  
Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never, from thy pasture roving,  
Let *them* be the Lion's prey ;  
Let thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way :
- 4 Then, within thy fold eternal,  
Let *them* find a resting place ;  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

HYMN 87. S. M.

THE gentle Saviour calls  
Our children to his breast ;  
He folds them in his gracious arms,  
Himself declares them blest.



HYMNS 88, 89.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble claim;  
The heirs of heaven are such as these,  
For such as these I came."

3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,  
Devoting them to thee,  
Imploring that, as we are thine,  
Thine may our offspring be.

*BAPTISM OF ADULTS.*

HYMN 88. S. M.

Eph. vi. 10-13.

**S**OLDIERS of Christ arise,  
And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,  
With all his strength endued;  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God.

4 That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may behold your victory won,  
And stand complete at last.

*CONFIRMATION.*

HYMN 89. L. M.

**O** HAPPY day, that stays my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God:  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell thy goodness all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows,  
To him who merits all my love;

## HYMNS 90, 91.

Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to his sacred throne I move.

- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;  
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine :  
Help me, through grace, to follow on,  
Glad to confess thy voice divine.
- 4 Here rest, my oft divided heart,  
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest ;  
Who with the world would grieve to part,  
When call'd on angels' food to feast ?
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

### HYMN 90.

C. M.

**W**ITNESS, ye men and angels ; now  
Before the Lord we speak ;  
To him we make our solemn vow,  
A vow we dare not break :

- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,  
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;  
Nor from his cause will we depart,  
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,  
But on his grace rely,  
That, with returning wants, the Lord  
Will all our need supply.
- 4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,  
And keep us in thy ways ;  
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,  
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

### HYMN 91.

C. M.

**Y**OUTH, when devoted to the Lord,  
Is pleasing in his eyes ;

## HYMN 92.

A flower, though offer'd in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.

- 2 'Tis easier far if we begin  
To fear the Lord betimes ;  
For sinners who grow old in sin,  
Are harden'd by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares  
To mind religion young ;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtues strong.
- 4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee  
Our hearts we now resign :  
'Twill please us to look back and see  
That our whole lives were thine.

## HYMN 92. C. M.

O, IN the morn of life, when youth  
With vital ardour glows,  
And shines in all the fairest charms  
That beauty can disclose ;

- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers  
Are yet by vice enslaved,  
Be thy Creator's glorious Name  
And character engraved :
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud  
The sunshine of thy days ;  
And cares and toils, in endless round,  
Encompass all thy ways ;
- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,  
With vain regret, deplore,  
And sadly muse on former joys,  
'That now return no more.
- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gain'd  
In age will give thee rest :  
O then, improve the morn of life,  
To make its evening blest.

## HYMNS 93, 94.

### THE LORD'S SUPPER.

#### HYMN 93. C. M.

Rev. v. 9, 12, 13.

**T**HOU, God, all glory, honour, power,  
Art worthy to receive;  
Since all things by thy power were made,  
And by thy bounty live.

2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,  
Honour, and wealth, to gain,  
Glory and strength; who for our sins  
A sacrifice was slain.

3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd,  
And ransom'd us to God,  
From every nation, every coast,  
By thy most precious blood.

4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,  
By all in earth and heaven,  
To Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to the Lamb be given.

#### HYMN 94. L. M.

**M**Y God, and is thy table spread,  
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them thy sweet mercies know.

2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood:  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Why are its bounties all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts display'd?  
Was not for you the victim slain?  
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let thy table honour'd be,  
And furnish'd well with joyful guests:  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its holy pledges tastes.

## HYMNS 95, 96.

- 5 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,  
In countless numbers let them come ;  
And gather, from their Father's board,  
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.
- 6 Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run ;  
Till with this bread all men be blest,  
Who see the light, or feel the sun.

### HYMN 95. C. M.

- A**ND are we now brought near to God,  
Who once at distance stood ?  
And, to effect this glorious change,  
Did Jesus shed his blood ?
- 2 O for a song of ardent praise,  
To bear our souls above :  
What should allay our lively hope,  
Or damp our flaming love.
- 3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,  
To praise our heavenly King :  
O may that love which spread this board,  
Inspire us while we sing :
- 4 Glory to God in highest strains,  
And to the earth be peace ;  
Good-will from heaven to men is come,  
And let it never cease.

### HYMN 96. L. M.

- T**O Jesus, our exalted Lord,  
That Name in heaven and earth adored,  
Fain would our hearts and voices raise  
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know,  
Are weak, and languishing, and low ;  
Far, far above our humble songs,  
The theme demands immortal tongues.

## HYMN 97.

- 3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,  
And worship at his sacred feet,  
O let our warm affections move,  
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,  
But long to know and love thee more ;  
And, whilst we taste the bread and wine,  
Desire to feed on joys divine.
- 5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,  
To see thy wondrous love display'd ;  
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,  
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 6 Let humble, penitential woe,  
With painful, pleasing anguish flow ;  
And thy forgiving love impart  
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

### *ORDINATION, OR INSTITUTION OF MINISTERS.*

#### HYMN 97. L. M.

St. Matt. x.

- G**O forth, ye heralds, in my Name,  
Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound ;  
The glorious jubilee proclaim,  
Where'er the human race is found.
- 2 The joyful news to all impart,  
And teach them where salvation lies ;  
With care bind up the broken heart,  
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
  - 3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,  
But harmless as the peaceful dove ;  
And let your heaven-taught conduct show  
That ye're commission'd from above.
  - 4 Freely from me ye have received,  
Freely, in love, to others give ;  
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,  
And, by your labours, sinners live.



## HYMNS 98, 99.

### HYMN 98.

L. M.

St. Mark xvi. 15, &c. and St. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

“GO, preach my Gospel,” saith the Lord,  
“Bid the whole earth my grace receive :  
Explain to them my sacred word,  
Bid them believe, obey, and live.

- 2 “I’ll make my great commission known,  
And ye shall prove my Gospel true,  
By all the works that I have done,  
And all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 “Go, heal the sick, go, raise the dead :  
Go cast out devils in my Name ;  
Nor let my prophets be afraid,  
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.
- 4 “While thus ye follow my commands,  
I’m with you till the world shall end ;  
All power is trusted in my hands,  
I can destroy, and can defend.”
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head ;  
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode :  
They to the farthest nations spread  
The grace of their ascended God.

### HYMN 99.

L. M.

THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,  
In splendid triumph o’er his foes,  
Scatter’d his gifts on men below,  
And wide his royal bounties flow.

- 2 Hence sprang the Apostle’s honour’d name,  
Sacred beyond heroic fame ;  
Hence dictates the Prophetic sage,  
And hence the Evangelic page.
- 3 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,  
Pastors from hence and Teachers rise ;  
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,  
Still mark a long extended line :

## HYMN 100.

- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,  
And, fed by him, their graces live ;  
Whilst, guarded by his potent hand,  
Amidst the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright Succession run  
Through all the courses of the sun ;  
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,  
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,  
The spring whence all these blessings flow ;  
Pastors and people shout his praise,  
Through the long round of endless days.

## HYMN 100. L. M.

**F**ATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;  
We plead for those who plead for thee,  
Successful pleaders may they be.

- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge ;  
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge :  
Their best acquirements are our gain ;  
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,  
Their words, and let those words be thine ;  
To them thy sacred truth reveal,  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,  
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain,  
Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around,  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound ;  
In humble strains thy grace implore,  
And feel thy new-creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massive chains,  
Distressed souls forget their pains ;

## HYMNS 101, 102.

Let light through distant realms be spread,  
And Sion rear her drooping head.

### CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

#### HYMN 101. L. M.

AND wilt thou, O Eternal God,  
On earth establish thine abode?  
Then look propitious from thy throne,  
And take this temple for thine own.

- 2 These walls we to thine honour raise,  
Long may they echo in thy praise;  
And thou, descending, fill the place  
With the rich tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the graces of his train;  
While power divine his word attends,  
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the last decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear,  
Thousands were born for glory here.

### MISSIONS.

#### HYMN 102. L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 To him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head;  
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue,  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his Name.

## HYMNS 103, 104.

- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more :  
In him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King :  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

### HYMN 103. L. M.

Psalm cxvii.

- F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Jehovah's glorious Name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
And truth eternal is thy Word :  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

### HYMN 104. L. M.

- O** SPIRIT of the living God,  
In all thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciling word ;  
Give power and unction from above,  
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;  
Confusion, order, in thy path ;  
Souls without strength inspire with might ;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

## HYMNS 105, 106.

- 4 Convert the nations ; far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record,  
The Name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every people call him Lord.

### HYMN 105. II. 1.

*For Missions to the new Settlements in the United States.*

WHEN, Lord, to this our western land,  
Led by thy providential hand,  
Our wandering fathers came,  
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,  
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,  
To keep them in thy Name.

- 2 Then, through our solitary coast,  
The desert features soon were lost ;  
Thy temples there arose ;  
Our shores, as culture made them fair,  
Were hallow'd by thy rites, by prayer,  
And blossom'd as the rose.
- 3 And O, may we repay this debt  
To regions solitary yet,  
Within our spreading land :  
There, brethren, from our common home,  
Still westward, like our fathers, roam ;  
Still guided by thy hand.
- 4 Saviour, we own this debt of love :  
O shed thy Spirit from above,  
To move each Christian breast ;  
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,  
And temples rise to fix thy Name,  
Through all our desert west.

### HYMN 106. C. M.

*Isaiah xxxv. 2.*

ON Sion, and on Lebanon,  
On Carmel's blooming height,  
On Sharon's fertile plains, once shone  
The glory, pure and bright :

## HYMN 107.

- 2 From thence, its mild and cheering ray  
Stream'd forth from land to land ;  
And empires now behold its day ;  
And still its beams expand.
- 3 Its brightest splendours, darting west,  
Our happy shores illumine ;  
Our farther regions, once unblest,  
Now like a garden bloom :
- 4 But ah, our deserts deep and wild  
See not this heavenly light ;  
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,  
Dispel their dreary night.
- 5 Thou, who didst lighten Sion's hill,  
On Carmel who didst shine,  
Our deserts let thy glory fill,  
Thy excellence divine.
- 6 Like Lebanon, in towering pride,  
May all our forests smile ;  
And may our borders blossom wide,  
Like Sharon's fruitful soil.

## HYMN 107.      II. 6.

- F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile :  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strewn ;



## HYMN 108.

- The heathen in his blindness  
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high;  
 Shall we to men benighted  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation, O, Salvation,  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till each remotest nation  
 Has learnt Messiah's Name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole:  
 Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

## HYMN 108. L. M.

*For the Jews.*

- D**ISOWN'D of heaven, by man opprest,  
 Outcasts from Sion's hallow'd ground,  
 Wherefore should Israel's sons, once blest,  
 Still roam the scorning world around?
- 2 Lord, visit thy forsaken race,  
 Back to thy fold the wanderers bring,  
 Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,  
 And hail in Christ their promised King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,  
 Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;  
 The sever'd olive branch again  
 Firm to its parent stock unite.
- 4 Hail, glorious day, expected long!  
 When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,  
 With eager feet one temple throng,  
 With grateful praise one God adore.

HYMNS 109, 110.

HYMN 109. IV. 1.

Rev. xv. 3, 4.

**H**OW wondrous and great  
Thy works, God of praise ;  
How just, King of saints,  
And true, are thy ways :  
O who shall not fear thee,  
And honour thy Name :  
Thou only art holy,  
Thou only supreme.

- 2 To nations long dark  
Thy light shall be shown ;  
Their worship and vows  
Shall come to thy throne :  
Thy truth and thy judgments  
Shall spread all abroad,  
Till earth's every people  
Confess thee their God.

FOR SUNDAY AND CHARITY SCHOOLS.

HYMN 110. II. 4.

CHILDREN AND CONGREGATION.

*Children.*

**C**OME let our voices join  
In one glad song of praise ;  
To God, the God of love,  
Our grateful hearts we raise :

*Congregation.*

To God alone your praise belongs ;  
His love demands your earliest songs.

*Children.*

- 2 Now we are taught to read  
The book of life divine ;  
Where our Redeemer's love,  
And brightest glories shine :

## HYMN 111.

*Congregation.*

To God alone the praise is due,  
Who sends his word to us and you.

*Children.*

- 3 Within these hallow'd walls,  
Our wandering feet are brought ;  
Where prayer and praise ascend,  
And heavenly truths are taught :

*Congregation.*

To God alone your offerings bring ;  
Here in his church his praises sing.

*Children.*

- 4 For blessings such as these,  
Our gratitude receive ;  
Lord, here accept our hearts,  
'Tis all that we can give :

*Congregation.*

Great God, accept their infant songs ;  
To thee alone their praise belongs.

*Both.*

- 5 Lord, bid this work of love  
Be crown'd with meet success ;  
May thousands yet unborn,  
This institution bless :  
Thus shall the praise resound to thee,  
Now, and through all eternity.

## HYMN 111. III. 1.

GLORY to the Father give,  
God in whom we move and live ;  
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,  
Children's songs delight his ear.

- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,  
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
Children, raise your sweetest strain,  
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

HYMNS 112, 113.

- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,  
He reclaims the sinner lost ;  
Children's minds may he inspire,  
Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be  
To the blessed Trinity,  
For the Gospel from above,  
For the word that "God is love."

HYMN 112. C. M.

- W**HEN Jesus left his heavenly throne,  
He chose an humble birth ;  
Like us unhonour'd and unknown,  
He came to dwell on earth :
- 2 Like him, may we be found below,  
In wisdom's paths of peace ;  
Like him, in grace and knowledge grow,  
As years and strength increase.
- 3 Sweet were his words and kind his look,  
When mothers round him press'd ;  
Their infants in his arms he took,  
And on his bosom bless'd :
- 4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,  
Beneath his watchful eye,  
O, thus encircled in his arms,  
May we for ever lie.

HYMN 113. L. M.

- L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see  
A whole assembly worship thee :  
At once they sing, at once they pray ;  
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go,  
'Tis like a little heaven below ;  
Not all that earth and sin can say,  
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

HYMNS 114, 115.

- 3 O write upon my memory, Lord,  
The text and doctrine of thy word ;  
That I may break thy laws no more,  
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,  
Fill up this sinful heart of mine ;  
That hoping pardon through his blood,  
I may lie down and wake with God.

HYMN 114. C. M.

- M**ERCY, descending from above,  
In softest accents pleads ;  
O may each tender bosom move,  
When mercy intercedes.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim,  
And God will well approve,  
When infants learn to lisp his Name,  
And their Creator love.
- 3 Delightful work, young souls to win,  
And turn the rising race  
From the deceitful paths of sin,  
To seek their Saviour's face.
- 4 Almighty God, thine influence shed  
To aid this blest design ;  
The honour of thy Name be spread,  
And all the glory thine.

CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

HYMN 115. C. M.

- B**LEST is the man whose softening heart  
Feels all another's pain ;  
To whom the supplicating eye  
Is never raised in vain :
- 2 Whose breast responds with generous warmth,  
A stranger's woe to feel ;  
Who weeps in pity o'er the wound  
He wants the power to heal.

## HYMNS 116, 117.

- 3 To gentle offices of love  
His feet are never slow ;  
He views, through mercy's melting eye,  
A brother in a foe.
- 4 To him protection shall be shown ;  
And mercy, from above,  
Descend on those who thus fulfil  
The Christian law of love.

### HYMN 116. C. M.

- R**ICH are the joys which cannot die,  
With God laid up in store ;  
Treasures beyond the changing sky,  
Brighter than golden ore.
- 2 The seeds which piety and love  
Have scatter'd here below,  
In the fair fertile fields above  
To ample harvests grow.
- 3 The mite, my willing hands can give,  
At Jesus' feet I lay ;  
Grace shall the humble gift receive,  
Abounding grace, repay.

### HYMN 117. III. 3.

- L**ORD of life, all praise excelling,  
Thou, in glory unconfined,  
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling  
With the poor of humble mind.
- 2 As thy love, through all creation,  
Beams like thy diffusive light ;  
So the high and humble station  
Both are equal in thy sight.
- 3 Thus thy care, for all providing,  
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue ;  
Who, the lot of all deciding,  
To thy chosen Israel sung :



## HYMN 118.

- 4 When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,  
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind ;  
To the poor belongs the treasure  
Of the scatter'd ears behind.

*Chorus.* These thy God ordains to bless,  
The widow and the fatherless.

- 5 When thine olive plants increasing  
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,  
Grateful, thou shalt take the blessing,  
But not search the bough again.

*Chorus.* These, &c.

- 6 When thy favour'd vintage flowing,  
Gladdens thine autumnal scene,  
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,  
But thy vines the poor shall glean.

*Chorus.* These, &c.

- 7 Still we read thy word declaring  
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree ;  
Mercy, every sorrow sharing,  
Warms the heart resembling thee.

- 8 Still the orphan and the stranger,  
Still the widow owns thy care ;  
Screen'd by thee in every danger,  
Heard by thee in every prayer.  
Hallelujah, Amen.

*TO BE USED AT SEA.*

HYMN 118. L. M.

**G**OD of the seas, thine awful voice  
Bids all the rolling waves rejoice ;  
And one soft word of thy command  
Can sink them silent on the sand.

- 2 The smallest fish that swims the seas,  
Sportful, to thee a tribute pays ;  
And largest monsters of the deep,  
At thy command, or rage or sleep.

## HYMNS 119, 120.

- 3 Thus is thy glorious power adored  
 Among the watery nations, Lord :  
 Yet men, who trace the dangerous waves,  
 Forget the mighty God who saves.

### HYMN 119.                      IV. 5.

*Save, Lord, or we perish. St. Matt. viii. 25.*

- W**HEN through the torn sail the wild tempest  
       is streaming,  
 When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is  
       gleaming,  
 Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,  
 We fly to our Maker : "Save, Lord, or we perish."
- 2 O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,  
 Aroused, by the shriek of despair, from thy  
       pillow,  
 Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
 Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we  
       perish."
- 3 And O ! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,  
 When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,  
 Then send down thy Spirit, thy ransom'd to  
       cherish,  
 Rebuke the destroyer ; "Save, Lord, or we perish."

### HYMN 120.                      C. M.

*Which may be used at Sea or on Land.*

- L**ORD, for the just thou dost provide,  
 Thou art their sure defence ;  
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide,  
 Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 Though they through foreign lands should roam,  
 And breathe the tainted air  
 In burning climates, far from home,  
 Yet thou, their God, art there.

## HYMN 121.

- 3 Thy goodness sweetens every soil,  
     Makes every country please ;  
   Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,  
     And smooth'st the rugged seas.
- 4 When waves on waves, to heaven uprear'd,  
     Defied the pilot's art ;  
   When terror in each face appear'd,  
     And sorrow in each heart ;
- 5 To thee I raised my humble prayer,  
     To snatch me from the grave ;  
   I found thine ear not slow to hear,  
     Nor short thine arm to save.
- 6 Thou gavest the word, the winds did cease,  
     The storms obey'd thy will,  
   The raging sea was hush'd in peace,  
     And every wave was still.
- 7 For this, my life, in every state,  
     A life of praise shall be ;  
   And death, when death shall be my fate,  
     Shall join my soul to thee.

*FOR THE SICK.*

HYMN 121.      L. M.

**W**HEN dangers, woes, or death are nigh,  
   Past mercies teach me where to fly :  
   Thine arm, Almighty God, can aid,  
   When sickness grieves, and pains invade.

- 2 To all the various helps of art  
   Kindly thy healing power impart ;  
   Bethesda's bath refused to save,  
   Unless an angel bless'd the wave.
- 3 All med'cines act by thy decree,  
   Receive commission all from thee ;  
   And not a plant which spreads the plains,  
   But teems with health, when heaven ordains.
- 4 Clay and Siloam's pool, we find,  
   At heaven's command restored the blind ;

## HYMN 122.

And Jordan's waters hence were seen  
To wash a Syrian leper clean.

- 5 But grant me nobler favours still,  
Grant me to know and do thy will;  
Purge my foul soul from every stain,  
And save me from eternal pain.
- 6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue?  
My crimes, my crimes arise in view,  
Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer,  
And pour the horrors of despair.
- 7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,  
My tortured breast, my streaming eyes;  
To me thy boundless love extend,  
My God, my Father, and my Friend.
- 8 These lovely names I ne'er could plead,  
Had not thy Son vouchsafed to bleed;  
His blood procures our fallen race  
Admittance to the throne of grace.
- 9 When sin has shot its poison'd dart,  
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,  
His blood is all-sufficient found  
To draw the shaft and heal the wound.
- 10 What arrows pierce so deep as sin?  
What venom gives such pain within?  
Thou great Physician of the soul,  
Rebuke my pangs, and make me whole.
- 11 O, if I trust thy sovereign skill,  
And bow submissive to thy will,  
Sickness and death shall both agree  
To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

HYMN 122.                      C. M.

*On Recovery from Sickness.*

**W**HEN we are raised from deep distress,  
Our God deserves our song;  
We take the pattern of our praise  
From Hezekiah's tongue.

## HYMN 123.

- 2 The gates of the devouring grave  
Are open'd wide in vain,  
If he that holds the keys of death,  
Command them fast again.
- 3 When he but speaks the healing word,  
Then no disease withstands ;  
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,  
And fly, as he commands.
- 4 If half the strings of life should break,  
He can our frame restore,  
And cast our sins behind his back,  
And they are found no more.
- 5 To him I cried, " Thy servant save,  
Thou ever good and just ;  
Thy power can rescue from the grave,  
Thy power is all my trust "
- 6 He heard, and saved my soul from death,  
And dried my falling tears ;  
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,  
Through my remaining years.

## HYMN 123.      L. M

*On the same.*

- M**Y God, since thou hast raised me up,  
Thee I'll extol with thankful voice ;  
Restored by thine Almighty power,  
With fear before thee I'll rejoice.
- 2 With troubles worn, with pain oppresst,  
To thee I cried, and thou didst save ;  
Thou didst support my sinking hopes,  
My life didst rescue from the grave.
  - 3 Wherefore, ye saints, rejoice with me,  
With me sing praises to the Lord ;  
Call all his goodness to your mind,  
And all his faithfulness record.
  - 4 His anger is but short : his love,  
Which is our life, hath certain stay ;

HYMNS 124, 125.

Grief may continue for a night,  
But joy returns with rising day.

5 Then, what I vow'd in my distress,  
In happier hours I now will give,  
And strive that in my grateful verse,  
His praises may for ever live.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The blest and undivided Three ;  
The One sole giver of all life,  
Glory and praise for ever be.

*FUNERALS.*

HYMN 124. C. M.

**H**EAR what the voice from heaven declares  
To those in Christ who die :  
Released from all their earthly cares,  
They'll reign with him on high.

2 Then why lament departed friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms ?  
Death's but the servant Jesus sends  
To call us to his arms.

3 If sin be pardon'd, we're secure,  
Death hath no sting beside ;  
The law gave sin its strength and power ;  
But Christ, our ransom, died.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,  
When in the grave he lay ;  
And, rising thence, their hopes he raised  
To everlasting day.

5 Then, joyfully, while life we have,  
To Christ, our life, we'll sing,  
Where is thy victory, O grave ?  
And where, O death, thy sting ?

HYMN 125. C. M.

**W**HEN those we love are snatch'd away  
By death's resistless hand,



## HYMN 126.

- Our hearts the mournful tribute pay  
That friendship must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
With awful power imprest;  
May this dread truth, "I too must die,"  
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world allure no more;  
Behold the opening tomb;  
It bids us use the present hour,  
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this instructive scene  
May every heart obey:  
Nor be the faithful warning vain  
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us to that Saviour fly,  
Whose arm alone can save:  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the grave.

### HYMN 126. C. M.

*Death of a Young Person.*

- H**OW short the race our friend has run,  
Cut down in all *his* bloom:  
The course but yesterday begun  
Now finish'd in the tomb.
- 2 Thou joyous youth, hence learn how soon  
Thy years may end their flight:  
Long, long before life's brilliant noon  
May come death's gloomy night.
- 3 To serve thy God no longer wait,  
To-day his voice regard;  
To-morrow, mercy's open gate  
May be for ever barr'd.
- 4 And thus the Lord reveals his grace,  
Thy youthful love to gain:  
The soul that early seeks my face  
Shall never seek in vain.

HYMNS 127, 128.

HYMN 127. L. M.

*Death of an Infant.*

- AS the sweet flower that scents the morn,  
But withers in the rising day;  
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,  
Thus swiftly fled its life away.
- 2 It died ere its expanding soul  
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,  
Had ever spurn'd at heaven's control,  
Or ever quench'd its sacred fires.
- 3 It died to sin, it died to cares,  
But for a moment felt the rod:  
O mourner such, the Lord declares,  
Such are the children of our God.
- 

VIII. INVITATION AND WARNING.

HYMN 128. III. 1.

- SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?  
God, your Maker, asks you why:  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live:  
He the fatal cause demands,  
Asks the works of his own hands,  
Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
Will ye cross his love, and die?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
God, your Saviour, asks you why:  
He, who did your souls retrieve,  
Died himself that ye might live.  
Will you let him die in vain?  
Crucify your Lord again?  
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why  
Will ye slight his grace, and die?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
God, the Spirit, asks you why:

HYMNS 129, 130.

He, who all your lives hath strove,  
Woo'd you to embrace his love.  
Will ye not his grace receive?  
Will ye still refuse to live?  
O, ye dying sinners, why,  
Why will ye for ever die?

HYMN 129. III. 1.

**H**ASTEN, sinner, to be wise;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun:  
Wisdom, if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.

- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
Lest thy season should be o'er,  
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,  
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
Lest perdition thee arrest,  
Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN 130. II. 3.

**P**EACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan  
Hath taught each scene the note of woe;  
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,  
And let thy tears forget to flow:  
Behold, the precious balm is found,  
To lull thy pain, and heal thy wound.

- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppress,  
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;  
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,  
Safe in the mercy of thy God:  
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word;  
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord.

HYMNS 131, 132.

HYMN 131. S. M.

Rev. xxii. 17, 20.

**T**HE Spirit, in our hearts,  
Is whispering, sinner, Come :  
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims  
To all his children, Come.

- 2 Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, Come :  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ, the fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,  
O let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life ;  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, I quickly come.  
Lord ! even so ; I wait thy hour ;  
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

HYMN 132. C. M.

**Y**E humble souls, approach your God  
With songs of sacred praise ;  
For he is good, supremely good,  
And kind are all his ways.

- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,  
In him we live and move ;  
But nobler benefits declare  
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,  
To ransom rebel worms ;  
'Tis here he makes his goodness known  
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,  
'Tis here our hope relies ;  
A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
When storms of trouble rise.

## HYMN 133.

- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,  
The souls who trust in thee ;  
Their humble hope thou wilt reward  
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love,  
What honours shall we raise !  
Not all th' angelic songs above  
Can render equal praise.
- 

## IX. CHRISTIAN DUTIES AND AFFECTIONS.

### *PRAYER.*

#### HYMN 133. C. M.

**A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer ;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh ;  
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely press'd,  
By war without, and fear within,  
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place ;  
That, shelter'd near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, Thou hast died.
- 5 Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die.  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead thy gracious Name.

## HYMNS 134, 135.

### HYMN 134. C. M.

- P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear ;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath;  
The Christian's native air,  
The watch-word at the gates of death ;  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold, he prays !"
- 6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one,  
They're one in word and mind,  
When with the Father and the Son  
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

### REPENTANCE.

### HYMN 135. L. M.

**O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.



## HYMN 136.

- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin :  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :  
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,  
Thy help and comfort still afford ;  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;  
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace :  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue,  
Salvation shall be all my song :  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 136.                      L. M.

**S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite ;  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
And long in vain thy grace received ;

HYMNS 137, 138.

Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

3 Yet, oh, the mourning sinner spare,  
In honour of my great High Priest;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,  
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;  
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;  
Guide me into thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised land.

HYMN 137. L. M.

O 'THAT my load of sin were gone,  
O that I could at last submit  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free;  
I cannot rest, till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;  
Thy light and easy burden prove,  
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,  
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power,  
My heart from every sin release;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

HYMN 138. C. M.

*Penitential Gratitude.*

RISE, O my soul, the hours review,  
When, awed by guilt and fear,

## HYMN 139.

- To heaven for grace thou durst not sue,  
And found no rescue here.
- 2 Thy tears are dried, thy griefs are fled,  
Dispell'd each bitter care ;  
For heaven itself has lent its aid  
To save thee from despair.
- 3 Hear, then, O God, thy work fulfil,  
And, from thy mercy's throne,  
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will,  
And to resist mine own :
- 4 So shall my soul each power employ  
Thy mercy to adore ;  
While heaven itself proclaims with joy,  
One pardoned sinner more.

### *FAITH.*

## HYMN 139.

## III. 2.

- R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy side, a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath, and make me pure
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
This for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and thou alone ;  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

## HYMNS 140, 141.

### HYMN 140.                      L. M.

**F**AITH is the Christian's evidence  
Of things unseen by mortal eye;  
It passes all the bounds of sense,  
And penetrates the inmost sky.

- 2 Things absent it can set in view,  
And bring far distant prospects home;  
Events long past it can renew,  
And long foresee the things to come.
- 3 With strong persuasion, from afar  
The heavenly region it surveys,  
Embraces all the blessings there,  
And here enjoys the promises.
- 4 By faith a steady course we steer,  
Through ruffling storms and swelling seas,  
O'ercome the world, keep down our fear  
And still possess our souls in peace.
- 5 By faith we pass the vale of tears  
Safe and serene, though oft distress'd;  
By faith, subdue the king of fears,  
And go rejoicing to our rest.

### HYMN 141.                      C. M.

Rom. viii. 31—34.

**O**LET triumphant faith dispel  
The fears of guilt and woe:  
If God be for us, God the Lord,  
Who, who shall be our foe?

- 2 He who his only Son gave up  
To death, that we might live,  
Shall he not all things freely grant,  
That boundless love can give?
- 3 Who now his people shall accuse?  
'Tis God hath justified:  
Who now his people shall condemn?  
The Lamb of God hath died.

HYMNS 142, 143.

- 4 And He who died hath risen again,  
Triumphant from the grave :  
At God's right hand for us he pleads,  
Omnipotent to save.

HYMN 142. C. M.

*Dead Faith.*

- D**ELUDED souls, that dream of heaven,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,  
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies, vain our flights,  
If faith be cold and dead ;  
None but a living power unites  
To Christ, the living Head.
- 3 The faith which new creates the heart,  
And works by active love,  
Will bid all sinful joys depart,  
And lift the thoughts above.
- 4 God from the curse has set us free,  
To make us pure within ;  
Nor did he send his Son to be  
The minister of sin.

HYMN 143. III. 1.

*Christ our Refuge.*

- J**ESUS, Saviour of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the waves of trouble roll,  
While the tempest still is high :  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past ;  
Safe into the haven guide ;  
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :  
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me :

## HYMNS 144, 145.

All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
All my hope from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

### HYMN 144. IV. 4.

**H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;  
What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled:

2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
stand,

Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woeshall not thee overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to  
shake,

I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

### HOPE.

### HYMN 145.

**R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;

Rise, from transitory things,

Towards heaven, thy destined place:

Sun, and moon, and stars decay,

Time shall soon this earth remove;



HYMNS 146, 147.

Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.

- 2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize ;  
Soon thy Saviour will return,  
To take thee to the skies :  
There, is everlasting peace,  
Rest, enduring rest in heaven ;  
There, will sorrow ever cease,  
And crowns of joy be given.

HYMN 146. III. 1.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As we journey let us sing ;  
Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod ;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,  
Christ our advocate was made ;  
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,  
Christ conducts us to our home.
- 4 Lord, obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 147. C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurl'd,

## HYMNS 148, 149.

Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall ;  
So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all :

4 There, anchor'd safe, my weary soul  
Shall find eternal rest ;  
Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

### JOY.

#### HYMN 148. C. M.

**J**OY is a fruit that will not grow  
In nature's barren soil ;  
All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
Is vanity and toil.

2 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,  
A sense of pardoning love,  
A hope that triumphs over death,  
Give joys like those above.

3 These are the joys which satisfy  
And purify the mind ;  
Which make the spirit mount on high,  
And leave the world behind.

4 No more, believer, mourn thy lot ;  
O thou who art the Lord's,  
Resign to those who know him not,  
Such joy as earth affords.

#### HYMN 149. S. M.

**C**OME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God,

## HYMN 150.

But children of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God of heaven is ours,  
Our Father and our love ;  
His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,  
Then waft our souls above.

4 There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin ;  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.

5 Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.

6 Children of grace have found  
Glory begun below :  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.

7 The hill of Sion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

8 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry ;  
We're travelling through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

*LOVE.*

HYMN 150.

III. 3.

**L**ORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee  
For the bliss thy love bestows ;  
For the pardoning grace that saves me,  
And the peace that from it flows :  
Help, O God, my weak endeavour ;  
This dull soul to rapture raise :  
Thou must light the flame, or never  
Can my love be warm'd to praise.

## HYMN 151.

- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
Wretched wanderer, far astray ;  
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
From the paths of death away ;  
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express :  
Low before thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless :  
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise ;  
And, since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth thy praise.

## HYMN 151.

## III. 1.

- L**ORD, my God, I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought ;  
Do I love thee, Lord, or no ?  
Am I thine, or am I not ?
- 2 Could my heart so hard remain,  
Prayer a task and burden prove,  
Any duty give me pain,  
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 3 When I turn mine eyes within,  
O how dark, and vain, and wild !  
Prone to unbelief and sin,  
Can I deem myself thy child ?
- 4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my sin a grief and thrall :  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all ?
- 5 Could I love thy saints to meet,  
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,

## HYMN 152.

Find at times the promise sweet,  
If I did not love thee, Lord ?

- 6 Saviour, let me love thee more,  
If I love at all, I pray ;  
If I have not loved before,  
Help me to begin to-day.

### *PRAISE.*

## HYMN 152.

**T**HE God of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above ;  
Ancient, of everlasting days,  
And God of love ;  
Jehovah, Great I AM,  
By earth and heaven confess'd ;  
I bow, and bless the sacred Name  
For ever bless'd.

- 2 The God of Abraham praise,  
At whose supreme command  
From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
At his right hand :  
I all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;  
And Him my only portion make,  
My shield and tower.
- 3 He by himself hath sworn,  
I on his oath depend,  
I shall, on angel wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend :  
I shall behold his face,  
I shall his power adore,  
And sing the wonders of his grace  
For evermore.
- 4 There dwells the Lord, our King,  
The Lord, our righteousness,  
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
The Prince of Peace ;

## HYMN 153.

On Sion's sacred height  
 His kingdom he maintains,  
 And, glorious, with his saints in light,  
 For ever reigns.

5 The God who reigns on high  
 The great archangels sing ;  
 And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,  
 Almighty King,  
 Who was, and is the same,  
 And evermore shall be ;  
 Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,  
 We worship thee.

6 The whole triumphant host  
 Give thanks to God on high ;  
 "Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"  
 They ever cry :  
 Hail, Abraham's God and mine,  
 I join the heavenly lays ;  
 All might and majesty are thine,  
 And endless praise.

## HYMN 153.      IV. 3.

Psalm c.

**B**E joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,  
 O serve him with gladness and fear ;  
 Exult in his presence with music and mirth,  
 With love and devotion draw near.

2 For Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,  
 Creator and ruler o'er all ;  
 And we are his people, his sceptre we own ;  
 His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,  
 Your vows in his temple proclaim ;  
 His praise with melodious accordance prolong,  
 And bless his adorable Name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,  
 And we are the work of his hand ;



## HYMNS 154, 155.

His mercy and truth from eternity stood,  
And shall to eternity stand.

### HYMN 154. L. M.

*Psalin c.*

**B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create, and he destroy.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;  
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;  
What lasting honours shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy Name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heaven our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

### HYMN 155. III. 1.

*Songs of Praise.*

**S**ONGS of praise the angels sang;  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When he spake and it was done.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose, when he  
Captive led captivity.

## HYMNS 156, 157.

- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away ,  
Songs of praise shall crown that day :  
God will make new heavens and earth :  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
No ; the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;  
Learning here by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

### CONTENTMENT.

#### HYMN 156. C. M.

- F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne, let this,  
My humble prayer, arise :
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee :
  - 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My life and death attend,  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

#### HYMN 157. L. M.

- B**E still, my heart, these anxious cares  
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares ;  
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,  
And contradict his gracious word.

HYMN 158.

- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?  
How canst thou want if he provide,  
Or lose thy way with such a guide?
- 3 When first before his mercy seat,  
Thou didst to him thy all commit;  
He gave thee warrant from that hour,  
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,  
And he refuse to hear thy call?  
And has he not his promise past,  
That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 5 Though rough and thorny be the road,  
It leads thee home, apace, to God;  
Then count thy present trials small,  
For heaven will make amends for all.

*IN AFFLICTION.*

HYMN 158. C. M.

**H**EAR, gracious God, my humble moan,  
To thee I breathe my sighs;  
When will the mournful night be gone?  
When shall my joys arise?

- 2 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,  
Thy promise is my stay;  
Here would I rest till light returns,  
Thy presence makes my day.
- 3 Come, Lord, and with celestial peace  
Relieve my aching heart;  
O smile, and bid my sorrow cease,  
And all their gloom depart.
- 4 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,  
And bless thy healing rays,  
And change these deep complaining sighs  
For songs of sacred praise.

## HYMNS 159, 160.

### HYMN 159.

II. 3.

*Psalm xlii.*

- A**S, panting in the sultry beam,  
The hart desires the cooling stream,  
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,  
So longs my soul, O God, for thee ;  
Athirst to taste thy living grace,  
And see thy glory, face to face.
- 2 But rising griefs distress my soul,  
And tears on tears successive roll ;  
For many an evil voice is near,  
To chide my woe, and mock my fear ;  
And silent memory weeps alone  
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.
- 3 For I have walk'd the happy round  
That 'circles Zion's holy ground,  
And gladly swell'd the choral lays,  
That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,  
What time the hallow'd arches rung  
Responsive to the solemn song.
- 4 Ah, why, by passing clouds oppress,  
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast ?  
Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,  
Whom suppliants never sought in vain ;  
Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,  
Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

### HYMN 160.

II. 3.

*A compassionate High Priest. Heb. iv. 15.*

- W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain ;  
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,

## HYMN 161.

- To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the ill I would not do ;  
Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies ;  
Then He, who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while ;  
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,  
For thou did'st weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 5 And, oh, when I have safely past  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My bed of death, for Thou hast died ;  
Then point to realms of endless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMN 161.      L. M.

*Sanctified Affliction.*

- L**ORD, unafflicted, undismay'd,  
In pleasure's path how long I stray'd :  
But thou hast made me feel thy rod,  
And turn'd my soul to thee, my God.
- 2 What though it pierced my fainting heart,  
I bless thy hand that caused the smart ;  
It taught my tears awhile to flow,  
But saved me from eternal woe.
- 3 O, hadst thou left me unchastised,  
'Thy precepts I had still despised,  
And still the snare in secret laid,  
Had my unwary feet betray'd.

## HYMN 162.

- 4 I love thy chastenings, O my God,  
They fix my hopes on thy abode ;  
Where, in thy presence fully blest,  
Thy stricken saints for ever rest.

### *DAILY DEVOTION.*

#### HYMN 162. II. 3.

##### *Daily Dependance.*

- W**HEN, streaming from the eastern skies,  
The morning light salutes mine eyes,  
O Sun of righteousness divine,  
On me with beams of mercy shine ;  
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,  
And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 When to heaven's great and glorious King  
My morning sacrifice I bring ;  
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,  
Ask mercy, Saviour, in thy Name ;  
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,  
And be my advocate with God.
- 3 As every day thy mercy spares  
Will bring its trials and its cares,  
O Saviour, till my life shall end,  
Be thou my counsellor and friend :  
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,  
And be thy pure example mine.
- 4 When pain transfixes every part,  
Or languor settles at the heart ;  
When on my bed, diseased, oppress'd,  
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest ;  
O great Physician, see my grief,  
And grant thy servant sweet relief.
- 5 Should poverty's destructive blow  
Lay all my worldly comforts low ;  
And neither help nor hope appear,  
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer ;



## HYMN 163.

Lord, pity and supply my need,  
For thou, on earth, wast poor indeed.

- 6 Should Providence profusely pour  
Its varied blessings on my store ;  
O keep me from the ills that wait  
On such a seeming prosperous state :  
From hurtful passions set me free,  
And humbly may I walk with thee.
- 7 When each day's scenes and labours close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly bless'd,  
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest :  
And, as each morning sun shall rise,  
O lead me onward to the skies.
- 8 And, at my life's last setting sun,  
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,  
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,  
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;  
And, from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

## HYMN 163.

L. M.

*I have set God always before me. Ps. xvi. 9.*

**S**AVIOUR, when night involves the skies,  
My soul, adoring, turns to thee,  
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,  
And wrapt in shades of death for me.

- 2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,  
When crimson gleams the east adorn,  
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,  
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.
- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,  
To thee, my soul triumphant springs ;  
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,  
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

## HYMN 164.

- 4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,  
To death and thee my thoughts I give ;  
To death, whose power I soon must feel,  
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

## HYMN 164. L. M.

### *Morning Hymn.*

- A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily course of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy mispent time that's past ;  
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last :  
To improve thy talents take due care ;  
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noonday clear ;  
Think how th' all-seeing God, thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part ;  
Who all night long unwearied sing,  
Glory to thee, eternal King.
- 5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir ;  
May your devotion me inspire ;  
That I like you my age may spend,  
Like you may on my God attend.
- 6 May I like you in God delight,  
Have all day long my God in sight ;  
Perform like you my Maker's will :  
Oh, may I never more do ill.
- 7 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept :  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.

## HYMN 165.

- 8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first spring of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 9 Direct, control, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say,  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him, all creatures here below :  
Praise him above, angelic host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## HYMN 165.

L. M.

*Morning.*

- A**RISE, my soul, with rapture rise,  
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore  
The awful Sovereign of the skies,  
Whose mercy lends me one day more.
- 2 And may this day, indulgent Power,  
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be ;  
But may each swiftly flying hour  
Still nearer bring my soul to Thee.
- 3 But can it be? that Power divine  
Is throned in light's unbounded blaze ;  
And countless worlds and angels join  
To swell the glorious song of praise.
- 4 And will He deign to lend an ear,  
When I, poor abject mortal, pray ?  
Yes, boundless goodness, He will hear,  
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.
- 5 Then let me serve Thee all my days,  
And may my zeal with years increase :  
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,  
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

## HYMNS 166, 167

### HYMN 166. C. M.

*Morning.*

- T**O Thee let my first offerings rise,  
 Whose sun creates the day,  
 Swift as his gladdening influence flies,  
 And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh,  
 So oft vouchsafed before ;  
 Still may it lead, protect, supply,  
 And I that hand adore.
- 3 If bliss thy Providence impart,  
 For which, resign'd, I pray,  
 Give me to feel a cheerful heart,  
 And grateful homage pay.
- 4 Affliction should thy love intend,  
 As vice or folly's cure,  
 Patient to gain that gracious end,  
 May I the means endure.
- 5 Be this and every future day  
 Still wiser than the past;  
 And when I all my life survey,  
 May grace sustain at last.

### HYMN 167. III. 1.

*Morning.*

- N**OW the shades of night are gone ;  
 Now the morning light is come ;  
 Lord, may we be thine to-day ;  
 Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,  
 Banish doubt and clear our sight ;  
 In thy service, Lord, to-day,  
 May we labour, watch and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound ;  
 Save us from our foes around ;  
 Going out and coming in,  
 Keep us safe from every sin.

## HYMN 168.

- 4 When our work of life is past,  
O receive us then at last ;  
Night and sin will be no more,  
When we reach the heavenly shore.

## HYMN 168. L. M.

### *Evening Hymn.*

- G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light :  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thine own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Triumphing rise at the last day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close :  
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 O, when shall I, in endless day,  
For ever chase dark sleep away,  
And hymns divine with angels sing,  
Glory to thee, eternal King.
- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, angelic host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## HYMNS 169, 170.

### HYMN 169. L. M.

*Evening.*

**G**REAT God, to thee my evening song  
With humble gratitude I raise :  
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,  
And fill my heart with lively praise.

- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,  
And every onward rolling hour,  
Are monuments of wondrous grace,  
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,  
Too oft regardless of thy love,  
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,  
And from the path of duty rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
Of Christ, my Lord ; his Name alone  
I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,  
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;  
Safe in thy care may I repose,  
And wake with praises to thy Name.

### HYMN 170. C. M.

*Evening.*

**N**OW from the altar of our hearts,  
Let flames of love arise ;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.

- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied  
Have made up all this day ;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift, more free than they.
- 3 New time, new favours, and new joys,  
Do a new song require ;  
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,  
Accept our hearts' desire.



HYMNS 171, 172, 173.

HYMN 171. S. M.

*Evening.*

- T**HE day is past and gone ;  
The evening shades appear :  
O may we all remember well  
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest ;  
So death shall soon disrobe us all  
Of what is here possest.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears ;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.

HYMN 172. III. 1

*Psalm cxli. 2.*

- S**OFTLY now the light of day  
Fades upon my sight away ;  
Free from care, from labour free,  
Lord, I would commune with thee :
- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day  
Shall for ever pass away ;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee :
- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity ;  
Then, from thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

HYMN 173. IV. 2.

*Evening.*

- I**NSPIRER and hearer of prayer,  
Thou shepherd and guardian of thine,

## HYMN 174.

- My all to thy covenant care,  
I, sleeping or waking, resign.
- 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,  
The night is no darkness to me ;  
And, fast as my minutes roll on,  
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 3 A sovereign protector I have,  
Unseen, yet for ever at hand ;  
Unchangeably faithful to save,  
Almighty to rule and command.
- 4 His smiles and his comforts abound,  
His grace, as the dew, shall descend ;  
And walls of salvation surround  
The soul he delights to defend.
- 

## X. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

### HYMN 174. C. M.

*Renouncing the World.*

- LET worldly minds the world pursue,  
It has no charms for me ;  
Once I admired its follies too,  
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Those follies now no longer please,  
No more delight afford ;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have known the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all conceal'd,  
So earthly pleasures fade away  
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,  
I bid them all depart ;  
His Name, and love, and gracious voice  
Shall fix my roving heart.

## HYMNS 175, 176.

- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
And wholly live to thee ;  
Yet worthless still myself I own,  
Thy worth is all my plea.

### HYMN 175. L. M.

*Not ashamed of Christ.*

- JESUS, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee :  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far  
Let night disown each radiant star ;  
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,  
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! O, as soon  
Let morning blush to own the sun ;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend :  
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his Name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus ! empty pride ;  
I'll boast a Saviour crucified ;  
And, O, may this my portion be,  
My Saviour not ashamed of me.

### HYMN 176. S. M.

*Prayer for Christian Graces.*

- JESUS, my strength, my hope,  
On thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hear'st my prayer :  
Give me on thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do ;  
On thee, Almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

## HYMN 176.

- 2 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill:  
A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss;  
Ready to take up and sustain  
The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,  
A quick, discerning eye,  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly;  
A spirit still prepared,  
And arm'd with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.
- 4 I want a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease,  
Never to murmur at thy stay,  
Or wish my sufferings less;  
This blessing, above all,  
Always to pray I want,  
Out of the deep on thee to call,  
And never, never faint.
- 5 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
To thee and thy great Name;  
A jealous, just concern  
For thine immortal praise;  
A pure desire that all may learn  
And glorify thy grace.
- 6 I rest upon thy word,  
The promise is for me;  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from thee:

## HYMNS 177, 178.

But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till thou my patient spirit guide  
Into thy perfect love.

### HYMN 177. III. 3.

*Prayer for Guidance.*

**G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountains  
Whence the living waters flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through.
- 3 Feed me with the heavenly manna  
In this barren wilderness;  
Be my sword, and shield, and banner;  
Be the Lord my righteousness.
- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

### HYMN 178. L. M.

*Following the Example of Christ.*

**W**HENE'ER the angry passions rise,  
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,  
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,  
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

- 2 O how benevolent and kind,  
How mild, how ready to forgive:  
Be this the temper of our mind,  
And these the rules by which we live.
- 3 To do his heavenly Father's will  
Was his employment and delight;

## HYMNS 179, 180.

Humility and holy zeal  
Shone through his life divinely bright.

- 4 Dispensing good where'er he came,  
The labours of his life were love;  
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,  
By his example let us move.
- 5 But, ah, how blind, how weak we are,  
How frail, how apt to turn aside;  
Lord, we depend upon thy care;  
We ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 6 Thy fair example may we trace,  
To teach us what we ought to be;  
Make us, by thy transforming grace,  
O Saviour, daily more like thee.

### HYMN 179. S. M.

*Duties.*

- A** CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky:
- 2 From youth to hoary age,  
My calling to fulfil:  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.
  - 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live,  
And O! thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give:
  - 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Assured if I my trust betray,  
I shall for ever die.

### HYMN 180. C. M.

*Forgetting those things which are behind, &c. Phil. iii. 13, 14*

- A** WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on;



## HYMN 181.

- A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine uplifted eye.
- 4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

### HYMN 181. C. M.

*Doubting.*

- T**HE Lord will happiness divine  
On contrite hearts bestow;  
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine  
A contrite heart, or no?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,  
Insensible as steel;  
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain  
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 My best desires are faint and few,  
I fain would strive for more;  
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"  
Seem weaker than before.
- 4 I see thy saints with comfort fill'd,  
When in thy house of prayer;  
But still in bondage I am held,  
And find no comfort there.
- 5 O make this heart rejoice or ache;  
Decide this doubt for me;  
And if it be not broken, break;  
And heal it, if it be.

HYMNS 182, 183.

HYMN 182. C.M.

*Desires after renewed Holiness.*

- O FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame ;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd ;  
How sweet their memory still :  
But now I feel an aching void  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest ;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 183. III. 1.

*Trials.*

- 'TIS my happiness below,  
Not to live without the cross ;  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall ;  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all ;  
This is happiness to me.

## HYMN 184.

- 3 Did I meet no trials here,  
     No chastisement by the way,  
 Might I not with reason fear  
     I should be a cast-away?
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet;  
     Trials give new life to prayer;  
 Bring me to my Saviour's feet,  
     Lay me low, and keep me there.

## HYMN 184.      C. M.

*Habitual Devotion.*

- W**HILE thee I seek, protecting Power,  
     Be my vain wishes still'd:  
 And may this consecrated hour  
     With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,  
     To thee my thoughts would soar:  
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,  
     That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
     Thy ruling hand I see:  
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
     Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
     In every pain I bear,  
 My heart shall find delight in praise,  
     Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,  
     Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
 Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,  
     My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
     The gathering storm shall see;  
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear,  
     That heart will rest on thee.

## HYMNS 185, 186.

### HYMN 185.

*Walking with God.*

SINCE I've known a Saviour's Name,  
And sin's strong fetters broke,  
Careful without care I am,  
Nor feel my easy yoke :  
Joyful now my faith to show,  
I find his service my reward,  
All the work I do below  
Is light, for such a Lord.

- 2 To the desert or the cell,  
Let others blindly fly,  
In this evil world I dwell,  
Nor fear its enmity ;  
Here I find a house of prayer,  
To which I inwardly retire ;  
Walking unconcern'd in care,  
And unconsumed in fire.
- 3 O that all the world might know  
Of living, Lord, to thee,  
Find their heaven begun below,  
And here thy goodness see ;  
Walk in all the works prepared  
By thee to exercise their grace,  
Till they gain their full reward,  
And see thee face to face.

### HYMN 186.

L. M.

*Heaven seen by Faith.*

- AS, when the weary traveller gains  
The height of some commanding hill,  
His heart revives, if o'er the plains  
He sees his home, though distant still ;
- 2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views  
By faith his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize,

HYMN 187.

3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers ;  
No more he grieves for sorrows past ;  
Nor any future conflict fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,  
To lead us on to thine abode ;  
Assured thy love will far o'erpay  
The hardest labours of the road.

HYMN 187. IV. 4.

*I would not live alway.* Job vii. 16.

I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the  
way ;  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its  
cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,  
Temptation without, and corruption within :  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway ; no, welcome the tomb,  
Since Jesus hath laid there, I dread not its gloom ;  
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God ;  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright  
plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns :

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet ;  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

HYMNS 188, 189.

XI. DEATH.

HYMN 188. C. M.

Job xiv. 1, 2, 5, 6.

**F**EW are thy days, and full of woe,  
O man, of woman born :  
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,  
To dust thou shalt return."

- 2 Behold the emblem of thy state  
In flowers that bloom and die;  
Or in the shadow's fleeting form  
That mocks the gazer's eye.
- 3 Determined are the days that fly  
Successive o'er thy head ;  
The number'd hour is on the wing,  
That lays thee with the dead.
- 4 Great God, afflict not in thy wrath,  
The short allotted span,  
That bounds the few and weary days  
Of pilgrimage to man.

HYMN 189. C. M.

**H**ARK ! from the tombs a mournful sound ;  
Mine ears attend the cry ;  
Ye living men, come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.

- 2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your towers ;  
The tall, the wise, the reverend head  
Must lie as low as ours.
- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom ?  
And are we still secure ?  
Still walking downward to the tomb.  
And yet prepare no more ?
- 4 Grant us the power of quickening grace  
To raise our souls to thee,  
That we may view thy glorious face  
To all eternity.



## HYMNS 190, 191.

### HYMN 190.

S. M.

Job xiv. 11—14.

- T**HE mighty flood that rolls  
Its torrents to the main,  
Can ne'er recall its waters lost  
From that abyss again :
- 2 So days, and years, and time,  
Descending down to night,  
Can thenceforth never more return  
Back to the sphere of light :
- 3 And man, when in the grave,  
Can never quit its gloom,  
Until th' eternal morn shall wake  
The slumber of the tomb.
- 4 O may I find, in death,  
A hiding-place with God,  
Secure from woe and sin ; till call'd  
To share his bless'd abode.
- 5 Cheer'd by this hope, I wait,  
Through toil, and care, and grief,  
Till my appointed course is run,  
And death shall bring relief.

### HYMN 191.

- V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, O quit this mortal frame ;  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
O, the pain, the bliss of dying !  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark, they whisper, angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away !  
What is this absorbs me quite ;  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

## HYMNS 192, 193.

- 3 The world recedes, it disappears :  
Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring :  
Lend, lend your wings ; I mount, I fly :  
O grave, where is thy victory,  
O death, where is thy sting ?
- 

### XII. JUDGMENT.

HYMN 192. C. M.

- W**HEN, rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker, face to face ;  
O, how shall I appear.
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought ;
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O, how shall I appear.
- 4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,  
Who does her sins lament,  
That faith in Christ's atoning blood  
Shall endless woe prevent.
- 5 Then never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to procure,  
Who knows thine only Son has died  
To make that pardon sure.

HYMN 193. S. M.

**A**ND will the Judge descend ?  
And must the dead arise ?  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes ?

## HYMN 194.

- 2 And from his righteous lips  
     Shall this dread sentence sound ;  
     And through the numerous guilty throng  
     Spread black despair around ?
- 3 Depart from me, accursed,  
     To everlasting flame,  
     For rebel angels first prepared,  
     Where mercy never came.
- 4 How will my heart endure  
     The terrors of that day,  
     When earth and heaven before his face  
     Astonish'd shrink away ?
- 5 But, ere the trumpet shakes  
     The mansions of the dead,  
     Hark ! from the Gospel's cheering sound,  
     What joyful tidings spread.
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
     Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;  
     Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
     And find salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove,  
     By which the Saviour bled ;  
     And the last awful day shall pour  
     His blessings on your head.

HYMN 194.                      II. 7.

- G**REAT God, what do I see and hear ;  
 The end of things created :  
 The Judge of man I see appear,  
     On clouds of glory seated.  
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
 The dead which they contain'd before ;  
     Prepare, my soul, to meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise  
     At the last trumpet's sounding,  
     Caught up to meet him in the skies,  
     With joy their Lord surrounding :

## HYMN 195.

- No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet him.
- 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,  
Behold his wrath prevailing ;  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing :  
The day of grace is past and gone ;  
Trembling they stand before the throne,  
All unprepared to meet him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear ;  
The end of things created :  
The Judge of man I see appear,  
On clouds of glory seated.  
Beneath his cross I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet him.

## HYMN 195. III. 1.

St. Luke xiii. 24—27.

- S**EEK, my soul, the narrow gate,  
Enter ere it be too late ;  
Many ask to enter there,  
When too late to offer prayer.
- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,  
And for ever bar the skies :  
Then, though sinners cry without,  
He will say, " I know you not."
- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim ;  
" Lord, we have profess'd thy Name ;  
We have ate with thee, and heard  
Heavenly teaching in thy word."
- 4 Vain, alas, will be their plea,  
Workers of iniquity ;  
Sad their everlasting lot ;  
Christ will say, " I know you not."

HYMNS 196, 197.

XIII. ETERNITY.

HYMN 196. S. M.

- O**, WHERE shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul :  
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh :  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
'There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath :  
O, what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death.
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be driven from thy face,  
For evermore undone.

HYMN 197. C. M.

2 Cor. iv. 18.

- H**OW long shall earth's alluring toys  
Detain our hearts and eyes,  
Regardless of immortal joys,  
And strangers to the skies.
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,  
They fade upon the sight ;  
And quickly will their brightest day  
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain,  
With conscious sighs we own ;

## HYMN 198.

- While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,  
O'ershade the smiling noon.
- 4 O, could our thoughts and wishes fly  
Above these gloomy shades,  
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,  
Which sorrow ne'er invades !
- 5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever blooming prospects rise  
Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,  
'To guide our upward aim;  
With one reviving touch of thine  
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,  
Our ardent wishes rise,  
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring  
Immortal in the skies.

## HYMN 198. C. M.

- C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,  
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;  
And let the joys of heaven impart  
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,  
And discord there shall cease ;  
And perfect joy, and love sincere,  
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul from sin for ever free,  
Shall mourn its power no more ;  
But, clothed in spotless purity,  
Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There, on a throne (how dazzling bright !)  
'Th' exalted Saviour shines ;  
And beams ineffable delight  
On all the heavenly minds.



## HYMN 199.

- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb  
Join in immortal songs ;  
And endless honours to his Name  
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,  
Our feeble notes inspire ;  
Till, in thy blissful courts above,  
We join the angelic choir.

## HYMN 199. C. M.

- T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Eternal day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-fading flowers ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Bright fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dress'd in living green ;  
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink  
To cross the narrow sea :  
And linger, trembling on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With faith's illumined eyes ;
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

## HYMNS 200, 201.

### HYMN 200. C. M.

SHOULD nature's charms, to please the eye,  
In sweet assemblage join,  
All nature's charms would droop and die,  
Jesus, compared with thine.

2 Vain were her fairest beams display'd,  
And vain her blooming store ;  
Her brightness languishes to shade,  
Her beauty is no more.

3 But, ah, how far from mortal sight  
The Lord of glory dwells :  
A veil of interposing night  
His radiant face conceals.

4 Oh, could my longing spirit rise  
On strong immortal wing,  
And reach thy palace in the skies,  
My Saviour and my King.

5 There thousands worship at thy feet,  
And there, divine employ,  
The triumphs of thy love repeat  
In songs of endless joy.

6 Thy presence beams eternal day  
O'er all the blissful place ;  
Who would not drop this load of clay,  
And die to see thy face ?

### HYMN 201. III. 1.

Rev. vii. 9, &c.

WHO are these in bright array ?  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar, night and day  
Tuning their triumphant song ?  
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches, to obtain ;  
New dominion every hour.

## HYMN 202.

- 2 These through fiery trials trod ;  
    These from great affliction came ;  
Now before the throne of God,  
    Seal'd with his eternal Name :  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
    Victor palms in every hand,  
Through their great Redeemer's might  
    More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
    On immortal fruits they feed ;  
Them the Lamb amidst the throne  
    Shall to living fountains lead :  
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;  
    Perfect love dispels their fears ;  
And, for ever from their eyes  
    God shall wipe away their tears.
- 

## XIV. MISCELLANEOUS.

### HYMN 202. C. M.

Gen. xxviii. 20, 21.

- G**OD of our fathers, by whose hand  
Thy people still are blest,  
Be with us through our pilgrimage ;  
    Conduct us to our rest.
- 2 Through each perplexing path of life  
    Our wandering footsteps guide ;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
    And raiment fit provide.
- 3 O spread thy sheltering wings around,  
    Till all our wanderings cease,  
And, at our Father's loved abode  
    Our souls arrive in peace.
- 4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand  
    Our humble prayers implore ;  
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,  
    And portion evermore.

HYMNS 203, 204.

HYMN 203. III. 3.

1 Chron. xxix. 10—13.

**B**LESS'D be thou, the God of Israel,  
Thou, our Father, and our Lord ;  
Bless'd thy majesty for ever,  
Ever be thy Name adored.

2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness,  
Glory, victory, are thine own ;  
All is thine in earth and heaven,  
Over all thy boundless throne.

3 Riches come of thee, and honour ;  
Power and might to thee belong ;  
'Thine it is to make us prosper,  
Only thine to make us strong.

4 Lord our God, for these, thy bounties,  
Hymns of gratitude we raise ;  
To thy Name, for ever glorious,  
Ever we address our praise.

HYMN 204. C. M.

Prov. iii. 13—17.

**O**, HAPPY is the man who hears  
Religion's warning voice,  
And who celestial wisdom makes  
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far  
Than east or west unfold ;  
More precious are her bright rewards  
Than gems, or stores of gold.

3 Her right hand offers to the just  
Immortal, happy days ;  
Her left, imperishable wealth,  
And heavenly crowns displays.

4 And, as her holy labours rise,  
So her rewards increase ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

HYMNS 205, 206.

HYMN 205.

L. M.

Isaiah xl. 6—8.

- T**HE morning flowers display their sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unfold ;  
As careless of the noonday heats,  
And fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,  
Parch'd by the sun's more fervent ray,  
The momentary glories waste,  
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,  
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;  
Fairer than spring the colours shine,  
And sweeter than the opening rose.
- 4 But, worn by slowly rolling years,  
Or broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,  
With lustre brighter far shall shine ;  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,  
If heaven shall recompense our pains ;  
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,  
If firm the Word of God remains.

HYMN 206.

C. M.

Isa. xl. 27—31.

- W**HY mournest thou, my anxious soul,  
Despairing of relief,  
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cares,  
Or pitied not thy grief?
- 2 Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard  
That firm remains on high,  
The everlasting throne of Him  
Who made the earth and sky ?

## HYMN 207.

- 3 Art thou afraid his power will fail  
In sorrow's evil day ?  
Can the Creator's mighty arm  
Grow weary or decay ?
- 4 Supreme in wisdom as in power  
The Rock of Ages stands ;  
Thou canst not search his mind, nor trace  
The working of his hands.
- 5 He gives the conquest to the weak,  
Supports the fainting heart ;  
And courage in the evil hour  
His heavenly aids impart.
- 6 Mere human energy shall faint,  
And youthful vigour cease ;  
But those who wait upon the Lord,  
In strength shall still increase.
- 7 They, with unwearied step, shall tread  
The path of life divine ;  
With growing ardour onward move,  
With growing brightness shine.
- 8 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar  
On wings of faith and love ;  
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,  
They rise to heaven above.

HYMN 207. C. M.

Isa. lvii. 15.

- T**HUS speaks the High and Lofty One ;  
My throne is fix'd on high ;  
There, through eternity, I hear  
The praises of the sky :
- 2 Yet, looking down, I visit oft  
The humble, hallow'd cell ;  
And, with the penitent who mourn,  
'Tis my delight to dwell.
  - 3 My presence heals the wounded heart,  
The sad in spirit cheers ;



## HYMNS 208, 209.

My presence, from the bed of dust,  
The contrite sinner rears.

- 4 I dwell with all my humble saints  
While they on earth remain ;  
And they, exalted, dwell with me,  
With me for ever reign.

### HYMN 208. II. 1.

Hab. iii. 17—19.

**A**LTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,  
The budding fig-tree droop and die,  
No oil the olive yield ;  
Yet will I trust me in my God,  
Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,  
And by his grace be heal'd.

- 2 Though fields, in verdure once array'd,  
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,  
Or parch'd by scorching beam ;  
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,  
My joy ; for, though his frown is just,  
His mercy is supreme.

- 3 Though from the fold the flock decay.  
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,  
And round the empty stall ;  
My soul above the wreck shall rise,  
Its better joys are in the skies ;  
There God is all in all.

- 4 In God my strength, howe'er distress,  
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,  
Nay, triumph in his love :  
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,  
Free as the hind he makes, and fleet,  
To speed my course above.

### HYMN 209. C. M.

St. John xiv. 6.

**T**HOU art the Way, to thee alone  
From sin and death we flee :

## HYMNS 210, 211.

- And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth, thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind  
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conquering arm,  
And those who put their trust in thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

### HYMN 210. S. M.

Phil. ii. 12, 13.

- H**EIRS of unending life,  
While yet we sojourn here,  
O let us our salvation work  
With trembling and with fear.
- 2 God will support our hearts  
With might before unknown;  
The work to be perform'd is ours,  
The strength is all his own.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will,  
'Tis he that works to do;  
His is the power by which we act,  
His be the glory too!

### HYMN 211. III. 1.

Eph. v. 14—17.

**S**INNER, rouse thee from thy sleep,  
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;  
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,  
Jesus waits his light to shed.

## HYMN 212.

- 2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,  
See the bright and living path :  
Watchful tread that path ; be wise,  
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,  
From this hour redeem thy time ;  
Life secure without delay,  
Evil is the mortal day.
- 4 Be not blind and foolish still,  
Call'd of Jesus, learn his will :  
Jesus calls from death and night,  
Jesus waits to shed his light.

## HYMN 212.

C. M.

Heb. xii. 1, 2.

- L**O, what a cloud of witnesses  
Encompass us around ;  
Men once like us with suffering tried,  
But now with glory crown'd.
- 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,  
Strive in the Christian race ;  
And, freed from every weight of sin,  
Their holy footsteps trace.
  - 3 Behold a witness nobler still,  
Who trod affliction's path,  
Jesus, the author, finisher,  
Rewarder of our faith :
  - 4 He, for the joy before him set,  
And moved by pitying love,  
Endured the cross, despised the shame,  
And now he reigns above.
  - 5 Thither, forgetting things behind,  
Press we, to God's right hand ;  
There, with the Saviour and his saints,  
Triumphantly to stand.

## GLORIA PATRI.

### GLORIA PATRI.

N. B. The metre marks, affixed to the Psalms and Hymns, refer to a division of the Metres, founded on the nature of the verse, into four Classes, marked—I., II., III., IV.

*Class* I. includes Common, Long, and Short metres, marked—C. M., L. M., S. M.

*Class* II. includes the other Iambick metres, eight in number, marked—II. 1., II. 2., II. 3., II. 4., &c., which may be named *Two, one; Two, two; Two, three, &c.*

*Class* III. includes the Trochaic metres, being five in number, marked—III. 1., III. 2., III. 3., &c., which may be named *Three, one; Three, two &c.*

*Class* IV. includes the metres consisting chiefly of triplets, being five in number, marked IV. 1., IV. 2., IV. 3., &c., and may be named *Four, one; Four, two; &c.*

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#### CLASS I.

##### C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

##### L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom earth and heaven adore,  
Be glory, as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

##### S. M.

To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, glory be,  
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so  
To all eternity.

## GLORIA PATRI.

### CLASS II.

#### II. 1.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,  
And saints on earth adore ;  
Be glory as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last  
When time shall be no more.

#### II. 2.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,  
And suffering saints on earth adore ;  
Be glory, as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last  
When time itself shall be no more.

#### II. 3.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be glory in the highest given,  
By all in earth, and all in heaven,  
As was through ages heretofore,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

#### II. 4.

To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, ever bless'd,  
Eternal Three in One,  
All worship be address'd,  
As heretofore  
It was, is now,  
And shall be so  
For evermore.

## GLORIA PATRI.

### II. 5.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,  
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,  
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

### II. 6.

Eternal praise be given,  
And songs of highest worth,  
By all the hosts of heaven,  
And all the saints on earth,  
To God, supreme confess'd,  
To Christ, his only Son,  
And to the Spirit bless'd,  
Eternal Three in One.

### II. 7.

To Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,  
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,  
Eternal Three in One confess'd,  
Be highest glory given,  
As was through ages heretofore,  
Is now, and shall be evermore,  
By all in earth and heaven.

### II. 8.

By all on earth and all in heaven,  
Be everlasting glory given,  
To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit; equal Three  
In undivided Unity,  
Ere time had yet its course begun:  
As was, and is, be highest praise,  
As still shall be through endless days.



## GLORIA PATRI.

### CLASS III.

#### III. 1.

Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One !  
Glory, as of old, to thee,  
Now, and evermore shall be !

#### III. 2.

Praise the Name of God most high,  
Praise him all below the sky,  
Praise him all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;  
As through countless ages past,  
Evermore his praise shall last.

#### III. 3.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,  
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,  
As it was, and is, be given  
Glory through eternal days.

#### III. 4.

To the Father, throned in heaven,  
To the Saviour, Christ. his Son,  
To the Spirit, praise be given,  
Everlasting Three in One :  
As of old, the Trinity  
Still is worshipped, still shall be.

#### III. 5.

Great Jehovah ! we adore thee,  
God the Father, God the Son,  
God the Spirit, join'd in glory  
On the same eternal throne :  
Endless praises  
To Jehovah, Three in One.

## GLORIA PATRI.

### CLASS IV.

#### IV. 1.

By angels in heaven  
Of every degree,  
And saints upon earth,  
All praise be address'd;  
To God in Three Persons,  
One God ever bless'd,  
As it has been, now is,  
And ever shall be.

#### IV. 2.

All praise to the Father, the Son,  
And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,  
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,  
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

#### IV. 3.

All praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,  
All praise to the Spirit, thrice bless'd,  
The holy, eternal, supreme Three in One,  
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

#### IV. 4.

O Father, Almighty, to thee be address'd,  
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever bless'd,  
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,  
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

#### IV. 5.

All glory and praise to the Father be given,  
The Son, and the Spirit, from earth and from  
heaven;  
As was, and is now, be supreme adoration,  
As ever shall be, to the God of salvation.

## GLORIA PATRI.

*For Hymns 145 and 185.*

To the Father, to the Son,  
And Spirit ever bless'd,  
Everlasting Three in One,  
All worship be address'd :  
Praise from all above, below,  
As throughout the ages past,  
Now is given, and shall be so  
While endless ages last.

*When used to Hymn 185, in line 6, read,  
As was throughout the ages past.*

Come, let us adore Him ; come, bow at his feet ;  
O give Him the glory, the praise that is meet ;  
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

† Whenever the Hymns are used at the celebration of Divine Service, a certain portion or portions of the Psalms of David in metre shall also be sung.



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THE END.

Stereotyped by L. Johnson, Philadelphia.



# HYMNS

AND

## DEVOTIONAL POETRY.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

✓✓  
C. W. ANDREWS.

New-York:

PROT. EPISCOPAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION  
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## P R E F A C E.

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As the following Hymns are not designed for any one purpose exclusively, they will be found suitable for many—most of them for singing and collective worship, and all of them for devotional reading. None of those in the book of Common Prayer are reprinted here, as they are presumed to be already in the hands of those who will purchase these. A growing demand for more hymns for various uses among our people is proved by the fact that so many thousands of hymn-books are being purchased by them from private and other sources. And should the Church revise and enlarge its Hymnal, there will still be many hymns which, though properly omitted from such a collection, would properly be retained in one like the present. This work has had the benefit of revision by a number of persons reputed to be of most skill in this particular line; but in the general, not much regard has been had to modern criticisms upon this kind of devotional literature—criticisms which would scarcely leave us fifty hymns in the language having

any other merit than mere faultlessness. Our Christian people in general, whether with or without literary culture, have a different standard both of taste and judgment, partly from early and hallowed associations, and partly from a deliberate preference for spirit and effectiveness over mere poetical proprieties, where the last can not be had without sacrificing the first.

That many hymns might be made better is very conceivable; and so of numerous translations of the Holy Scriptures; but there is a general and just aversion to having this devotional literature given up to endless change, according to the ever-changing tastes of compilers, whether acting in committees or as individuals. The changes in this work are restorations, or the originals have in general been copied, instead of versions.

The aim has of course been to exclude hymns which have no merit, either literary or religious, and to include those containing the most condensed and forceful expression of Christian doctrine and Christian feeling. Such hymns, in their effects upon the soul, surpass all other human writings, having a felicity of application, and a depth and concentration of meaning, which constitute the nearest approach to the Holy Scriptures.

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H Y M N S  
AND  
DEVOTIONAL POETRY.

---

I. GOD.

1.

L.M.

**O** HOLY, holy, holy Lord !  
Thou God of hosts by all adored :  
The earth and heavens are full of Thee,  
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.

2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name,  
Angels and seraphim proclaim ;  
By all the powers and thrones in heaven,  
Eternal praise to Thee is given.

3 Apostles join the glorious throng  
And swell the loud triumphant song ;  
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,  
And spread the hallelujahs round.

4 Glory to Thee, O God most high !  
Father, we praise Thy majesty ;  
The Son, the Spirit we adore,  
One Godhead blest forevermore.

CONDER.

## 2.

C.M.

**H**AIL! holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Whom One in three we know;  
By all Thy heavenly host adored,  
By all Thy Church below.

2 One undivided Trinity,  
With triumph we proclaim;  
Thy universe is full of Thee,  
And speaks Thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess  
Thee, holy Son, adore:  
Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,  
We worship evermore.

4 The incommunicable right,  
Almighty God, receive!  
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,  
And saints embodied give.

5 Three persons, equally divine,  
We magnify and love:  
And both the choirs ere long shall join  
To sing thy praise above.

6 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord!  
(Our heavenly song shall be,)  
Supreme, essential One, adored  
In coëternal Three.

WESLEY

3.

C.M.

THE Lord descended from above,  
And bowed the heavens most high;  
And underneath His feet He cast  
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim  
Full royally He rode,  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,  
Their fury to restrain;  
And He, a sovereign Lord and King,  
For evermore shall reign.

4 O God, my strength and fortitude!  
Of force I must love thee:  
Thou art my castle and defense,  
In my necessity!

STERNHOLD.

4.

C.M.

KEEP silence, all created things,  
And wait your Maker's nod;  
My soul stands trembling, while she sings  
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,  
Hang on His firm decree;  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave—to be.

- 3 Before His throne a volume lies,  
 With all the fates of men,  
 With ev'ry angel's form and size  
 Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,  
 And makes his counsels shine ;  
 Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke,  
 Fulfills some deep design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected worms  
 To sceptres and a crown ;  
 And there, the following page he turns,  
 And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,  
 Nor God the reason gives ;  
 Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry  
 Between the folded leaves.
- 7 In Thy fair book of life and grace,  
 Oh ! may I find my name  
 Recorded in some humble place,  
 Beneath my Lord—the Lamb.

WATTS

5.

C.M.

**B**EGIN, my tongue, the heavenly strain ;  
 Awake, my heart, and sing,  
 The gracious work and saving name  
 Of our eternal King.



2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness  
And sound his power abroad ;  
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,  
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord  
To wretched, dying men ;  
His hand has writ the sacred word  
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass,  
The mighty promise shines :  
Nor can the powers of darkness raze  
Those everlasting lines.

5 Yes, ev'ry word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies ;  
The voice that rolls the stars along,  
Speaks all the promises.

6 Jesus, unchangeable, the same  
My confidence, my boast ;  
Thou wilt not put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.

WATTS.

---

6. L.M.

NOW to the Lord a noble song !  
Awake my soul, awake my tongue,  
Hosanna to the Eternal Name,  
And all His boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,  
The brightest image of His grace ;  
God, in the person of His Son,  
Hath all His mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood  
Proclaim the wise and powerful God ;  
And thy rich glories from afar  
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name !  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound !  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground !

5 Oh ! may I live to reach the place  
Where He unveils His lovely face !  
Where all His beauties you behold,  
And sing His name to harps of gold !

WATTS.

## 7.

C.M.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !  
How high thy wonders rise !  
Known through the earth by thousand  
signs  
By thousands through the skies :  
Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power ;  
Their motions speak thy skill ;  
And on the wings of every hour  
We read thy patience still.

2 Part of thy name divinely stands  
On all thy creatures writ ;  
They show the labor of thy hands,  
Or impress of thy feet ;  
But when we view thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms,  
Where vengeance and compassion join  
In their divinest forms :

3 Here the whole Deity is known,  
 Nor dares a creature guess  
 Which of the glories brightest shone,  
 The justice or the grace :  
 Now the full glories of the Lamb  
 Adorn the heavenly plains ;  
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,  
 And try their choicest strains.

4 Oh ! may I bear some humble part  
 In that immortal song !  
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
 And love command my tongue.  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Who sweetly all agree  
 To save a world of sinners lost,  
 Eternal glory be.

WATTS.

## 8.

C.M.

IN all my vast concerns with thee,  
 In vain my soul would try  
 To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee  
 The notice of Thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
 My rising and my rest,  
 My public walks, my private ways,  
 The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord  
 Before they're formed within ;  
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
 He knows the sense I mean.

- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !  
 Where can a creature hide ?  
 Within thy circling arms I lie,  
 Beset on every side.

WESLEY.

## 9.

C.M.

O GOD ! we praise Thee, and confess  
 That Thou the only Lord  
 And everlasting Father art,  
 By all the earth adored.

- 2 To Thee all angels cry aloud,  
 To Thee the powers on high,  
 Both cherubim and seraphim,  
 Continually do cry :

- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord !  
 Whom heavenly hosts obey,  
 The world is with the glory filled  
 Of Thy majestic sway.

- 4 The apostles, glorious company,  
 And prophets crowned with light,  
 With all the martyr's noble host,  
 Thy constant praise recite.

- 5 The holy Church throughout the world  
 O Lord ! confesses Thee,  
 That Thou the eternal Father art  
 Of boundless majesty.

PATRICK.

## II. CHRIST.

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THE INCARNATION.

---

## 10.

NO war nor battle sound  
Was heard the world around ;  
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;  
But peaceful was the night,  
In which the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

2 The shepherds on the lawn,  
Before the point of dawn,  
In social circle sat ; while all around,  
The gentle fleecy brood  
Or cropped the flowery food,  
Or slept or sported on the verdant ground.

3 When lo ! with ravished ears,  
Each swain delighted hears  
Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand ;  
Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringed noise,  
With blissful rapture charmed the listening  
band.

4 They saw a glorious light,  
 Burst on their wondering sight;  
 Harping in solemn choir, in robes arrayed,  
 The helmed cherubim  
 And sworded seraphim  
 Are seen in glittering ranks, with wings displayed.

5 Sounds of so sweet a tone  
 Before were never known,  
 But when of old the sons of morning sung  
 While God disposed in air  
 Each constellation fair,  
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.

6 "Hail, hail, auspicious morn!  
 The Saviour Christ is born!"  
 Such was th' immortal seraph's song sublime.  
 "Glory to God in heaven!  
 To man sweet peace is given,  
 Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time."  
 MILTON.

## 11.

## III.5.

ANGELS from the realms of glory  
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth,  
 Ye who sang creation's story,  
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth.  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,



God with man is now residing :  
 Yonder shines the infant light.  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations ;  
 Brighter visions beam afar ;  
 Seek the great desire of nations ;  
 Ye have seen His natal star.  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
 Watching long in hope and fear,  
 Suddenly the Lord descending,  
 In his temple shall appear.  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,  
 Justice now revokes the sentence,  
 Mercy calls you—break your chains.  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.  
 MONTGOMERY.

HARK ! what mean those holy voices  
 Sweetly sounding through the skies ?  
 Lo ! the angelic host rejoices,  
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

- 2 Hear them tell the wondrous story;  
Hear them chant in hymns of joy:  
Glory in the highest, glory!  
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found;  
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!"  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 Christ is born, the Great Anointed;  
Heaven and earth his praises sing!  
Oh! receive whom God appointed,  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!
- 5 Haste, ye mortals, to adore Him;  
Learn His name and taste His joy;  
Till in heaven ye sing before Him:  
"Glory be to God on high!"

CAWOOD.

## 13.

## III.2.

(CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies—  
Christ, the true and only Light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night:  
Day-spring from on high, be near,  
Day-star, in my heart appear!

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn  
Unaccompanied by Thee;  
Joyless is the day's return  
Till Thy mercy's beams I see—  
Till they inward light impart  
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

WESLEY.

## 14.

## II.4.

JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That mortals ever knew,  
That angels ever bore ;  
All are too mean to speak His worth—  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Jesus, my great High-Priest,  
Offered his blood and died ;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside :  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

3 My great Almighty Lord !  
My Conqueror and my King !  
Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing ;  
Thine is the power—behold I sit  
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

4 I love my Shepherd's voice ;  
His watchful eye shall keep  
My wand'ring soul among  
The thousands of His sheep.  
He feeds his flock, He calls their names,  
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

5 To this great Surety's hand  
Will I commit my cause.  
He answers and fulfills  
His Father's broken laws.  
Behold my soul at freedom set,  
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

- 6 Now let my soul arise,  
 And tread the tempest down;  
 My Captain leads me forth  
 To conquest and a crown.  
 A feeble saint shall win the day  
 Though death and hell obstruct the way.  
 WATTS.
- 

## 15.

L.M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,  
 The house of God not made with hands,  
 A great High-Priest our nature wears,  
 The guardian of mankind appears.

- 2 He who for men their surety stood,  
 And poured on earth His precious blood,  
 Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,  
 The Saviour and the friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,  
 He bends on earth a brother's eye  
 Partaker of the human name,  
 He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains  
 A fellow feeling of our pains,  
 And still remembers in the skies,  
 His tears, His agonies and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart,  
 The Man of Sorrows has a part.  
 He sympathizes with our grief,  
 And to the sufferer sends relief.

- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
 Let us make all our sorrows known,  
 And ask the aid of heavenly power,  
 To help us in the evil hour.

LOGAN.

## 16.

C.M.

CHRIST is the sure foundation-stone,  
 Which God in Zion lays,  
 To build our heavenly hopes upon,  
 And his eternal praise,

- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,  
 His saints adore His name ;  
 They rest their whole salvation here,  
 Nor shall they suffer shame.

- 3 The scribe, the Pharisee, and priest,  
 Reject him with disdain ;  
 Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,  
 And envy, rage in vain.

- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,  
 Yet must this building rise ;  
 'Tis thine own work, almighty God,  
 And wondrous in our eyes.

## 17.

C.M

THE Saviour, oh ! what endless charms  
 Dwell in the blissful sound !  
 Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,  
 And spreads sweet comfort round.

- 2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,  
In rich effusion flow,  
For guilty rebels lost in sin,  
And doomed to endless wo.
- 3 Oh! the rich depths of love divine,  
Of bliss, a boundless store!  
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;  
I can not wish for more.
- 4 On Thee alone my hope relies,  
Beneath Thy cross I fall;  
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,  
My Saviour, and my all.

STEELE.

## 18.

C.M.

- JESUS, I love Thy charming name,  
'Tis music to my ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud  
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul.  
My transport and my trust;  
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
In Thee doth richly meet;  
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 I'll speak the honors of Thy name,  
With my last parting breath;  
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,  
The antidote of death.

DODDRIDGE.



## 19.

C.M.

O H! for a thousand tongues, to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.

WESLEY.

## 20.

C.M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fears.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
It calms the troubled breast,  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.

- 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,  
 My shield and hiding-place,  
 My never-failling treasury, filled  
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
 Although with sin defiled;  
 Satan accuses me in vain,  
 And I am owned a child.
- 5 Jesus, my shepherd, guardian, friend,  
 My prophet, priest, and King,  
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,  
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought,  
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
 With every fleeting breath,  
 And may the music of Thy name  
 Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON.

21.

II. 4.

**H**AIL, everlasting Spring!  
 Celestial Fountain, hail!  
 Thy streams salvation bring,  
 Thy waters never fail:  
 Still they endure,  
 And still they flow,  
 For all our wo  
 A sovereign cure.

2 Blessed be His wounded side,  
 And blessed His bleeding heart,  
 Who all in anguish died  
 Such favors to impart :  
 His sacred blood  
 Shall make us clean  
 From ev'ry sin,  
 And fit for God.

3 To that dear source of love,  
 Our souls this day would come ;  
 And thither from above,  
 Lord, call the nations home ;  
 Till Jew and Greek,  
 With rapt'rous songs  
 On all their tongues,  
 Thy praise shall speak.

DODDRIDGE.

22.

II. 3.

O JESUS! source of calm repose,  
 Thy like nor man nor angel knows,  
 Fairest among ten thousand fair :  
 E'en those whom death's sad fetters bound,  
 Whom thickest darkness compassed round,  
 Find light and life if Thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the light divine,  
 Ere rolling planets knew to shine,  
 Ere time its ceaseless course began :  
 Thou, when th' appointed hour was come,  
 Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,  
 But God with God wast man with man.

- 3 The world, sin, death, oppose in vain ;  
 Thou, by Thy dying, Death hast slain,  
 My great Deliv'rer and my God !  
 In vain does the old Dragon rage,  
 In vain all hell its powers engage ;  
 None can withstand Thy conqu'ring blood.  
WESLEY.
- 

## 23.

L. M.

- MY song shall bless the Lord of all,  
 My praise shall climb to His abode ;  
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,  
 The great Supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,  
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;  
 Eternal ages saw Him shine,  
 He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much when in the manger laid,  
 Almighty Ruler of the sky,  
 As when the six days work He made  
 Filled all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,  
 Salvation is His dearest claim ;  
 That gracious sound well pleased He hears,  
 And owns Immanuel for His name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,  
 My well-placed hopes with joy I see,  
 My bosom glows with heavenly zeal  
 To worship Him who died for me.

COWPER.

## 24.

L. M.

HE lives ! the great Redeemer lives !  
What joy the blest assurance gives !  
And now, before his Father, God,  
Pleads the full merits of His blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,  
And justice, armed with frowns, appears ;  
But in the Saviour's lovely face  
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distrustful hour,  
When sin and Satan join their power,  
Let this dear hope repel the dart—  
That Jesus bears us on His heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend !  
On thee our humble hopes depend :  
Our cause can never, never fail,  
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

STEELE.

## 25.

C. M.

OH ! the delights, the heavenly joys,  
The glories of the place,  
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams  
Of His o'erflowing grace.

2 Sweet majesty and awful love,  
Sit smiling on His brow ;  
And all the glorious ranks above,  
At humble distance bow.

- 3 This is the man, th' exalted man,  
 Whom we unseen adore ;  
 But when our eyes behold His face,  
 Our hearts shall love Him more.

WATTS.

## 26.

## II. 6.

O SACRED head ! now wounded,  
 With grief and shame bowed down,  
 Now scornfully surrounded  
 With thorns Thine only crown ;  
 O sacred head ! what glory,  
 What bliss till now was Thine ;  
 But though despised and gory,  
 I joy to call thee mine.

- 2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
 Was all for sinners' gain ;  
 Mine, mine was the transgression,  
 But Thine the deadly pain ;  
 Lo here I fall, my Saviour,  
 'Tis I deserve Thy place,  
 Look on me with Thy favor,  
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

- 3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,  
 Above all joy beside,  
 When in thy body broken,  
 I thus with safety hide ;  
 My Lord of life, desiring  
 Thy glory now to see,  
 Beside Thy cross expiring,  
 I'll breathe my soul to Thee.



- 4 What language shall I borrow,  
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end ?  
Oh ! make me Thine forever  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outlive my love to Thee.
- 5 If ever I should leave Thee,  
O Jesus ! leave not me ;  
In faith may I receive Thee,  
When death shall set me free.  
When strength and comfort languish,  
And I must hence depart,  
Release me then from anguish,  
By Thine own wounded heart.
- 6 Be near when I am dying,  
Then show Thy cross to me,  
And to my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, to set me free ;  
These eyes new faith receiving,  
From Jesus will not move.  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely through Thy love.

PAUL GERHARDT.\*

---

27.

III. 2.

GO to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power,  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with Him one bitter hour :  
Turn not from His griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

\* Translated by J. W. Alexander.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,  
 View the Lord of life arraigned.  
 Oh! the wormwood and the gall,  
 Oh! the pangs his soul sustained.  
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,  
 Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
 There adoring at His feet,  
 Mark that miracle of time—  
 God's own sacrifice complete.  
 It is finished, hear Him cry.  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,  
 Where they laid His breathless clay.  
 All is solitude and gloom:  
 Who hath taken Him away?  
 Christ is risen—He meets our eyes!  
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

MONTGOMERY.

---

28.

C. M.

*Jesus seen of Angels.*

**B**EYOND the glittering starry skies,  
 Far as th' eternal hills,  
 There in the boundless worlds of light,  
 Our dear Redeemer dwells.

2 Legions of angels round His throne,  
 In countless armies shine;  
 And swell His praise with golden harps,  
 Attuned to songs divine.

- 3 "Hail, glorious Prince of peace," they cry,  
"Whose unexampled love  
Moved Thee to quit these glorious realms,  
And royalties above."
- 4 Through all His travels here below,  
They did His steps attend ;  
Oft wondering how, or where at last,  
The mystic scene would end.
- 5 They saw His heart transfixed with wounds,  
And viewed the crimson gore ;  
They saw him break the bars of death,  
Which none e'er broke before.
- 6 They brought His chariot from above,  
To bear Him to His throne ;  
Clapped their triumphant wings, and cried :  
"The glorious work is done !"

GREGG.

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29.

L. M.

- 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betrayed Him to His foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began  
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake ;  
What love through all His actions ran !  
What wondrous words of grace He spake.

- 3 "This is my body broke for sin,  
 Receive and eat the living food :"  
 Then took the cup and blessed the wine.  
 "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,  
 In mem'ry of your dying Friend ;  
 Meet at my table, and record  
 The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 Jesus ! Thy feast we celebrate ;  
 We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,  
 Till Thou return and we shall eat  
 The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

WATTS

## 30.

## III. 4

**M**ANY woes had Christ endured,  
 Many sore temptations met,  
 Patient and to pains inured ;  
 But the sorest trial yet  
 Was to be sustained in thee,  
 Gloomy, sad Gethsemane !

- 2 Came at length the dreadful night !  
 Vengeance, with his iron rod,  
 Stood, and with collected might,  
 Bruised the harmless Lamb of God  
 See, my soul, the Saviour see,  
 Prostrate in Gethsemane.

- 3 View Him in that dark recess,  
    Agonizing, bathed in blood ;  
View thy Maker's deep distress,  
    Hear the cries and groans of God :  
Then reflect what sin must be,  
Gazing on Gethsemane.
- 4 Oh ! what wonders love has done,  
    But how little understood :  
God well knows, and knows alone,  
    What produced that sweat of blood :  
Who can thy deep mysteries see,  
Wonderful Gethsemane ?
- 5 There my God bore all my guilt :  
    This through grace can be believed ;  
But the torments which He felt  
    Are too vast to be conceived :  
None can penetrate through thee,  
Doleful, dark Gethsemane
- 6 All my sins against my God—  
    All my sins against His laws—  
All my sins against His blood—  
    All my sins against His cause—  
Sins as boundless as the sea !  
Hide me, O Gethsemane !
- 7 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
    One almighty God of love,  
Praised by all the heavenly host  
    In thy shining courts above—  
We poor sinners, gracious Three,  
Praise thee for Gethsemane.

HART.

## 31.

## III. 4.

**H**ARK, ten thousand harps and voices  
Sound the note of praise above ;  
Jesus reigns and heaven rejoices :  
Jesus reigns the God of love.  
See He sits on yonder throne !  
Jesus rules the world alone ;  
Hallelujah, amen !

2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens  
All above and gives it worth ;  
Lord of love, thy smile enlightens,  
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth ;  
When we think of love like Thine,  
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever,  
Thine an everlasting crown ;  
Nothing from Thy love can sever,  
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own,  
Happy objects of Thy grace,  
Chosen to behold Thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing,  
Bring, oh ! bring, the glorious day,  
When the awful summons hearing,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away :  
Then with golden harps we'll sing,  
Glory, glory, to our King.

KELLY.



## III. THE HOLY SPIRIT.

32.

S. M.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,  
In the accepted hour,  
As on the day of Pentecost,  
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord,  
In our appointed place,  
And wait the promise of our Lord—  
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind,  
Upon the waves beneath,  
Move with one impulse every mind—  
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 Spirit of life, explore  
And chase our gloom away ;  
With lustre shining more and more,  
Unto the perfect day.

5 Spirit of truth, be Thou  
In life and death our guide ;  
O Spirit of adoption ! now  
May we be sanctified.

MONTGOMERY.

## 33.

L. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,  
 And fit me to approach my God;  
 Remove each vain, each worldly thought,  
 And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast Thou imparted to my soul  
 A living spark of holy fire?  
 Oh! kindle now the sacred flame,  
 Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,  
 And let me now my Saviour see:  
 Oh! soothe and cheer each burdened heart,  
 And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

BURDER.

## 34.

L. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
 And lighten with celestial fire:  
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
 Who dost thy sev'n-fold gifts impart.

2 Thy blessed unction from above  
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love;  
 Enable with perpetual light  
 The dullness of our blinded sight.

3 Keep far our foes, give peace at home;  
 Where thou art guide, no ill can come;  
 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
 And Thee of both to be but one.

- 4 That through the ages all along  
This, this may be our endless song ;  
Praise to Thy eternal merit,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.
- 

## 35.

C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire—  
This one great gift impart—  
What most I need, and most desire,  
An humble, holy heart.

- 2 Bear witness that I'm born again,  
My many sins forgiven ;  
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain  
To cloud my hope of heaven.

- 3 More of myself grant I may know,  
From sin's deceit be free,  
In all the Christian graces grow,  
And live alone to Thee.
- 

## 36.

S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,  
With energy divine,  
And on this poor benighted soul  
With beams of mercy shine.

- 2 From the celestial hills  
Life, light, and joy dispense,  
And may I daily, hourly feel  
Thy quick'ning influence.

- 3 Melt, melt this frozen heart,  
 This stubborn will subdue ;  
 Each evil passion overcome,  
 And form me all anew.
- 4 Mine will the blessing be ;  
 But Thine shall be the praise ;  
 And unto Thee will I devote  
 The remnant of my days.

HART.

## 37.

C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,  
 Let us Thy influence prove ;  
 Source of the old prophetic fire,  
 Fountain of life and love.

- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for, moved by Thee,  
 The prophets wrote and spoke ;  
 Unlock the truth, Thyself the key  
 Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,  
 Brood o'er our nature's night ;  
 On our disordered spirits move,  
 And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,  
 If Thou within us shine ;  
 And sound, with all Thy saints below,  
 The depths of love divine.

WESLEY

## 38.

S. M.

## PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

**O** LORD ! Thy work revive  
In Zion's gloomy hour ;  
And let our dying graces live  
By Thy restoring power.

2 Oh ! let Thy chosen few  
Awake to earnest prayer ;  
Their solemn vows again renew  
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak,  
Through lips of humble clay,  
Till hearts of adamant shall break,  
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend Thy gracious ear,  
Now listen to our cry :  
Oh ! come and bring salvation near—  
Our souls on Thee rely.

HASTINGS.

## 39.

L. M.

**L**OOK down, O Lord ! with pitying eye,  
See Adam's race in ruin lie ;  
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,  
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

2 And can these dead awake and live ?  
And can these perished bones revive ?  
That, mighty God ! to Thee is known ;  
That wondrous work is all Thine own.

- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,  
 To prophesy upon the slain,  
 In vain they call, in vain they cry,  
 Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if Thy Spirit deign to breathe,  
 Life spreads through all the realms of death;  
 Dry bones obey Thy powerful voice—  
 They move, they waken, they rejoice.

DODDRIDGE.

## 40.

C. M.

SPIRIT of Truth! on this Thy day  
 To Thee for help we cry,  
 To guide us through the dreary way  
 Of dark mortality.

- 2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,  
 Or tongues of various tone;  
 But long thy praises to proclaim,  
 With fervor in our own.
- 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill  
 Is found on earth no more;  
 Enough for us to trace Thy will,  
 In Scripture's sacred lore.
- 4 We neither have nor seek the power  
 Ill demons to control,  
 But Thou in dark temptation's hour  
 Shalt chase them from the soul.
- 5 Though tongues shall cease and power decay,  
 And knowledge empty prove,  
 Do thou thy trembling servants stay  
 With faith, with hope, with love.



## 41.

S.M.

THOU Comforter divine,  
Let Thy bright rays of love  
Amidst our gloom and darkness shine,  
And guide our souls above.

2 Draw with Thy still small voice  
Us from each sinful way,  
And bid the mourning soul rejoice  
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By Thine inspiring breath  
Make every cloud of care,  
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,  
A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh! fill Thou every heart  
With love to all our race.  
Great Comforter, to us impart  
The fullness of Thy grace.

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## 42.

III. 1.

## OUTPOURING OF THE SPIRIT.

SEE how great a flame aspires,  
Kindled by a spark of grace!  
Jesus' love the nations fires—  
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze.

2 To bring fire on earth He came,  
Kindled in some hearts it is:  
Oh! that all might catch the flame,  
All partake the glorious bliss.

- 3 When He first the work begun,  
 Small and feeble was His day;  
 Now the word doth swiftly run;  
 Now it wins its widening way.
- 4 More and more it spreads and grows,  
 Ever mighty to prevail;  
 Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows—  
 Shakes the trembling gates of hell.
- 5 Saw ye not the cloud arise,  
 Little as a human hand?  
 Now it spreads along the skies—  
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.
- 6 Lo! the promise of a shower  
 Drops already from above,  
 But the Lord will shortly pour  
 All the spirit of His love.

WESLEY.

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PRAYER FOR THE OUTPOURING OF THE  
 SPIRIT.

43.

III. 5.

SAVIOUR, visit Thy plantation,  
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!  
 All will come to desolation,  
 Unless Thou return again:  
 Keep no longer at a distance,  
 Shine upon us from on high;  
 Lest for want of Thine assistance,  
 Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

- 2 Surely once Thy garden flourished,  
 Ev'ry part looked gay and green ;  
 Then Thy word our spirits nourished,  
 Happy seasons we have seen !  
 But a drought has since succeeded,  
 And a sad decline we see ;  
 Lord, Thy help is greatly needed—  
 Help can only come from Thee.
- 3 Where are those we counted leaders,  
 Filled with zeal, and love, and truth ?  
 Old, yet green, like ancient cedars,  
 Bright examples of our youth ?  
 Some in whom we once delighted,  
 We shall meet no more below ;  
 Some alas ! we fear are blighted,  
 Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 4 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
 Make us prevalent in prayers ;  
 Let each one esteemed thy servant  
 Shun the world's bewitching snares ;  
 Break the tempter's fatal power,  
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;  
 And begin, from this good hour,  
 To revive Thy work afresh.

NEWTON.

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 44.

*"My son, give me thine heart."*

HERE is my heart ! my God, I give it Thee ;  
 I heard Thee call and say,  
 "Not to the world, my child, but unto me ;"  
 I heard and will obey :

Here is love's offering to my King,  
Which in glad sacrifice I bring :  
Here is my heart.

- 2 Here is my heart ! surely the gift, though  
poor,  
My God will not despise ;  
Vainly and long I sought to make it pure,  
To meet Thy searching eyes ;  
Corrupted first in Adam's fall,  
The stains of sin pollute it all :  
My guilty heart !
- 3 Here is my heart ! my heart so hard before,  
Now by Thy grace made meet ;  
Yet bruised and wearied, it can only pour  
Its anguish at Thy feet ;  
It groans beneath the weight of sin,  
It sighs salvation's joy to win :  
My mourning heart !
- 4 Here is my heart ! in Christ its longings end,  
Near to His cross it draws ;  
It says : "Thou art my portion, O my Friend !  
Thy blood my ransom was."  
And in the Saviour it has found  
What blessedness and peace abound :  
My trusting heart !
- 5 Here is my heart ! ah ! Holy Spirit, come,  
Its nature to renew,  
And consecrate it wholly as Thy home,  
A temple fair and true.  
Teach it to love and serve Thee more,  
To fear Thee, trust Thee, and adore :  
My cleansed heart !

- 6 Here is my heart ! it trembles to draw near  
 The glory of Thy throne ;  
 Give it the shining robe Thy servants wear,  
 Of righteousness Thine own ;  
 Its pride and folly chase away,  
 And all its vanity, I pray :  
 My humbled heart !
- 7 Here is my heart ! teach it, O Lord ! to cling  
 In gladness unto Thee ;  
 And in the day of sorrow still to sing,  
 “ Welcome, my God’s decree :”  
 Believing, all its journey through,  
 That Thou art wise, and just, and true :  
 My waiting heart !
- 8 Here is my heart ! O Friend of friends ! be  
 near,  
 To make each tempter fly ;  
 And when my latest foe I wait with fear,  
 Give me the victory !  
 Gladly on Thy love reposing,  
 Let me say, when life is closing :  
 “ Here is my heart !

GERMAN.

## IV. THE GOSPEL CALL.

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AWAKENING AND INVITING.

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45.

III. 1.

WHEN thy mortal life is fled,  
When the death shades o'er thee spread,  
When is finished thy career,  
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,  
When draws near the judgment-day,  
When the awful trump shall sound,  
Say, oh! where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,  
Clothed in majesty and might,  
When the wicked quail with fear,  
Where, oh! where, wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,  
When the saints and thou must part?  
When the good with joy are crowned,  
Sinner, where, wilt thou be found?



- 5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,  
Quickly to the Saviour fly;  
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;  
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

S. F. SMITH.

## 46.

## III. 3.

HARK! an awful voice is sounding,  
"Christ is nigh!" it seems to say;  
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,  
O ye children of the day!"

- 2 Startled at the solemn warning,  
Let the earth-bound soul arise;  
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,  
Shines upon the morning skies.
- 3 Lo! the Lamb so long expected,  
Comes with pardon down from heaven;  
Let us haste with tears of sorrow,  
One and all to be forgiven.
- 4 So when next He comes with glory,  
Wrapping all the earth in fear;  
May He then, as our defender,  
On the clouds of heaven appear.

CASWALL, TR.

## 47.

## L. M.

SINNER, oh! why so thoughtless grown?  
Why in such fearful haste to die?  
Why speed thy flight to worlds unknown,  
Regardless of thy destiny?

2 Wilt thou defy the wrath of God,  
 Led on by sin's delusive dreams?  
 Madly despise the Saviour's blood,  
 And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Sinner, oh! lift thy thoughts above,  
 And hear the Lord of life unfold  
 The glories of His dying love—  
 Forever telling, yet untold!

WATTS.

## 48.

C. M.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear,  
 Repent! thy end is nigh;  
 Death, at the farthest, can't be far—  
 Oh! think before thou die!

2 Reflect thou hast a soul to save;  
 Thy sins, how high they mount!  
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave?  
 How stands that dread account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defense,  
 His time there's none can tell;  
 He'll in a moment call thee hence,  
 To heaven—or to hell!

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,  
 Shall crawling worms consume:  
 But ah! destruction stops not there—  
 Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day the Gospel calls, to-day,  
 Sinner, it speaks to you:  
 Let every one forsake his way,  
 And mercy will ensue.

HART.

## 49.

C. M.

A H! who can speak the vast dismay  
That fills the sinner's mind,  
When, torn by death's strong hand away,  
He leaves his all behind!

2 Worldings who cleave to earthly things,  
But are not rich to God,  
Will feel that death is full of stings,  
And hell a dark abode.

3 How blinded mortals fondly scheme  
For happiness below,  
Till death destroys the pleasing dream,  
And they awake to wo.

4 O Saviour! make us timely wise,  
Thy Gospêl to attend;  
That we may live above the skies,  
When time and life shall end.

NEWTON.

## 50.

L. M.

O TIME! how few thy value weigh,  
How few will estimate a day!  
Days, months, and years are rolling on,  
The soul neglected and undone.

2 In painful cares, or empty joys,  
Our life its precious hours destroys:  
Whilst death stands watching at our side,  
Eager to stop the living tide.

3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,  
Your Maker gave you here a place?  
Was it for this His thoughts designed  
The frame of your immortal mind

4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,  
He fashioned all the sons of time;  
Pilgrims on earth, but soon to be  
The heirs of immortality.

SCOTT.

## 51.

L. M.

LIFE is the hour that God hath given  
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven,  
The day of grace; and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.

2 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue;  
Since no device nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground,

3 There are no acts of pardon passed  
In the cold grave to which we haste;  
But darkness, death, and long despair,  
Reign in eternal silence there.

WATTS.

## 52.

L. M.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found and peace is given,  
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

- 2 While God invites, how blessed the day !  
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound !  
Come, sinners, haste, oh ! haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the grave ;  
Before his bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise.  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

DWIGHT.

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53.

L. M.

- COME, O ye sinners ! to the Lord,  
In Christ to paradise restored ;  
His proffered benefits embrace,  
The plenitude of Gospel grace.
- 2 A pardon written with His blood ;  
The favor and the peace of God ;  
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,  
The mystic joys of penitence ;
- 3 The godly fear the pleasing smart,  
The meltings of a broken heart ;  
The tears that tell your sins forgiven ;  
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven ;
- 4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,  
The unutterable tenderness ;  
The genuine, meek humility ;  
The wonder, why such love to me ?

- 5 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,  
 The sight that veils the seraph's face ;  
 The speechless awe that dares not move,  
 And all the silent heaven of love.

DODDRIDGE.

## 54.

L. M.

COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,  
 Come, and accept the promised rest ;  
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
 And cast your gloomy fears away.

- 2 Oppressed with sin, a painful load,  
 Oh ! come and spread your woes abroad :  
 Divine Compassion, mighty Love,  
 Will all the painful load remove.

- 3 How mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;  
 Pardon and life, and endless peace ;  
 How rich the gifts—how free the grace !

- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,  
 The hope Thy gracious words impart ;  
 We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
 And bless the kind inviting voice.

- 5 Dear Saviour, let Thy wondrous love  
 Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;  
 Oh ! sweetly influence every breast,  
 And guide us to eternal rest.

STEELE.



## 55.

TO-DAY the Saviour calls,  
 Ye wanderers, come :  
 O ye benighted souls !  
 Why longer roam ?

2 To-day the Saviour calls ;  
 Oh ! hear Him now ;  
 Within these sacred walls  
 To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls ;  
 For refuge fly ;  
 The storm of justice falls,  
 And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day  
 Yield to His power.  
 Oh ! grieve Him not away—  
 'Tis mercy's hour.

HASTINGS.

## 56.

C. M.

COME, sinner, to the Gospel feast ;  
 Oh ! come without delay ;  
 For there is room in Jesus' breast  
 For all who will obey.

2 There's room in God's eternal love  
 To save thy precious soul ;  
 Room in the Spirit's grace above  
 To heal, and make thee whole.

- 3 There's room within the Church redeemed  
 With blood of Christ divine ;  
 Room in the white-robed throng convened,  
 For that dear soul of thine.
- 4 There's room in heaven among the choir,  
 And harps and crowns of gold,  
 And glorious palms of victory there,  
 And joys that ne'er were told.
- 5 There's room around thy Father's board  
 For thee and thousands more.  
 Oh ! come and welcome to the Lord ?  
 Yes, come this very hour.

HUNTINGDON.

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 57.

CHILD of sin and sorrow,  
 Filled with dismay,  
 Wait not for to-morrow,  
 Yield thee to-day.  
 Heaven bids thee come  
 While yet there's room.  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Hear and obey.

- 2 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Why will ye die ?  
 Come while thou canst borrow  
 Help from on high.  
 Grieve not that Love  
 Which from above,  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,  
Where wilt thou flee  
Through that long to-morrow,  
Eternity?  
Exiled from home,  
Where wilt thou roam?  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Where wilt thou flee?

4 Child of sin and sorrow,  
Lift up thine eye  
Heirship thou canst borrow  
In worlds on high!  
To that high home  
Through Christ alone,  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Swift homeward fly.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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58.

IV. 5.

THE voice of Free Grace  
Cries, Escape to the mountain;  
For Adam's lost race  
Christ hath opened a fountain.  
For sin and pollution,  
And every transgression,  
His blood flows most freely  
In streams of salvation.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb  
Who hath bought us our pardon,  
We'll praise him again  
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded,  
 To Jesus repair ;  
 Now He calls you in mercy—  
 And can you forbear ?  
 Though your sins are increased  
 As high as a mountain,  
 That blood can remove them  
 Which streams from this fountain.  
 Hallelujah, etc.

3 O Jesus ! ride onward,  
 Triumphantly glorious.  
 O'er sin, death, and hell,  
 Thou'rt more than victorious ;  
 Thy name is the theme  
 Of the great congregation,  
 While angels and saints  
 Raise the shout of salvation.  
 Hallelujah, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand  
 When escaped to that shore ;  
 With our harps in our hands  
 We will praise Him the more ;  
 We'll range the sweet fields  
 On the banks of the river,  
 And sing of salvation  
 Forever and ever.  
 Hallelujah, etc.

THORNBY

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59.

III. 5.

COME, ye souls, by sin afflicted,  
 Bowed with fruitless sorrow down ;  
 By the perfect law convicted,  
 Through the cross behold the crown !  
 Look to Jesus,  
 Mercy flows through Him alone.

- 2 Take His easy yoke, and wear it;  
Love will make obedience sweet;  
Christ will give you strength to bear it,  
While His wisdom guides your feet,  
Safe to glory,  
Where his ransomed captives meet.
- 

## 60. III. 5.

**H**EAR, O sinner! mercy hails you;  
Now with sweetest voice she calls;  
Bids you haste and seek the Saviour,  
Ere the hand of justice falls:  
Hear, O sinner!  
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

- 2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering  
O'er the path you dare to tread;  
Hark! the awful thunder rolling,  
Loud and louder o'er your head:  
Turn, O sinner!  
Lest the lightning strike you dead.

- 3 Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour;  
Seek His mercy while you may;  
Soon the day of grace is over—  
Soon your life will pass away:  
Haste, O sinner!  
You must perish if you stay.

61.

L. M.

HOW long the time since Christ began  
 To call in vain on me !  
 Deaf to His warning voice, I ran  
 Through paths of vanity.

2 He called me when my thoughtless prime  
 Was early ripe to ill ;  
 I passed from folly on to crime,  
 And yet He called me still.

3 He called me in the time of dread,  
 When death was full in view ;  
 I trembled on my feverish bed,  
 And rose to sin anew.

4. My struggling will by grace control,  
 Renew the broken vow ;  
 That blessed light breaks on my soul,  
 My God I hear Thee now !

HEBER.

62

III. 2.

FROM the cross uplifted high,  
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
 What melodious sounds we hear,  
 Bursting on the ravished ear :  
 " Love's redeeming work is done,  
 Come, and welcome, sinner, come.

2 " Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
 Why beneath thy burthens groan !  
 On my pierced body laid,  
 Justice owes the ransom paid ;  
 Bow the knee and kiss the Son ;  
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.



3 "Spread for thee the festal board,  
See with richest dainties stored ;  
To thy Father's bosom pressed,  
Yet again a child confessed,  
Never from His house to roam ;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end ;  
Lo ! I come, your Saviour, Friend,  
Safe your spirits to convey  
To the realms of endless day,  
Up to my eternal home ;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

HAWES.

## 63.

L. M.

**H**ARK ! from the cross a voice of peace  
Bids Sinai's awful thunders cease ;  
Sinner, that voice of love obey,  
From Christ the true, the living way.

2 How else His presence wilt thou bear,  
When He in judgment shall appear—  
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,  
And all the earth like Sinai burn !

3 Now from the cross a voice of peace  
Bids Sinai's awful thunders cease ;  
O sinner ! while 'tis called to-day,  
That voice of Sovereign Love obey.

## 64.

L. M.

**D**EEP are the wounds which sin has made:  
 Where shall the sinner find a cure?  
 In vain, alas! is nature's aid,  
 The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found!  
 And is no kind physician nigh,  
 To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
 Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near;  
 Look up, O fainting soul! and live;  
 See, in His heavenly smiles appear  
 Such help as nature can not give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood  
 Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow:  
 'Tis only that dear, sacred flood  
 Can ease thy pain and heal thy wo.

STEELE.

## 65.

S. M.

**Y**E trembling captives hear  
 The Gospel trumpet sounds;  
 No music more can charm the ear,  
 Or heal your heartfelt wounds.

2 'Tis not the trump of war,  
 Nor Sinai's awful roar;  
 Salvation's news it spreads afar,  
 And vengeance is no more.

3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,  
Glad heaven aloud proclaims,  
And earth the Jubilee's release  
With eager rapture claims.

4 Far, far to distant lands  
The saving news shall spread,  
And Jesus all His willing bands  
In glorious triumph lead.

---

66.

## III. 2.

**H**EARTS of stone ! relent, relent,  
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;  
See His body, mangled, rent,  
Covered with a gore of blood !  
Sinful soul ! what hast thou done ?  
Crucified God's only Son !

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,  
Driven the nails that fixed Him there,  
Crowned with thorns His sacred head,  
Pierced Him with the bloody spear,  
Made His soul a sacrifice—  
While for sinful man He dies.

3 Wilt thou let Him bleed in vain—  
Still to death thy Lord pursue ?  
Open all his wounds again,  
And the shameful cross renew ?  
No ! with all my sins I'll part,  
Break, oh ! break, my bleeding heart !

67.

L. M.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within  
 Oft whispered to thy secret soul,  
 Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,  
 And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,  
 It was the Spirit's gracious call,  
 It bade thee make the better choice,  
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;  
 Regard in time the warning kind,  
 That call thou mayst not always slight,  
 And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive  
 With hardened, self-destroying men;  
 Ye, who persist His love to grieve,  
 May never hear His voice again.

5 Sinner, perhaps this very day  
 Thy last accepted time may be;  
 Oh! shouldst thou grieve Him now away,  
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

HYDE.

68.

III. 5.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message,  
 Sent in mercy from above?  
 Every sentence, oh! how tender?  
 Every line is full of love;  
 Listen to it:  
 Every line is full of love.

- 2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel  
News from Zion's King proclaim,  
To each rebel sinner, pardon,  
Free forgiveness in His name!  
Glorious tidings!  
Free forgiveness in His name.
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor,  
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,  
And with news of consolation  
Chase away the falling tears:  
Tender heralds,  
Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 Who hath our report believed?  
Who received the joyful word?  
Who embraced the news of pardon,  
Offered to you by the Lord?  
Can you slight it,  
Offered to you by the Lord?
- 5 O ye angels! hovering round us,  
Waiting spirits, speed your way,  
Hasten to the court of heaven,  
Tidings bear without delay:  
Rebel sinners,  
Glad the message will obey.

ALLEN.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousands thoughts revolve;  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve:

- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose ;  
I know His courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,  
And there my guilt confess ;  
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone  
Without His sovereign grace.
- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;  
Perhaps He may command my touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps He will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go,  
I am resolved to try ;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die."

E. JONES.

SINNER, art thou still secure ?  
Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?  
Can thy heart or hands endure  
In the Lord's avenging day ?



- 2 See, His mighty arm is bared !  
Awful terrors clothe His brow ;  
For His judgment stand prepared,  
Thou must either break or bow-
- 3 At His presence nature shakes,  
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee ;  
Solid mountains melt like wax,  
What will then become of thee ?
- 4 Who His advent may abide ?  
You, that glory in your shame,  
Will you find a place to hide  
When the world is wrapt in flame ?
- 5 Lord prepare us by thy grace !  
Soon we must resign our breath,  
And our souls be called to pass  
Through the iron gate of death.
- 6 Let us now our day improve,  
Listen to the Gospel voice,  
Seek the things that are above,  
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

NEWTON.

## 71.

## III. 1.

COME, ye weary souls oppressed,  
Find in Christ the promised rest ;  
On Him all your burdens roll.  
He can wound, and He make whole.

- 2 Ye who dread the wrath of God,  
Come and wash in Jesus' blood ;  
To the Son of David cry,  
In His word He's passing by.

- 3 Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,  
 All your wants in Jesus find ;  
 This the day of mercy is,  
 Now accept the proffered bliss.

DE COURCY.

## 72.

II. 4.

YE dying sons of men,  
 Immersed in sin and wo,  
 The Gospel's voice attend,  
 Which Jesus sends to you:  
 Ye perishing and guilty, come,  
 In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

- 2 No longer now delay,  
 No vain excuses frame ;  
 He bids you come to day,  
 Though poor, and blind, and lame ;  
 All things are ready, sinners, come !  
 For every trembling soul there's room.

- 3 Compelled by bleeding love,  
 Ye wandering souls draw near.  
 Christ calls you from above—  
 His charming accents hear !  
 Let whosoever will, now come ,  
 In mercy's arms there still is room.

BODEN.

## 73.

A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed ?  
 And did my Sovereign die ?  
 Would He devote that sacred head  
 For such a worm as I ?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done  
 He groaned upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When God, the mighty Maker, died,  
 For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
 While His dear cross appears,  
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
 And melt mine eyes in tears.
- 5 But floods of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe:  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
 'Tis all that I can do.

WATTS.

74.

II. 4.

**B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow;  
 The gladly solemn sound  
 Let all the nations know,  
 To earth's remotest bound,  
 The year of jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
 The sin-atonement Lamb;  
 Redemption by His blood  
 Through all the world proclaim:  
 The year, etc.

3 Ye who have sold for naught  
 Your heritage above,  
 Come, take it back unbought,  
 The gift of Jesus' love :  
 The year, etc.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
 Your liberty receive ;  
 And safe in Jesus dwell,  
 And blest in Jesus live :  
 The year, etc.

5 The Gospel trumpet hear,  
 The news of pard'ning grace ;  
 Ye happy souls draw near ;  
 Behold your Saviour's face ;  
 The year, etc.

6 Jesus, our great High-Priest,  
 Has full atonement made ;  
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
 Ye mourning souls, be glad :  
 The year of jubilee has come ;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

TOPLADY.

75.

L. M.

HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,  
 'Tis God invites the fallen race ;  
 Mercy and free salvation buy :  
 Buy wine, and milk, and Gospel grace.

2 Ye nothing in exchange can give ;  
 Leave all ye have and are behind ;  
 Freely the gift of God receive ;  
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

3 See from the rock a fountain rise ;  
For you in healing streams it flows ;  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye lab'ring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Come to the living waters, come !  
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice ;  
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,  
And in redeeming love rejoice.

WESLEY.

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76.

**H**ARK, how the Gospel trumpet sounds !  
Through all the world the echo bounds,  
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,  
Is bringing sinners home to God ;  
And guides them safely by His word  
To endless day.

2 Hail, all-victorious, conq'ring Lord !  
By all the heavenly host adored ;  
Who undertook for fallen man,  
And brought salvation through Thy name ;  
That we with Thee might live and reign  
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conq'ring saints, fight on !  
And when the conquest you have won,  
Then palms of victory you shall bear,  
And in His kingdom have a share,  
And crowns of glory you shall wear  
In endless day.

- 4 There we shall in sweet chorus join,  
 And saints and angels all combine  
 To sing of His redeeming love,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move ;  
 And that shall be the theme above,  
 In endless day.

MEDLEY

77.

II. 6.

STOP, O sinner ! stop, and think,  
 Before you further go !  
 Will you sport upon the brink  
 Of everlasting wo ?  
 Once again we charge you, stop !  
 For unless you warning take,  
 Ere you are aware you drop  
 Into the burning lake.

- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,  
 That you His will oppose ?  
 Fear you not that iron rod  
 With which He breaks His foes ?  
 Can you stand in that dread day,  
 When He judgment shall proclaim,  
 And the earth shall melt away,  
 Like wax before the flame ?

- 3 Pale-faced death will quickly come,  
 To drag you to his bar ;  
 Then to hear your awful doom  
 Will fill you with despair ;  
 All your sins will round you crowd,  
 Sins of a blood-crimson dye ;  
 Each for vengeance crying loud,  
 And what can you reply ?



4 Though your heart be made of steel,  
 Your forehead lined with brass,  
 God at length will make you feel,  
 He will not let you pass :  
 Sinners then in vain will call,  
 (Though they now despise His grace,)  
 "Rocks and mountains on us fall  
 And hide us from His face."

5 But as yet there is a hope  
 You may His mercy know,  
 Though His arm is lifted up,  
 He still forbears the blow :  
 'Twas for sinners Jesus died,  
 Sinners He invites to come ;  
 None who come shall be denied,  
 He says, "There still is room."

NEWTON.

78.

L. M.

*The Young invited.*

TO-DAY, if ye will hear His voice,  
 Now is the time to make your choice ;  
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?  
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no ?

2 Ye wand'ring souls, who find no rest,  
 Say, will you be forever blessed ?  
 Will you be saved from sin and hell ?  
 Will you with Christ in glory dwell ?

3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,  
 Obey the Gospel's joyful sound ;  
 Come, go with us, and you shall prove  
 The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

- 4 Once more we ask you in His name—  
 For yet His love remains the same—  
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go?  
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
- 5 Leave all your sports and glittering toys,  
 Come, share with us eternal joys;  
 Or must we leave you bound to hell?  
 Then, dear young friends, a long farewell.
- 

## 79.

- W**E 're travelling home to heaven above,  
                     Will you go?  
 To sing the Saviour's dying love,  
                     Will you go?  
 Millions have reached that blest abode,  
 Anointed kings and priests to God,  
 And millions more are on the road,  
                     Will you go?
- 2 We 're going to see the bleeding Lamb,  
                     Will you go?  
 In rapturous strains to praise His name,  
                     Will you go?  
 The crown of life we there shall wear,  
 The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,  
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share,  
                     Will you go?
- 3 We are going to join the heavenly choir,  
                     Will you go?  
 To raise our voice and tune the lyre,  
                     Will you go?

There saints and angels gladly sing,  
Hosanna to their God and King,  
And make the heavenly arches ring,  
Will you go?

4 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,  
Will you go?  
In the blest house there still is room,  
Will you go?  
The Lord is waiting to receive,  
If thou wilt on Him now believe,  
Thy troubled conscience He'll relieve,  
Come, believe.

5 The way to heaven is straight and plain,  
Will you go?  
Repent, believe, be born again,  
Will you go?  
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,  
"Take up thy cross and follow me,  
And thou shalt my salvation see,  
Come to me."

6 Oh! could I hear some sinner say,  
I will go,  
I'll go while yet 'tis called to-day,  
Let me go!  
My old companions, fare you well,  
I will not go with you to hell,  
With Jesus Christ I mean to dwell,  
Let me go! fare you well.

## V. THE WAY OF SALVATION.

80.

L. M.

FROM my own works at last I cease,  
For God alone can give me peace;  
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,  
Of my own strength I must despair.

- 2 Lord, I despair myself to heal;  
I see my sins, but can not feel  
True sorrow, till Thy Spirit show  
My unbelief, the source of woe.
- 3 'Tis Thine alone to change this heart;  
Thou only canst good gifts impart;  
I therefore will my heart resign  
To Thee: oh! cleanse, and seal it Thine.
- 4 With humble faith on Thee I call,  
My light, my life, my Lord, my all;  
I wait the moving of the pool;  
I wait the word that makes me whole.
- 5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,  
Make my infected nature pure;  
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,  
And give Thyself unto my heart.

MORAVIAN.

## 81.

L. M.

NO more, my God, I boast no more,  
Of all the duties I have done ;  
I quit the hopes, I held before,  
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

2 Now trusting to His sacred name,  
What was my gain I count my loss ;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to His cross.

3 Yes ; and till death I will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;  
Oh ! may my soul be found in Him,  
And of His righteousness partake !

4 The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not approach before Thy throne ;  
But faith can answer Thy demands,  
By pleading what my Lord has done.

WATTS.

## 82.

C. M.

THE Gospel comes with welcome news  
Of pardon, full and free ;  
Their various schemes while others choose,  
Saviour, we come to Thee.

2 Of merit never can we speak,  
For merit have we none ;  
But justified for Jesus' sake,  
We're saved by grace alone.

- 3 'Twas grace our wayward hearts first won,  
 'Tis grace that holds us fast;  
 Grace will complete the work begun,  
 And save us at the last.

- 4 Then shall our souls with rapture trace  
 The love that set us free,  
 And celebrate redeeming grace  
 Through all eternity

KELLY.

83.

III. 2.

**R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee:  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From Thy riven side which flowed,  
 Be of sin the double cure,  
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labors of my hands  
 Can fulfill Thy laws' demands;  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears forever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone,  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
 Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
 Helpless, come to Thee for grace;  
 Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
 Wash me, Jesus, or I die.



- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death ;  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

TOPLADY.

## 84.

## III. 5.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power ;  
He is able,  
He is willing, doubt no more.

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify ;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh :  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger ;  
Nor of fitness fondly dream :  
All the fitness He requireth,  
Is to feel your need of Him ;  
This He gives you :  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Lost and ruined by the fall,  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all ;  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

- 5 Agonizing in the garden,  
 Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !  
 On the bloody tree behold Him !  
 Hear Him cry, before He dies,  
 "It is finished !"  
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascending,  
 Pleads the merits of His blood ;  
 Venture on Him, venture freely ;  
 Let no other trust intrude :  
 None but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,  
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,  
 While the blissful courts of heaven  
 Sweetly echo with His name :  
 Hallelujah !  
 Sinners here may do the same.

HART.

## 85.

## II. 1.

**A** WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,  
 My soul in guilt and thrall I found,  
 And knew not where to go ;  
 Eternal truth did loud proclaim  
 The sinner must be born again,  
 Or sink in endless wo.

- 2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell  
 Which way to shun the gates of hell,  
 For death and hell drew near.  
 I strove, indeed, but strove in vain ;  
 The sinner must be born again,  
 Still sounded in mine ear.

- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,  
It poured its curses on my head,  
A vast, oppressive load.  
Alas! I read and saw it plain,  
The sinner must be born again,  
Or feel the wrath of God!
- 4 The saints I heard with rapture tell  
How Jesus conquered death and hell,  
And broke the fowler's snare;  
Yet when I found this truth remain,  
The sinner must be born again,  
I sunk in deep despair.
- 5 But while I thus in anguish lay,  
Jesus of Nazareth passed that way,  
And felt His pity move—  
The sinner, by His justice slain,  
Now by His grace is born again,  
And sings redeeming love.

OOKUM.

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86.

- ALL ye that pass by,  
To Jesus draw nigh—  
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?  
Your ransom and peace,  
Your surety He is;  
Come see if there ever was sorrow like His.
- 2 For what you have done  
His blood must atone;  
The Father hath punished for you His dear  
Son:

The Lord, in the day  
 Of His anger, did lay  
 Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them  
 away.

3 For you, and for me,  
 He prayed on the tree ;  
 The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free :  
 That sinner am I,  
 Who on Jesus rely,  
 And come for the pardon God can not deny.

4 My pardon I claim,  
 For sinner I am ;  
 A sinner believing in Jesus's name :  
 He purchased the grace  
 Which now I embrace ;  
 O Father ! thou know'st He has died in my  
 place.

5 Love moved Him to die,  
 On this I rely ;  
 My Saviour hath loved me, I can not tell why :  
 But this thing I find,  
 We two are joined ;  
 He'll not be in glory, and leave me behind.

6 With joy we approve  
 The plan of His love,  
 A wonder to all both below and above :  
 When time is no more,  
 We still shall adore  
 That ocean of love without bottom or shore.

## 87.

L. M.

*The Lord our Righteousness.*

JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;  
'Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise  
To take my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?  
While through Thy blood absolved I am  
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,  
Thus all the armies bought with blood,  
Saviour of sinners, Thee proclaim,  
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

5 This spotless robe the same appears  
When ruined nature sinks in years ;  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The robe of Christ is ever new.

6 Oh ! let the dead now hear Thy voice—  
Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice :  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

ZINZENDORF.

88.

C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,  
Unworthy though I be,  
For me a blood-bought rich reward,  
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,  
And formed by power divine,  
To sound in God the Father's ears  
No other name but Thine.

COWPER.



## 89.

## III. 1.

SOVEREIGN grace hath power alone  
To subdue a heart of stone ;  
And the moment grace is felt,  
Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucified,  
Two transgressors with Him died ;  
One, with vile blaspheming tongue,  
Scoffed at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,  
In the very jaws of death ;  
Perished, as too many do,  
With a Saviour in his view.

4 But the other, touched with grace,  
Saw the danger of his case ;  
Faith received to own his Lord,  
Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.

5 "Lord," he cries, "remember me,  
When in glory thou shalt be :"  
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,  
"Thou shalt rest in Paradise."

6 This was wondrous grace indeed ;  
Grace bestowed in time of need !  
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name ;  
You will find Him still the same.

NEWTON.

## 90.

JUST as I am, without one plea  
 Save that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
 O Lamb of God ! I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
 O Lamb of God ! I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 Fighting within, and fears without,  
 O Lamb of God ! I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind ;  
 Light, riches, healing for the mind—  
 Yes, all I need in Thee I find :  
 O Lamb of God ! I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, forgive :  
 Because Thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God ! I come.

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown,  
 Has broken every barrier down ;  
 Now to Thine arms—Thine arms alone,  
 O Lamb of God ! I come.

## 91.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God ;  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursed load.

2 I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash my crimson stains  
White in His blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains.

3 I lay my wants on Jesus ;  
All fullness dwells in Him ;  
He healeth my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem.

4 I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares ;  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrows shares.

5 I love the name of Jesus,  
Immanuel, Christ the Lord ;  
Like fragrance on the breezes,  
His name is spread abroad.

6 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy Child.

7 I long to be with Jesus,  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints His praises,  
And learn the angel song.

HAIL! sovereign love that first began  
The scheme to rescue fallen man;  
Hail! matchless, free, eternal grace,  
That gave my soul a hiding-place.

- 2 Against the God that built the sky,  
I fought with hands uplifted high;  
Despised the mansions of His grace,  
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 3 Enwrappt in dark, Egyptian night,  
And fond of darkness more than light;  
Madly I ran the sinful race,  
Secure without a hiding-place.
- 4 But lo! the eternal counsel ran,  
Almighty love arrest the man;  
I felt the arrows of distress,  
And found I had no hiding-place.
- 5 Vindictive justice stood in view;  
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;  
But justice cried, with frowning face,  
This mountain is no hiding-place.
- 6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,  
And mercy's angel soon appeared;  
Who led me on a pleasing pace,  
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.
- 7 On Him Almighty vengeance fell,  
Which must have sunk a world to hell;  
He bore it for His chosen race,  
And thus became the hiding-place.

## 93.

## III. 3.

“**M**ERCY, O thou Son of David !”  
Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed :  
“Others by Thy word are saved,  
Now to me afford Thine aid.”

2 Many for his crying chid him,  
But he called the louder still ;  
Till the gracious Saviour bid him  
Come, and ask me what you will.

3 Money was not what he wanted,  
Though by begging used to live ;  
But he asked, and Jesus granted,  
Alms which none but He could give.

4 “Lord, remove this grievous blindness ;  
Let my eyes behold the day !”  
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,  
Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Oh ! methinks I hear him praising,  
Publishing to all around :  
“Friends, is not my case amazing ?  
What a Saviour I have found !

6 “Oh ! that all the blind but knew Him,  
And would be advised by me !  
Surely they would hasten to Him ,  
He would cause them all to see.”

NEWTON

## 94.

## III. 1.

GLORY unto Jesus be !

From the curse He set us free :  
All our guilt on Him was laid,  
He the ransom fully paid.

2 All His glorious work is done ;  
God's well pleased in His Son ;  
For He raised Him from the dead ;  
Christ now reigns, the Church's head.

3 His redeemed His praise show forth,  
Ever glorying in His worth ;  
Angels sing around the throne—  
"Thou art worthy, Thou alone !"

4 Ye who love him, cease to mourn,  
He will certainly return ;  
All His saints with Him shall reign ;  
Come, Lord Jesus, come ! Amen.

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## 95.

## L. M.

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,  
Lost and undone, for aid I flee ;  
Weary of earth, myself and sin—  
Open Thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and save my sin-sick soul,  
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole ;  
Dark, till in me Thine image shine,  
And lost I am till Thou art mine.



- 3 At length I own it can not be,  
That I should fit myself for Thee ;  
Here now to Thee I all resign,  
Thine is the work and only Thine.
- 4 What shall I say Thy grace to move ?  
Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love ;  
I give up every plea beside—  
Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died.
- 

96.

C. M.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus ! at Thy feet,  
A guilty rebel lies ;  
And upward to the mercy-seat  
Presumes to lift his eyes.

- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead,  
To expiate my guilt ;  
No tears but those which Thou hast shed—  
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.
- 4 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord,  
And all my sins forgive :  
Justice will well approve the word  
That bids the sinner live.

STENNETT.

## 97.

AND can it be that I should gain  
 An interest in the Saviour's blood ;  
 Died He for me who caused His pain—  
 For me, who Him to death pursued ?  
 Amazing love, how can it be,  
 That Thou, my Lord, should die for me ?

2 'Tis mystery all ! The Immortal dies ;  
 Who can explore this strange design ?  
 In vain the first-born seraph tries  
 To sound the depths of love divine.  
 'Tis mercy all ! Let earth adore,  
 Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,  
 So free, so infinite His grace,  
 Emptied Himself of all but love,  
 And bled for Adam's helpless race.  
 'Tis mercy all immense and free,  
 For O my God ! it found out me.

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,  
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night ;  
 Thine eye diffused a quickening ray—  
 I woke, the dungeon beamed with light,  
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
 I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread ;  
 Jesus, and all in Him, is mine.  
 Alive in Him, my living Head,  
 And clothed in righteousness divine,  
 Bold I approach the eternal throne,  
 And claim the crown through Christ my own.

98.

C. M

THOU, O my Jesus! Thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace;  
For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
And manifold disgrace.

2 And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony,  
Yes, death itself; and all for one,  
That was Thine enemy.

3 Then, why, O blessed Jesus Christ!  
Should I not love Thee well?  
Not for the hope of winning heaven,  
Nor of escaping hell.

4 Not with the hope of gaining aught,  
Not seeking a reward;  
But as Thyself hast loved me,  
O ever-loving Lord!

5 E'en so I love Thee and will love,  
And in Thy praise will sing;  
Solely because Thou art my God,  
And my eternal King.

F. XAVIER.

99.

C. M.

MERCY alone can meet my case;  
For mercy, Lord, I cry;  
Jesus Redeemer, show Thy face  
In mercy, or I die.

- 2 Save me, for none beside can save ;  
At Thy command I tread,  
With failing steps, life's stormy wave ;  
The wave goes o'er my head.
- 3 I perish, and my doom were just.  
But wilt Thou leave me ? No !  
I hold Thee fast, my hope, my trust ;  
I will not let Thee go.
- 4 To Thee, Thee only will I cleave ;  
Thy word is all my plea ;  
That word is truth, and I believe—  
Have mercy, Lord on me.

MONTGOMERY.

100.

S. M.

- AND can I yet delay  
My little all to give ?  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
For Jesus to receive ?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield !  
I can hold out no more :  
I sink, by dying love compelled,  
And own Thee conqueror !
- 3 Though late, I all forsake,  
My friends, my all resign :  
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh ! take,  
And seal me ever Thine !
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove :  
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul,  
With all Thy weight of love.

- 5 My one desire be this,  
Thy only love to know,  
To seek and taste no other bliss,  
No other good to know.

WESLEY.

## 101.

C. M.

*The Great Change.*

BY every means, in every way,  
My soul shall seek the Lord ;  
At home, abroad, by night, by day,  
Till He His grace afford.

- 2 Does He retire ?—I'll still pursue,  
And mend my heavy pace,  
Till with rejoicing eyes I view  
His lovely, smiling face.

- 3 I with His people will attend,  
Expecting Him to see ;  
Jesus, my Saviour and my friend,  
Oh ! come and visit me !

- 4 Were I of all the world possessed,  
I would the whole resign,  
If I might only once be blest,  
And say that Thou art mine.

## 102.

IV. 4.

OH ! fly, mourning sinner, saith Jesus to me,  
Thy guilt I will pardon—thy soul I will free :  
From the chains that have bound thee my  
grace shall release,  
And thy stains I will wash and thy sorrows  
shall cease.

- 2 Too long, guilty wanderer, too long hast thou  
been  
In the broad road of ruin, in bondage to sin;  
Thee the world has allured, and enslaved, and  
deceived,  
While my counsel thou spurned and my Spirit  
hast grieved.
- 3 Though countless thy sins, and though crimson  
thy guilt,  
Yet for crime such as thine was my blood  
freely spilt;  
Come, sinner, and prove me; come, mourner,  
and see  
The wounds that I bore, when I suffered for  
thee.
- 4 Thou doubt'st not my power, deny not my  
will;  
Come needy, come helpless, thy soul I will  
fill;  
My mercy is boundless; no sinner shall say  
That he sued at my feet, but was driven away.

CHRISTIAN LYRE.

ARISE, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears,  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears:  
Before the throne my surety stands,  
My name is written on His hands.



2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede ;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood, to plead ;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary,  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly plead for me.  
Forgive him, oh ! forgive, they cry,  
Nor let that ransomed sinner die !

4 The Father hears Him pray,  
His dear anointed one ;  
He can not turn away  
The presence of His Son.  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me, I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,  
His pard'ning voice I hear,  
He owns me for His child,  
I can no longer fear ;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

WESLEY.

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104.

II. 3.

NOW I have found the ground wherein  
Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;  
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin  
Before the world's foundations slain ;  
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
When heaven and earth are fled away.

- 2 Father, Thine everlasting grace  
 Our scanty thought surpasses far ;  
 Thy heart still melts with tenderness,  
 Thy arms of love still open are  
 Returning sinners to receive,  
 That mercy they may taste, and live.
- 3 O love, thou bottomless abyss !  
 My sins are swallowed up in Thee ;  
 Covered is my unrighteousness ;  
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me,  
 While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,  
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.
- 4 By faith, I plunge me in this sea,  
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;  
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee ;  
 I look into my Saviour's breast ;  
 Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,  
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,  
 Though strength, and health, and friends be  
     gone,  
 Though joys be withered all and dead,  
 Though every comfort be withdrawn,  
 On this my steadfast soul relies :  
 Father, Thy mercy never dies.
- 6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,  
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;  
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
 When earth's foundations melt away ;  
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
 Loved with an everlasting love.

## 105.

S. M.

*Submission.*

AH! whither should I go,  
Burdened, and sick, and faint;  
To whom should I my troubles show,  
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come;  
Ah! why do I delay?  
He calls the weary sinner home,  
And yet from Him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,  
From which I can not part?  
Which will not let the Saviour take  
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus! the hind'rance show,  
Which I have feared to see;  
And let me now consent to know  
What keeps me back from Thee.

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy saving power display;  
Into its darkest corner shine  
And take the veil away.

WESLEY.

## 106.

C. M.

*Yielding.*

HOW sad our state by nature is!  
Our sin, how deep its stains!  
And Satan binds our captive souls  
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace  
 Sounds from the sacred word:  
 Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,  
 And trust a faithful Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys the gracious call,  
 And runs to this relief:  
 I would believe Thy promise, Lord!  
 Oh! help my unbelief.
- 4 To the blessed fountain of Thy blood,  
 Incarnate God, I fly;  
 Here let me wash my guilty soul  
 From crimes of deepest die.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
 Into Thy arms I fall;  
 Be Thou my strength and righteousness,  
 My Saviour, and my all.

WATTS.

107.

S. M.

YES, the Redeemer's gone  
 To appear before our God;  
 To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne  
 With His atoning blood.

- 2 No fiery vengeance now,  
 No burning wrath comes down;  
 If justice calls for sinners' blood,  
 The Saviour shows His own.
- 3 Before His Father's eye  
 Our humble suit He moves;  
 The Father lays His thunder by,  
 And looks, and smiles, and loves.

- 4 Now may our joyful tongues  
Our Maker's honors sing ;  
Jesus, the priest, receives our songs,  
And bears them to the King.
- 5 We bow before His face,  
And sound His glories high .  
Hosanna to the God of grace,  
Who lays His thunders by.
- 6 On earth Thy mercy reigns,  
And triumphs all above :  
But, Lord ! how weak our mortal strains  
To speak immortal love !

WATTS.

## 108.

## II. 1.

- L ORD, thou hast won, at length I yield ;  
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,  
Surrenders all to Thee ;  
Against Thy terrors long I strove,  
But who can stand against Thy love ?  
Love conquers even me.
- 2 All that a wretch could do, I tried,  
Thy patience scorned, Thy power defied,  
And trampled on Thy laws ;  
Scarcely Thy martyrs at the stake,  
Could stand more steadfast for Thy sake,  
Than I in Satan's cause.
- 3 But since Thou hast Thy love revealed,  
And shown my soul a pardon sealed,  
I can resist no more ;  
Could'st Thou for such a sinner bleed ?  
Canst Thou for such a rebel plead ?  
I wonder and adore !

NEWTON.

109.

S. M.

MY former hopes are fled,  
 My terror now begins ;  
 I feel, alas ! that I am dead  
 In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah ! whither shall I fly ?  
 I hear the thunder roar ;  
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,  
 And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,  
 I dread impending doom :  
 But sure a friendly whisper says,  
 " Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,  
 A glimmering from afar ;  
 A beam of day that shines for me  
 To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the Sun,  
 It marks the pilgrim's way ;  
 I'll gaze upon it while I run,  
 And watch the rising day.

COWPER.

110.

III. 5.

*The Surrender.*

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,  
 Welcome to this heart of mine :  
 Lord, I make a full surrender ;  
 Every power and thought be Thine,  
 Thine entirely,  
 Through eternal ages Thine.



- 2 Known to all shall be Thy mansion,  
Earth and hell will disappear ;  
Or in vain attempt possession,  
When they find the Lord is near :  
Shout, O Zion !  
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here !
- 

## 111.

## IV. 3.

*Saved by Grace.*

- I N songs of sublime adoration and praise,  
Ye pilgrims for Zion who press,  
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of  
days,  
His rich and distinguishing grace.
- 2 His love, from eternity fixed upon you,  
Broke forth and discovered its flame,  
When each with the cords of His kindness  
He drew,  
And brought you to love His great name.
- 3 Oh ! had not He pitied the state you were in,  
Your bosoms His love had ne'er felt ;  
You all would have lived, would have died  
too in sin,  
And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- 4 What was there in you that could merit es-  
teem,  
Or give the Creator delight ?  
'Twas "Even so, Father," you ever must  
sing,  
"Because it seemed good in Thy sight."

5 'Twas all of Thy grace we were brought to  
obey ;

While others were suffered to go  
The road which by nature we chose as our  
way,  
That leads to the regions of wo.

6 Then give all the glory to His holy name,  
To Him all the glory belongs ;

Be yours the high joy still to sound forth His  
fame,

And crown Him in each of your songs.

## VI. PRAYER.

112.

S. M.

**B**EHOLD the throne of grace !  
The promise calls me near ;  
There Jesus shows a smiling face,  
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,  
Which sprinkled round I see,  
Provides for those who come to God  
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,  
Thou canst not be too bold ;  
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,  
What else can He withhold ?

NEWTON.

113.

S. M.

**T**HE praying spirit breathe,  
The watching power impart ;  
From all entanglements beneath  
Call off my anxious heart ;

2 My feeble mind sustain,  
 By worldly thoughts oppressed ;  
 Appear, and bid me turn again  
 To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come,  
 Thine own this moment seize ,  
 Gather my wand'ring spirit home,  
 And keep in perfect peace.

4 Suffered no more to rove  
 O'er all the earth abroad,  
 Arrest the prisoner of Thy love,  
 And shut me up in God.

WESLEY.

## 114.

## III. 1.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
 Jesus loves to answer prayer ;  
 He Himself has bid thee pray,  
 Rise and ask without delay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,  
 Large petitions with thee bring,  
 For His grace and power are such,  
 None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,  
 Lord, remove this load of sin  
 Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,  
 Take possession of my breast ;  
 There Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
 And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;  
As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,  
Every hour my strength renew ;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die Thy people's death.

NEWTON.

## 115.

## III. 3.

JESUS, full of all compassion,  
Hear Thy humble suppliant's cry ;  
Let me know Thy great salvation,  
See, I languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,  
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,  
Prostrate at Thy feet repenting,  
Send, oh ! send me quick relief !

3 Whither should a wretch be flying,  
But to Him who comfort gives ?  
Whither, from the dread of dying,  
But to Him who ever lives ?

4 SAVED—the deed shall spread new glory  
Through the shining realms above ;  
Angels sing the pleasing story,  
All enraptured with Thy love.

TURNER.

116.

L. M.

WHAT various hindrances we meet

In coming to a mercy-seat !

Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there ?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight—  
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright ;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words ? Ah ! think again.  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oftener be,  
“Hear what the Lord hath done for me.”

COWPER.

117.

III. 1.

IN themselves as weak as worms,

How can poor believers stand,

When temptations, foes, and storms

Press them close on every hand ?



2 Weak indeed they feel they are,  
 But they know the throne of grace ;  
 And the God who answers prayer,  
 Helps them when they seek His face.

3 Though the Lord awhile delay,  
 Succor they at length obtain ;  
 He who taught their hearts to pray,  
 Will not let them cry in vain.

4 Wrestling prayer can wonders do,  
 Bring relief in deepest straits ;  
 Prayer can force a passage through  
 Iron bars and brazen gates.

NEWTON.

118.

C. M.

**L**ORD, teach us how to pray aright,  
 With reverence and with fear ;  
 Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,  
 We may, we must draw near :  
 We perish if we cease from prayer,  
 Oh ! grant us power to pray ;  
 And, when to meet Thee we prepare,  
 Lord, meet us by the way.

2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,  
 In weakness, want, and wo,  
 Fightings without, and fear within,  
 Lord, whither shall we go ?  
 God of all grace, we come to Thee,  
 For broken, contrite hearts :  
 Give what Thine eye delights to see,  
 Truth in the inward parts.

- 3 Give deep humility—the sense  
 Of godly sorrow give—  
 A strong desiring confidence  
 To see Thy face and live ;  
 Faith in the only sacrifice  
 That can for sin atone,  
 To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,  
 On Christ—on Christ alone ;
- 4 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,  
 Though mercy long delay—  
 Courage, our fainting souls to keep,  
 And trust Thee, though Thou stay :  
 Give these, and then Thy will be done ;  
 Thus strengthened with all might,  
 We by Thy Spirit, through Thy Son,  
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

MONTGOMERY

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119. L. M.

- SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord ! forgive ;  
 S Let a repenting rebel live :  
 Are not Thy mercies large and free ?  
 May not a sinner trust in Thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass  
 The power and glory of Thy grace :  
 Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,  
 So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 Oh ! wash my soul from every sin,  
 And make my guilty conscience clean ;  
 Here, on my heart the burden lies,  
 And past offenses pain my eyes.

- 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,  
 Against Thy law, against Thy grace ;  
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
 I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
 I must pronounce Thee just, in death :  
 And if my soul were sent to hell,  
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
 Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,  
 Would light on some sweet promise there,  
 Some sure support against despair.

WATTS.

## 120.

L. M.

PRAYER was appointed to convey  
 The blessings God designs to give :  
 Long as they live should Christians pray,  
 For only while they pray they live.

- 2 And shall we in dead silence lie,  
 When Christ stands waiting for our prayer.  
 My soul thou hast a Friend in heaven,  
 Arise and try your interest there.
- 3 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,  
 If cares distract, or fears dismay,  
 If guilt deject, or sins distress,  
 The remedy's before thee—pray.
- 4 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak ;  
 Though thought be broken, language lame,  
 Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,  
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

HART.

121.

S. M.

O THOU, that would'st not have  
 One wretched sinner die,  
 Who diedst Thyself my soul to save  
 From endless misery!  
 Show me the way to shun  
 Thy dreadful wrath severe,  
 That when Thou comest on Thy throne,  
 I may with joy appear.

2 Thou art Thyself the way;  
 Thyself in me reveal;  
 So shall I spend my life's short day  
 Obedient to Thy will:  
 So shall I love my God,  
 Because He first loved me,  
 And praise Thee in Thy bright abode,  
 To all eternity.

WESLEY.

122.

C. M.

L ORD, at Thy feet in dust I lie,  
 And knock at mercy's door;  
 With humble heart and weeping eye,  
 Thy favor I implore.

2 On me, O Lord! do Thou display  
 Thy rich, forgiving love;  
 Oh! take my heinous guilt away,  
 This heavy load remove.

- 3 Without Thy grace I sink oppressed  
 Down to the gates of hell ;  
 Oh ! give my troubled spirit rest,  
 And all my fears dispel.
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy, I implore ;  
 Oh ! may Thy bowels move ;  
 Thy grace is an exhaustless store,  
 And Thou Thyself art love.
- 5 Should I at last in heaven appear,  
 To join Thy saints above,  
 I'll shout that mercy brought me there,  
 And sing Thy bleeding love.

BROWNE.

## 123.

PLEAD Thou, oh ! plead my cause ;  
 Each self-excusing plea  
 My trembling soul withdraws,  
 And flies to Thee :  
 When justice rears her throne,  
 Ah ! who, save Thee alone,  
 May stand, O spotless one !  
 Plead Thou my cause.

- 2 Ah ! plead not aught of mine  
 Before Thine altar thrown ;  
 Fragments—when all is Thine—  
 All—all thine own :  
 Thou see'st what stains they bear ;  
 Oh ! since each tear, each prayer,  
 Hath need of pardon there—  
 Plead Thou my cause.

- 3 With lips that dying breathed  
 Blessings for words of scorn ;  
 With brow where I had wreathed  
 The piercing thorn ;  
 With breast to whose pure tide  
 He did the weapon guide ;  
 Who hath no home beside—  
 Plead Thou my cause.
- 4 Plead when the tempter's art,  
 To each fond hope of mine,  
 Denies this faithless heart  
 Can e'er be thine.  
 If slander whisper, too,  
 The sin I never knew,  
 Thou who could'st urge the true—  
 Plead Thou my cause.
- 5 Oh! plead my cause above ;  
 Plead Thine within my breast ;  
 Till there, thy faithful Dove  
 Shall build her nest.  
 Thou know'st this will how frail,  
 Thou know'st, though language fail,  
 My soul's mysterious tale—  
 Plead Thou my cause.
- 

OH! wond'rous power of faithful prayer,  
 What tongue can tell the almighty grace?  
 God's hands or bound or open are,  
 As Moses or Elijah prays ;  
 Let Moses in the spirit groan,  
 And God cries out, " Let me alone !



- 2 "Let me alone, that all my wrath  
May rise, the wicked to consume !  
While justice hears thy praying faith,  
It can not seal the sinner's doom.  
My Son is in my servant's prayer,  
And Jesus pleads with me to spare."
- 3 Oh ! blessed word of Gospel grace,  
Which now we for our Israel plead,  
A faithless and backsliding race,  
Whom Thou hast out of Egypt freed :  
Oh ! do not, then, in wrath chastise,  
Nor let Thy whole displeasure rise.
- 4 Father, we ask in Jesus' name—  
In Jesus' power and spirit pray—  
Divert Thy vengeful thunder's aim,  
Oh ! turn Thy threatening wrath away ;  
Our guilt and punishment remove,  
And magnify Thy pardoning love.
- 5 Father, regard Thy pleading Son,  
Accept His all-availing prayer,  
And send a peaceful answer down,  
In honor of Thy Surety there,  
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,  
And speaks Thy rebels up to heaven.

WESLEY.

I LOVE to steal awhile away,  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear ;  
And all His promises to plead,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore ;  
My cares and sorrows all to cast  
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 And when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

BROWNE.

## 126.

## III. 1.

THEY who seek the throne of grace,  
Find that throne in every place ;  
If we live a life of prayer,  
God is present everywhere.

- 2 In our sickness and our health,  
In our want, and in our wealth,  
If we look to God in prayer,  
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,  
When the woes of life prevail,  
'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;  
God is present everywhere.

- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,  
To Thy Father come and wait ;  
He will answer every prayer,  
God is present everywhere.
- 

## 127.

C. M.

THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord !

I In Thee I fix my trust,  
Encouraged by Thy holy word,  
A feeble child of dust.

2 I have no argument beside,  
I urge no other plea,  
And 'tis enough—the Saviour died,  
The Saviour died for me.

3 When storms of fierce temptation beat,  
And furious foes assail,  
My refuge is the mercy seat,  
My hope within the veil.

4 From strife of tongues and bitter words,  
My Spirit flies to Thee ;  
Joy to my heart the thought affords—  
My Saviour died for me.

5 And when Thy awful voice commands  
This body to decay,  
And life, in its last lingering sands,  
Is ebbing fast away ;

6 Then, though it be in accents weak,  
My voice shall call on Thee,  
And ask for strength in death to speak—  
“ My Saviour died for me.”

RAFFLES.

128.

L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
 From every swelling tide of woes,  
 There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
 The oil of gladness on our heads,  
 A place than all besides more sweet  
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet,  
 Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Oh! may my hand forget her skill,  
 My tongue be silent, cold, and still;  
 This bounding heart forget to beat  
 Ere I forget the mercy-seat.

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,  
 And sin and sense molest no more;  
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
 While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

STOWELL.

129.

III. 1.

NAY! I will not let Thee go,  
 Till a blessing Thou bestow;  
 Do not turn away Thy face,  
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

- 2 Once a sinner near despair,  
Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer;  
Mercy heard and set him free—  
Lord! that mercy came to me.
- 3 Many days have passed since then,  
Many changes I have seen;  
Yet have been upheld till now;  
Who could hold me up but Thou?
- 4 Thou hast helped in every need—  
This emboldens me to plead;  
After so much mercy past,  
Canst Thou let me sink at last?
- 5 No I must maintain my hold;  
'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold;  
I can no denial take,  
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

NEWTON.

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130.*Prayer to the Trinity.*

COME, Thou Almighty King!  
Help us Thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise.  
Father! all glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come, and reign over us,  
Ancient of days.

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,  
 Gird on Thy mighty sword,  
     Our prayer attend :  
 Come, and Thy people bless,  
 And give Thy word success,  
 Spirit of holiness ;  
     On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter !  
 Thy sacred witness bear  
     In this glad hour !  
 Thou who Almighty art,  
 Now rule in every heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
     Spirit of power !

4 To the great Trinity  
 The highest praises be,  
     Hence evermore !  
 His sovereign majesty  
 May we in glory see  
 And to eternity,  
     Love and adore.



## VII. PRAISE.

131.

II. 4.

**R**EJOICE, the Lord is King ;  
Your God and King adore :  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore ;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns  
The God of truth and love ;  
When He had purged our stains,  
He took His seat above ;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom can not fail—  
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;  
The keys of earth and hell  
Are to our Jesus given ;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to His command,  
And fall beneath His feet ;  
Lift your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

- 5 We all His foes shall quell,  
 And all our sins destroy;  
 Let every bosom swell  
 With pure seraphic joy;  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;  
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
 Jesus the Judge shall come,  
 And take His servants up  
 To their eternal home;  
 We soon shall hear the arch-angel's voice,  
 The trump of God shall sound—rejoice!

WESLEY.

## 132.

PRAISE ye Jehovah's name,  
 Praise through His courts proclaim,  
 Rise and adore!  
 High o'er the heavens above,  
 Sound His great acts of love,  
 While His rich grace we prove,  
 Vast as His power.

- 2 Now let the trumpet raise  
 Sounds of triumphant praise,  
 Wide as His fame;  
 Then let the harp be found,  
 Organs with solemn sound,  
 Roll your deep notes around,  
 Filled with His name.
- 3 While His high praise you sing,  
 Shake every sounding string;  
 Sweet the accord!

He vital breath bestows,  
Let every breath that flows,  
His noblest fame disclose :  
Praise ye the Lord.

W. GOODE.

## 133.

## II. 1.

OH ! could I speak the matchless worth,  
Oh ! could I sound the glories forth,  
Which in my Saviour shine :  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings  
And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin and wrath divine :  
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect heavenly dress,  
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,  
And all the forms of love He wears,  
Exalted on His throne ;  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see His face ;  
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in His grace.

MEDLEY.

## 134.

L. M.

NOW let us join with hearts and tongues  
 And emulate the angels' song !  
 Yea, sinners may address their King,  
 In songs which angels can not sing.

- 2 They praise the Lamb which once was slain ;  
 But we can add a higher strain,  
 Not only say, " He suffered thus,"  
 But that " He suffered all for us."
- 3 Jesus who passed the angels by,  
 Assumed our flesh to bleed and die,  
 And still He makes it His abode—  
 As Man he fills the throne of God.
- 4 Our next of kin our Brother now,  
 Is He to whom the angels bow ;  
 They join with us to praise His name,  
 But we the nearest interest claim.
- 5 But ah ! how faint our praises rise ;  
 Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies,  
 That we who share His richest love  
 So cold and unconcerned should prove.
- 6 O glorious hour ! it comes with speed,  
 When we from sin and darkness freed,  
 Shall see the God who died for man,  
 And praise Him more than angels can.

## 135.

C. M.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay ;  
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,  
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire,  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo rolled ;  
The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky,  
The impetuous torrent ran ;  
And angels flew with eager joy,  
To bear the news to man.

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,  
"Glory to God on high ;  
Good will and peace are now complete,  
Jesus was born to die."

6 Hail, Prince of Life! forever hail!  
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!  
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,  
Thy praise shall never end.

7 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,  
And Glory leads the song:  
Good will and peace are heard throughout  
The harmonious heavenly throng.

MEDLEY.

## 136.

C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
A Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him—Lord of all.

2 Crown Him ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from His altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him—Lord of all.

3 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David, Lord did call;  
The God incarnate! man divine!  
And crown Him—Lord of all.

4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him—Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him—Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him—Lord of all.

DUNCAN



## 137.

## III. 1.

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,  
While Jehovah's praise we sing;  
Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Be Thy glorious name adored.

2 Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear  
Can our humble praises hear;  
Purer praise we hope to bring,  
When with saints above we sing.

3 Lead us to that blissful state;  
Where Thou reign'st supremely great,  
Look with pity from Thy throne,  
Send Thy Holy Spirit down.

4 While on earth ordained to stay,  
Guide our footsteps in the way,  
Till we come to reign with Thee,  
And Thy glorious greatness see.

5 Then in joyful songs of praise,  
We'll our grateful voices raise;  
Lord, Thy mercies never fail;  
Hail, Celestial Goodness, hail!

## 138.

## C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheering beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and (oh! amazing love!)  
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste He fled;  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break!  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told!

WATTS.

## 139.

S. M.

**A**WAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2 Sing of His dying love;  
Sing of His rising power:  
Sing how He intercedes above,  
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our heart  
Ascending with our tongue;  
Sing, till the love of sin depart,  
And grace inspire our song.

- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day,  
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear Him say,  
"Ye blessed children, come :"  
Soon will He call us hence away,  
And take His wanderers home.
- 6 Soon shall our raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim ;  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HAMMOND.

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140.

II. 4.

ON earth the song begins,  
In heaven more sweet, more loud,  
To Him that drowns our sins  
In His atoning blood ;  
"To Him," they cry in rapturous strain,  
"Be honor, peace, and power—Amen !"

- 2 Ye saints on earth, repeat,  
What heaven with rapture owns ;  
And while before His feet  
The elders cast their crowns,  
Go, imitate the choirs above,  
And tell the world your Saviour's love.

- 3 Sing as ye pass along—  
 With joy and wonder sing,  
 Till others learn the song,  
 And own your Lord their King :  
 Till converts join you, as ye go,  
 And make a growing heaven below.
- 4 Inform the list'ning world  
 How Jesus, when He fell,  
 The powers of darkness hurled  
 Down to the depths of hell ;  
 And rising, bore the rescued prize,  
 His Church, in triumph through the skies.
- 5 Our feeble minds are lost  
 Beneath the lofty strain ;  
 But Jordan's billows crossed,  
 We'll catch the sound again,  
 In praise assist the heavenly choir,  
 Nor ever stop, nor ever tire.

## 141.

## III. 4.

- LET us love, and sing, and wonder ;  
 Let us praise the Saviour's name :  
 He has hushed the law's loud thunder,  
 He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame ;  
 He has washed us with His blood,  
 He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,  
 Dying for our rebel race ;  
 Called us by His Word, and taught us  
 By the Spirit of His grace :  
 He has washed us with His blood,  
 He presents our souls to God.

- 3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation  
Threaten hard to bear us down ;  
For the Lord, our strong salvation,  
Holds in view the conq'ror's crown ;  
He who washed us with His blood,  
Soon will bring us home to God.
- 4 Let us praise, and join the chorus  
Of His saints enthroned on high ;  
Here, they trusted Him before us,  
Now their praises fill the sky :  
"Thou hast washed us with Thy blood ;  
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God !"

NEWTON.

## VIII. CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

## WARFARE, TRIALS, HOPES.

142.

S. M.

URGE on your rapid course,  
 Ye blood-besprinkled bands;  
 The heavenly kingdom suffers force;  
 'Tis seized by violent hands:  
 See there the starry crown  
 That glitters through the skies;  
 Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,  
 And take the glorious prize.

- 2 Through much distress and pain,  
 Through many a conflict here,  
 Through blood, ye must the entrance gain,  
 Yet oh! disdain to fear:  
 Courage, your Captain cries,  
 (Who all your toil foreknew,)  
 Toil ye shall have, yet all despise;  
 I have o'ercome for you.
- 3 The world can not withstand  
 Its ancient Conqueror;  
 The world must sink beneath the Hand  
 Which arms us for the war:



This is the victory—  
 Before our faith they fall ;  
 Jesus hath died for you and me ;  
 Believe, and conquer all.

WESLEY.

143.

S. M.

ANGELS your march oppose  
 Who still in strength excel,  
 Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,  
 Countless, invisible ;  
 From thrones of glory driven,  
 By flaming vengeance hurled,  
 They throng the air, and darken heaven,  
 And rule this lower world.

2 But shall believers fear ?  
 But shall believers fly ?  
 Or see the bloody cross appear,  
 And all their powers defy ?  
 By all hell's host withstood,  
 We all hell's host o'erthrow ;  
 And conquering them through Jesus' blood,  
 We on to conquer go.

WESLEY.

144.

S. M.

OH! may Thy powerful word  
 Inspire a feeble worm  
 To rush into Thy kingdom, Lord,  
 And take it as by storm.

- 2 Oh! may we all improve  
 The grace already given,  
 To seize the crown of perfect love,  
 And scale the mount of heaven.

WESLEY.

## 145.

L. M.

"TIS not too arduous an essay,  
 To tread, resolved, the Gospel way;  
 The sensual nature to control,  
 And warm with purer fire the soul.

- 2 Nature will raise up all her strife,  
 Reluctant to the heavenly life;  
 Loth in a Saviour's death to share,  
 Her daily cross compelled to bear.
- 3 But grace omnipotent at length  
 Shall arm the saint with saving strength;  
 Through the sharp war with aids attend,  
 And his long conflict sweetly end.
- 4 Act but the infant's gentle part;  
 Give up to love thy willing heart;  
 No fondest parent's tender breast  
 Yearns like thy God's to make thee blest.
- 5 Thy sovereign Father, good and kind,  
 Wants but to have His child resigned;  
 Wants but thy yielded heart—no more—  
 Thee with His richest grace to store.

LUTHER.

146.

C. M.

- A** M I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Shall I be carried to the skies  
On flow'ry beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face,  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vain world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:  
Increase my courage, Lord,  
To bear the cross, endure the shame,  
Supported by Thy word.
- 5 The saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
With faith's discerning eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all Thine armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

WATTS.

147.

C. M.

YE glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu !  
 A nobler choice be mine ;  
 A real prize attracts my view,  
 A treasure all divine. .

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,  
 Ye specious baits of sense ;  
 Inestimable worth appears,  
 The pearl of price immense !

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,  
 O name divinely sweet !  
 Jesus in Thee, in Thee alone,  
 Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,  
 Their boasted stores resign,  
 With joy I would renounce them all,  
 For leave to call Thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,  
 Of this dear gift possessed,  
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,  
 And be forever blessed.

6 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,  
 Thy love is bliss divine ;  
 Accept the praise Thy grace inspires,  
 Since I can call Thee mine !

STEELE.

148.

C. M.

JESUS! the very thought of Thee,  
With sweetness fills my breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,  
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart!  
O joy of all the meek!  
To those who fall how kind Thou art!  
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of Jesus, what it is,  
None but His loved ones know.

ST. BERNARD.

149.

S. M.

MY soul, be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
And hosts of sin are pressing hard,  
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh! watch, and fight, and pray,  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.

- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
 Nor once at ease sit down;  
 Thy arduous work will not be done,  
 Till thou hast got thy crown.

HEATH.

## 150.

L. M.

AND be it so, that till this hour  
 We never knew what faith has meant;  
 Deceived by sin and Satan's power,  
 Have never felt these hearts relent.

- 2 What shall we do? Shall we lie down,  
 Sink in despair, and groan, and die?  
 And rest beneath the Almighty's frown,  
 Nor glance one cheerful hope on high?

- 3 Forbid it, Saviour! To Thy grace,  
 As *sinner*s, strangers now we come!  
 Among Thy saints we ask a place,  
 For in Thy mercy there is room.

- 4 Lord, we believe. Oh! chase away  
 The gloomy clouds of unbelief.  
 Lord, we repent. Oh! let Thy ray  
 Dissolve our hearts in sacred grief.

- 5 Now spread the banner of Thy love,  
 And let us know that we are Thine;  
 Cheer us with blessings from above,  
 With all the joys of hope divine.

S'MEON.



## 151.

L. M.

*Contentment.*

- O** THOU, by long experience tried,  
Near whom no grief can long abide,  
My Lord, with Thee, in sweet content,  
I pass my years of banishment.
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove,  
To souls impressed with sacred love ;  
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee,  
In heaven, on earth, or on the sea.
- 3 To me remains nor place nor time,  
My country is in ev'ry clime ;  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none ;  
But with my God to guide my way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 5 Could I be cast where Thou art not,  
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;  
But regions none remote I call,  
Secure of finding God in all.

GUTH.

## 152.

C. M.

**J**ESUS hath died that I might live,  
Might live to God alone ;  
In Him eternal life receive ;  
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank Thee for the grace,  
 The gift unspeakable ;  
 And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,  
 And all Thy love to feel.

3 Give me Thyself: from every boast,  
 From every wish set free ;  
 Let all I am in Thee be lost,  
 But give Thyself to me.

4 Thy gifts, alas ! can not suffice,  
 Unless Thyself be given ;  
 Thy presence makes my paradise ;  
 And where Thou art is heaven.

WESLEY.

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 153.

C. M.

O H ! for a faith that will not shrink,  
 Though pressed by every foe,  
 That will not tremble on the brink  
 Of any earthly woe !

2 That will not murmur nor complain  
 Beneath the chastening rod ;  
 But in the hour of grief or pain  
 Will lean upon its God ;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
 When tempests rage without ;  
 That when in danger knows no fear,  
 In darkness feels no doubt ;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,  
 Nor heeds its scornful smile ;  
 That seas of trouble can not drown,  
 Nor Satan's arts beguile ;

- 5 A faith that keeps this narrow way  
Till life's last hour is fled,  
And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Lights up a dying bed.
- 6 Lord give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll taste e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.
- 

## 154.

S. M.

- I**N true and patient hope,  
My soul, on God attend;  
And calmly, confidently look  
Till He salvation send.
- 2 I shall His goodness see,  
While on His name I call;  
He will defend and strengthen me,  
And I shall never fall.
- 3 Jesus, to Thee I fly,  
My refuge and my tower;  
Upon Thy faithful love rely,  
And find Thy saving power.
- 4 Angels in bright attire  
Conduct Him through the skies;  
Darkness and tempest, smoke and fire,  
Attend Him as He flies.
- 5 How awful is the sight!  
How loud the thunders roar!  
The sun forbears to give His light,  
The stars are seen no more.

- 6 The whole creation groans ;  
 But saints arise and sing ,  
 They are the ransomed of the Lord,  
 And He their God and King.

WESLEY.

## 155.

C. M.

FAR from the world, O Lord ! I flee,  
 From strife and tumult far ;  
 From scenes where Satan wages still  
 His most successful war.  
 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
 With prayer and praise agree ;  
 And seem by Thy free bounty made  
 For those who follow Thee.

- 2 There, if Thy spirit touch the soul,  
 And grace her mean abode ;  
 Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love,  
 She communes with her God !  
 There, like the nightingale, she pours  
 Her solitary lays ;  
 Nor asks a witness of her song,  
 Nor thirsts for human praise.

- 3 Author and Guardian of my life !  
 Sweet source of light divine,  
 And—all harmonious names in one—  
 My Saviour, Thou art mine !  
 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love—  
 A boundless, endless store,  
 Shall echo through the realms above,  
 When time shall be no more.

COWPER.

## 156.

L. M.

**F**OUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,  
What need I, that is not in Thee ?  
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,  
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill the heart with fear ?  
'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near ;  
Am I with dread of justice tried ?  
'Tis sweet to feel that Christ hath died.

3 In life Thy promises of aid,  
Forbid my heart to be afraid ;  
In death, peace gently veils the eyes ;  
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

4 O all sufficient Saviour ! be  
This all-sufficiency to me ;  
Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm  
The weakest, shielded by Thine arm.

COLLIER.

## 157.

III. 1.

**C**HRIST, of all my hopes the ground,  
Christ, the spring of all my joy ;  
Still in Thee let me be found,  
Still for Thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace !  
Freely from Thy fullness give ;  
Till I close my earthly race  
Be it " Christ for me to live !"

- 3 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,  
 Nothing shall my heart confound ;  
 Safely I shall pass the flood,  
 Safely reach Immanuel's ground.
- 4 When I touch the blessed shore,  
 Back the closing waves shall roll ;  
 Death's dark stream shall never more  
 Part from Thee my ravished soul.
- 5 Thus, oh ! thus, an entrance give  
 To the land of cloudless sky ;  
 Having known it, " Christ to live,"  
 Let me know it, " gain to die."

WINDHAM.

## 158.

## II. 1.

**H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot ;  
 How free from every anxious thought,  
 From worldly hope and fear !  
 Confined to neither court nor cell,  
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell ;  
 He only sojourns here.

- 2 This happiness in part is mine,  
 Already saved from low design,  
 From every creature-love ;  
 Blest with scorn of finite good,  
 My soul is lightened of its load,  
 And seeks the things above.
- 3 There is my house and portion fair ;  
 My treasure and my heart are there,  
 And my abiding home ;



For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come.

- 4 I come, Thy servant, Lord, replies ;  
I come to meet Thee in the skies,  
And claim my heavenly rest ;  
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end ;  
Thou, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
Receive me to Thy breast.

J. WESLEY.

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159.

COME, let us ascend, my companion and  
friend,  
To taste of the banquet above ;  
If thy heart be as mine, if for Jesus it pine,  
Come up into the chariot of love.

- 2 We in Jesus confide, and are bold to outride  
The storms of affliction beneath ;  
With the Prophet we soar to the heavenly  
shore,  
And outfly all the arrows of death.

- 3 By faith we are come to our permanent home ;  
By hope we the rapture improve ;  
By love we still rise, and look down on the  
skies,  
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 What a rapturous song, when the glorified  
 throng,  
 In the spirit of harmony join !  
 Join all the glad choirs, hearts, voices and  
 lyres,  
 And the burden is mercy divine.

5 Hallelujah they cry to the King of the sky,  
 To the great everlasting I AM,  
 To the Lamb that was slain, and that liveth  
 again,  
 Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

WESLEY.

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 160.

C. M.

MY span of life will soon be done,  
 The passing moments say ;  
 As length'ning shadows o'er the mead,  
 Proclaim the close of day.

2 Oh ! that my heart might dwell aloof  
 From all created things ;  
 And learn that wisdom from above,  
 Whence true contentment springs.

3 Courage, my soul, thy bitter cross,  
 In every trial here,  
 Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,  
 But shall not enter there.

4 The sighing ones, that humbly seek  
 In sorrowing paths below,  
 Shall in eternity rejoice,  
 Where endless comforts flow.

5 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,  
Of sublunary care,  
And life's dull vanities no more  
This anxious breast ensnare.

6 Courage, my soul; on God rely;  
Deliv'rance soon will come;  
A thousand ways has providence  
To bring believers home.

MRS. COWPER.

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161.

S. M.

JUST o'er the grave I hung;  
No pardon met my eyes;  
As blessings never greet the slain,  
And hope shall never rise.

2 Sweet mercy to my soul  
Revealed no charming ray;  
Before me rose a long, dark night,  
With no succeeding day.

3 I saw beyond the tomb,  
The awful Judge appear,  
Prepared to scan with strict account  
My blessing wasted here.

4 His wrath, like flaming fire,  
Burned to the lowest hell;  
And in that hopeless world of woe  
He bade my spirit dwell.

5 My friends, now friends no more,  
At infinite remove,  
Left me to gain their rich reward,  
And taste forgiving love.

- 6 Then to the Lord I cried—  
 He saved my soul from death;  
 To Him I'll give my heart and hands,  
 And consecrate my breath.

DWIGHT.

## 162.

## III. 2.

JESUS lives, and so shall I;  
 Death! thy sting is gone forever!  
 He, who deigned for me to die,  
 Lives, the bands of death to sever.  
 He shall raise me with the just;  
 Jesus is my hope forever.

- 2 Jesus lives, and by His grace  
 Victory o'er my passions giving;  
 I will cleanse my heart and ways,  
 Ever to His glory living.  
 The weak He raises from the dust;  
 Jesus is my hope and trust.

- 3 Jesus lives, and I am sure  
 Naught shall e'er from Jesus sever;  
 Satan's wiles and Satan's power,  
 Pain or pleasure—ye shall never!  
 Christian armor can not rust;  
 Jesus is my hope and trust.

- 4 Jesus lives, and death is now  
 But my entrance into glory.  
 Courage! then, my soul, for thou  
 Hast a crown of life before thee!  
 Thou shalt find thy hopes were just;  
 Jesus is the Christian's trust.

GELLERT.

## 163.

L. M.

SUN of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear !  
It is not night if Thou be near ;  
Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep,  
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,  
Be my last thought : How sweet to rest  
Forever on my Saviour's breast !

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I can not live ;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take ;  
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,  
We lose ourselves, in heaven above.

KEBLE.

## 164.

C. M.

GOD'S glory is a wondrous thing,  
Most strange in all its ways,  
And of all things on earth, least like  
What men agree to praise.

2 Oh ! blessed is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field, when He  
Is most invisible !

- 3 Workman of God, oh ! lose not heart,  
 But learn what God is like ;  
 And in the darkest battle-field  
 Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 4 And blessed is he who can divine  
 Where real right doth lie,  
 And dares to take the side that seems  
 Wrong to man's blindfold eye.
- 5 Oh ! learn to scorn the praise of men.  
 Oh ! learn to lose with God.  
 For Jesus won the world through shame,  
 And beckons thee His road.

LYRA CATH.

## 165.

**H**ASTE, my dull soul, arise,  
 Cast off thy care,  
 Press to thy native skies,  
 Mighty in prayer.  
 Jesus has gone before,  
 Count all thy troubles o'er,  
 He who thy burden bore,  
 Jesus is there.

- 2 Soul for the marriage feast  
 Robe and prepare,  
 Purenness becomes each guest ;  
 Jesus is there.  
 Saints, wave your victory palms,  
 Chant your celestial psalms ;  
 Bride of the Lamb, thy charms.  
 Oh ! let us wear.



- 3 Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure,  
Glory is there ;  
Heaven's bliss is ever sure,  
Thou art its heir.  
What makes its joy complete ?  
What makes its hymns so sweet ?  
There our best Friend we'll meet,  
Jesus is there.
- 

166.

II. 4.

- TO God I lift my eyes,  
From Him is all my aid,  
The God that built the skies,  
And earth and nature made ;  
God is the tower to which I fly,  
His grace is nigh in every hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,  
And fall in fatal snares,  
Since God, my guard and guide,  
Defends me from my fears ;  
Those wakeful eyes that never sleep,  
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,  
Nor blasts of evening air,  
Shall take my health away,  
If God be with me there.  
Thou art my sun and Thou my shade,  
To guard my head by night or noon,

- 4 Hast thou not given thy word  
 To save my soul from death ?  
 And I can trust my Lord  
 To keep my mortal breath :  
 I'll go and come, nor fear to die,  
 Till from on high Thou call me home.

WATTS.

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 167.

- “**T**HY will be done !” In devious way  
 The hurrying stream of life may run ;  
 Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,  
 “Thy will be done.”

- 2 “Thy will be done !” If o’er us shine  
 A gladd’ning and a prosperous sun,  
 This prayer will make it more divine—  
 “Thy will be done !”

- 3 “Thy will be done !” Though shrouded o’er  
 Our path with gloom, one comfort—one  
 Is ours ; to breathe, while we adore,  
 “Thy will be done !”

BOWRING

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 168.

- M**Y God, my Father, while I stray  
 Far from my home on life’s rough way,  
 Oh ! teach me from my heart to say,  
 “Thy will be done.”

- 2 If Thou should'st call me to resign  
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine ;  
I only yield Thee what was Thine !  
“Thy will be done.”
- 3 E'en if again I ne'er should see  
The friend more dear than life to me,  
Ere long we both shall be with Thee—  
“Thy will be done.”
- 4 Should pining sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father, still I strive to say,  
“Thy will be done.”
- 5 If but my fainting heart be blest,  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest—  
“Thy will be done.”
- 6 Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
“Thy will be done.”
- 7 Then when on earth I breathe no more,  
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
“Thy will be done.”

I WAS a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold,  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled.

- 2 I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home,  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.
- 3 The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child,  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er desert waste, and wild.
- 4 He found me nigh to death,  
Famished and faint and lone;  
He bound me with the bands of love,  
He saved the wandering one.
- 5 He washed my filth away,  
He made me clear and fair,  
He brought me to my home in peace,  
The long-sought wanderer.
- 6 Jesus my shepherd is,  
'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole.
- 7 'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep,  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis He that still doth keep.
- 8 I was a wandering sheep,  
I would not be controlled;  
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold.
- 9 I was a wayward child,  
I once preferred to roam;  
But now I love my Father's voice,  
I love, I love His home.

## 170.

## III. 1.

WE are pilgrims on the earth,  
Journeying onward from our birth,  
Every hour and every breath  
Bring us nearer still to death.

- 2 But beyond that vale of fears  
Lies the land that knows no tears,  
Where our steps no more may roam;  
Brethren, we are going home!
- 3 Home to long-lost friends, and dear,  
Who were missed and mourned for here;  
Home to endless peace and love,  
In our Father's house above!
- 4 Shall poor trifles by the way  
Tempt our hearts or steps to stray  
From the narrow path and straight,  
Leading to the golden gate!
- 5 No, our faith hath One in view  
Who was once a pilgrim too;  
From His track we will not roam,  
For to Christ we're going home.
- 

## 171.

## S. M.

IS this the kind return?  
Are these the thanks we owe?  
Thus to abuse Eternal Love,  
Whence all our blessings flow!

- 2 To what a stubborn frame  
Has sin reduced our mind !  
What strange rebellious creature we !  
And God as strangely kind !
- 3 Turn, turn us, mighty God !  
And mould our souls afresh !  
Break, Sov'reign Grace, these hearts of  
stone,  
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 4 Let past ingratitude  
Provoke our weeping eyes ;  
And hourly as new mercies fall  
Let hourly thanks arise.

WATTS.

172.

II. 6.

AH! I shall soon be dying—  
Time swiftly glides away,  
But on my Lord relying,  
I hail the happy day ;  
The day when I shall enter  
Upon a world unknown ;  
My helpless soul I venture,  
On Jesus Christ alone.

- 2 He once a spotless victim,  
Upon Mount Calvary bled ;  
Jehovah did afflict Him,  
And bruise him in my stead ;  
Hence all my hope arises,  
Unworthy as I am,  
My soul most surely prizes  
The sin-atoning Lamb.



- 3 Soon with the saints in glory,  
The grateful song I'll raise,  
And chant my blissful story  
In high seraphic lays ;  
Free grace, redeeming merit,  
And sanctifying love,  
Of Father, Son, and Spirit,  
I'll sing in realms above.
- 

173.

III. 1.

**D**ARKNESS overspreads us here,  
But the night wears fast away,  
Jacob's star will soon appear,  
Leading on eternal day.

- 2 Now 'tis time to rouse from sleep,  
Trim our lamps and stand prepared,  
For our Lord strict watch to keep,  
Lest He find us off our guard.
- 3 Though already saved by grace,  
From the hour we first believed,  
Yet while sin and war have place,  
We have but a part received.
- 4 Still we for salvation wait,  
Every hour it nearer comes ;  
Death will break the prison gate,  
And admit us to our homes.

174.

II. 3.

STRANGE and mysterious is my life.  
 What opposites I feel within !  
 A stable peace, a constant strife ;  
 The rule of grace, the power of sin :  
 Too often I am captive led,  
 Yet daily triumph in my Head.

- 2 I prize the privilege of prayer,  
 But oh ! what backwardness to pray !  
 Though on the Lord I cast my care,  
 I feel its burden every day ;  
 I seek His will in all I do,  
 Yet find my own is working too.
- 3 I call the promises my own,  
 And prize them more than mines of  
 gold ;  
 Yet though their sweetness I have known,  
 They leave me unimpressed and cold :  
 One hour upon the truth I feed,  
 The next I know not what I read.
- 4 I love the holy day of rest,  
 When Jesus meets His gathered saints ;  
 Sweet day, of all the week the best !  
 For its return my spirit pants ;  
 Yet often through my unbelief,  
 It proves a day of guilt and grief.
- 5 While on my Saviour I rely,  
 I know my foes shall lose their aim,  
 And therefore dare their power defy,  
 Assured of conquest through His name ;  
 But soon my confidence is slain,  
 And all my fears return again.

- 6 Thus different powers within me strive,  
And grace and sin by turns prevail;  
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,  
And victory hangs in doubtful scale:  
But Jesus has His promise passed,  
That grace shall overcome at last.

NEWTON.

175.

C. M.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to Thee,  
No other help I know;  
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,  
Ah! whither shall I go?

- 2 What did Thine only Son endure,  
Before I drew my breath!  
What pain, what labor, to secure  
My soul from endless death!
- 3 O Jesus! could I this believe,  
I now should feel Thy power;  
Now my poor soul Thou wouldst retrieve,  
Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift  
My weary, longing eyes:  
Oh! let me now receive that gift;  
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;  
Oh! speak, and I shall live;  
And here I will unwearied lie,  
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,  
 Could they but see Thy face :  
 Oh ! let me hear Thy quick'ning voice,  
 And taste Thy pard'ning grace !

WESLEY

176.

L. M.

**B**ESET with snares on every hand,  
 In life's uncertain path I stand ;  
 Saviour, divine, diffuse Thy light,  
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

- 2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,  
 To fix on Mary's better part ;  
 To scorn the trifles of a day,  
 For joys that none can take away.

- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,  
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;  
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,  
 But all my treasures with me bear.

- 4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,  
 Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;  
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,  
 To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

DODDRIDGE.

## 177.

## II. 1.

THOU God of glorious majesty,  
To Thee, against myself to Thee,  
A worm of earth I cry;  
A half-awakened child of man,  
An heir of endless bliss or pain,  
A sinner born to die.

2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand :  
Yet how insensible.

A point of time, a moment's space,  
Removes me to yon heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God ! my inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtless heart  
Eternal things impress ;  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And save me e'er it be too late—  
Awake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in bright array  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When Thou with clouds shalt come  
To judge the nations at Thy bar ;  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there  
To meet a joyful doom.

5 Be this my one great business here,  
With holy trembling, holy fear,  
To make my calling sure ;  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,  
And suffer all Thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.

- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,  
 Transported from this vale, to live  
 And reign with Thee above,  
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
 And hope in full supreme delight,  
 And everlasting love.

WESLEY.

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178.

MY faith looks up to Thee,  
 Thou Lamb of Calvary!  
 Saviour divine!

Now hear me while I pray,  
 Take all my guilt away,  
 Oh! let me, from this day,  
 Be wholly Thine.

- 2 May Thy rich grace impart  
 Strength to my fainting heart,  
 My zeal inspire;  
 As Thou hast died for me,  
 Oh! may my love to Thee,  
 Pure, warm, and changeless be—  
 A living fire.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
 And griefs around me spread.  
 Be Thou my guide:  
 Bid darkness turn to day,  
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
 Nor let me ever stray  
 From Thee aside.



- 4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour ! then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove ;  
Oh ! bear me safe above—  
A ransomed soul.

PALMER.

179.

C. M.

OH ! could I find from day to day,  
A nearness to my God,  
Then should my hours glide sweet away,  
Cheered by His staff and rod.

- 2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live  
Anew from day to day ;  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.

- 3 O Jesus ! come and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly Thine,  
That I may never more depart,  
Nor grieve Thy love divine.

- 4 Thus till my last expiring breath,  
Thy goodness I'll adore ;  
And when my flesh dissolves in death  
My soul shall love Thee more.

180.

L. M.

**S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
 And gird the Gospel armor on ;  
 March to the gates of endless joy,  
 Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;  
 But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;  
 Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,  
 And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
 Press forward to the heavenly gate ;  
 There peace and joy eternal reign  
 And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
 And triumph in almighty grace,  
 While all the armies of the skies  
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

WATTS.

181.

L. M.

**B**Y faith in Christ, I walk with God,  
 With heaven, my journey's end, in view  
 Supported by His staff and rod,  
 My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 I travel through a desert wide,  
 Where many round me blindly stray ;  
 But He vouchsafes to be my guide,  
 And will not let me miss my way.

- 3 Though snares and dangers throng my  
path,  
And earth and hell my course with-  
stand,  
I triumph over all by faith,  
Guarded by His almighty hand.
- 4 The wilderness affords no food,  
But God for my support prepares,  
Provides me every needful good,  
And frees my soul from want and cares.
- 5 With Him sweet converse I maintain,  
Great as He is, I dare be free ;  
I tell Him all my grief and pain,  
And He reveals His love to me.

NEWTON.

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182.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,  
With all of creature good ;  
Only Jesus I'll pursue,  
Who bought me with His blood ;  
All thy pleasure I'll forego ;  
I'll trample on thy wealth and pride ;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

- 2 Other knowledge I disdain ;  
'Tis all but vanity :  
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,  
He tasted death for me !

Me to save from endless woe,  
 The sin-atoning victim died ;  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.

- 3 Him to know is life and peace,  
 And pleasure without end :  
 This is all my happiness,  
 On Jesus to depend ;  
 Daily in His grace to grow,  
 And ever to abide ;  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified !

TOPLADY

183.

L. M.

*The Soul athirst for God.*

I THIRST, but not as once I did,  
 The vain delights of earth to share ;  
 Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid  
 That I should seek my pleasure there.

- 2 It was the sight of Thy dear cross  
 First weaned my soul from earthly things ;  
 And taught me to esteem as dross  
 The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

- 3 I want that grace that springs from Thee,  
 That quickens all things where it flows,  
 And makes a wretched thorn like me,  
 Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

- 4 For sure, of all the plants that share  
The notice of thy Father's eye,  
None proves less grateful to His care,  
Or yields Him meaner fruit than I.

COWPER.

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184.

C. M.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,  
(Alas ! what numbers do !)  
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
"Wilt thou forsake me too ?"

- 2 Ah ! Lord ! with such a heart as mine,  
Unless Thou hold me fast,  
I feel I must, I shall decline,  
And prove like them at last.

- 3 Yet Thou alone hast power, I know,  
To save a wretch like me :  
To whom or whither could I go,  
If I should turn from Thee ?

- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assured  
Thou art the Christ of God ;  
Who hast eternal life secured  
By promise and by blood.

- 5 No voice but Thine can give me rest,  
And bid my fears depart ;  
No love but Thine can make me blest,  
And satisfy my heart.

- 6 What anguish has this question stirred,  
 If I will also go?  
 Yet, Lord, relying on Thy word,  
 I humbly answer, no!

NEWTON

185.

C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace  
 Of our High Priest above ;  
 His heart is made of tenderness,  
 His bowels melt with love.

- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,  
 He knows our feeble frame ;  
 He knows what sore temptations mean,  
 For He hath felt the same.

- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh,  
 Poured out strong cries and tears,  
 And in His measure feels afresh,  
 What every member bears.

- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
 But raise it to a flame ;  
 The bruised reed He never breaks,  
 Nor scorns the meanest name.

- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
 His mercy and His power ;  
 We shall obtain delivering grace  
 In the distressing hour.

WATTS.



186.

C. M.

**H**OW vain are all things here below,  
How false, and yet how fair !  
Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flatt'ring light ;  
We should suspect some danger nigh,  
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wav'ring minds,  
And leave but half for God !

4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense !  
Thither the warm affections move  
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let Thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food ;  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

WATTS.

187.

L. M

**B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there ;  
But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"  
Is the Redeemer's great command;  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteemed almost a saint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;  
Create my heart entirely new;  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
Which false apostates never knew.

WATTS.

188.

IV. 2.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,  
Of covenant mercy I sing,  
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,  
My person and off'rings to bring;  
The terrors of law and of God,  
With me can have nothing to do,  
My Saviour's obedience and blood  
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which His goodness began,  
The arm of His strength will complete,  
His promise is yea and amen,  
And never was forfeited yet;  
Things future, or things that are now,  
Not all things below or above,  
Can make Him His purpose forego,  
Or sever my soul from His love.

- 3 My name from the palms of His hands,  
Eternity will not erase ;  
Impressed on His heart it remains,  
In marks of indelible grace ;  
Yes, I to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given,  
More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven.

TOPLADY.

189.

S. M.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into His hands,  
To His sure trust and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands :

- 2 Who 'points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey ;  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.

- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,  
So safe shalt thou go on ;  
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.

- 4 No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care ;  
To Him commend thy cause, His ear  
Attends thy feeblest prayer.

- 5 Father, Thy knowledge deep  
And high—Thy ceaseless love—  
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows  
What best for each will prove.

WESLEY.

190.

C. M.

O H! that I knew the secret place  
 Where I might find my God!  
 I'd spread my wants before His face,  
 And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise,  
 What sorrows I sustain;  
 How grace decays and comfort dies,  
 And lives my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take  
 To wrestle with my God;  
 I'd plead for His own mercy's sake,  
 And for my Saviour's blood.

4 Arise my soul from deep distress,  
 And banish every fear;  
 He calls me to His throne of grace,  
 To spread my sorrows there.

WATTS.

191.

L. M.

MY hope, my all, my Saviour Thou!  
 To Thee, lo! now my soul I bow;  
 I feel the bliss Thy wounds impart,  
 I find Thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be Thou my strength, be Thou my way,  
 Protect me through my life's short day;  
 In all my acts may wisdom guide,  
 And keep me, Saviour, near Thy side.

- 3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me ;  
As I have need, my Saviour be ;  
And if I would from Thee depart,  
Then clasp me, Saviour, to Thy heart.
- 4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,  
Save me from sin and Satan's power ;  
Tear every idol from Thy throne,  
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.
- 5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,  
Then shall I sigh and weep no more ;  
My ransomed soul shall soar away,  
To sing Thy praise in endless day.

WESLEY

## 192.

L. M.

- I ASKED the Lord that I might grow  
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace ;  
Might more of His salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly His face.
- 2 'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,  
And He, I trust, has answered prayer !  
But it has been in such a way,  
As almost drove me to despair.
  - 3 I hoped that in some favored hour,  
At once He'd answer my request,  
And by His love's constraining power  
Subdue my sins and give me rest.
  - 4 Instead of this He made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart ;  
And let the angry powers of hell  
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea, more, with His own hand He seemed  
 Intent to aggravate my woe;  
 Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,  
 Blasted my hopes and laid me low.

6 Lord, why is this? I trembling cried;  
 Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?  
 "'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,  
 "I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 "These inward trials I employ,  
 From self and pride to set thee free;  
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
 That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

NEWTON.

193.

L. M.

I SEND the joys of earth away;  
 Away, ye tempters of the mind;  
 False as the smooth, deceitful sea,  
 And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,  
 Down to the gulf of black despair:  
 And whilst I listened to your song,  
 Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,  
 That warned me of that dark abyss,  
 That drew me from those treach'rous seas,  
 And bade me seek superior bliss.



- 4 Now, to the shining realms above,  
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes ;  
Oh ! for the pinions of a dove,  
To bear me to the upper skies.

WATTS.

194.

L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone ;  
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way till Him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment ;  
The King's highway of holiness  
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not ;  
My grief my burden long has been,  
Because I could not cease from sin.

- 4 The more I strove against its power,  
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come, hither soul, *I am the way.*"

- 5 Lo ! glad I come ; and Thou, blessed Lamb,  
Shall take me to Thee, whose I am ;  
Nothing but sin have I to give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.

CENNICK.

## 195.

L. M.

SO let our lips and lives express  
 The holy Gospel we profess ;  
 So let our works and virtues shine,  
 To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
 The honors of our Saviour God ;  
 When His salvation reigns within,  
 And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied ;  
 Passion and envy, lust and pride ;  
 While justice, temperance, and love,  
 Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
 While we expect that blessed hope,  
 The bright appearance of the Lord,  
 And faith stands leaning on His word.

WATTS.

## 196.

C. M.

FROM pole to pole let others roam,  
 And search in vain for bliss ;  
 My soul is satisfied at home,  
 The Lord my portion is.

2 Jesus, who, on His glorious throne,  
 Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,  
 Is pleased to claim me for His own,  
 And give Himself to me.

3 His person fixes all my love,  
His blood removes my fear;  
And while He pleads for me above  
His arm preserves me here.

4 His word of promise is my food,  
His Spirit is my guide;  
Thus daily is my strength renewed,  
And all my wants supplied.

5 For Him I count as gain each loss;  
Disgrace, for Him, renown;  
Well may I glory in my cross,  
While He prepares my crown.

NEWTON.

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197.

C. M.

*Love to Christ.*

DO not I love Thee, O my Lord?  
Behold my heart, and see;  
And turn each hateful idol out,  
That dares to rival Thee.

2 Do not I love Thee, from my soul?  
Then let me nothing love:  
Dead be my heart to every joy  
Which Thou dost not approve.

3 Is not Thy name melodious still  
To mine attentive ear?  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat  
My Saviour's voice to hear.

- 4 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock,  
 I would disdain to feed?  
 Hast Thou a foe before whose face  
 I fear Thy cause to plead?
- 5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood,  
 In honor of Thy name,  
 And challenge the cold hand of death,  
 To damp th' immortal flame?
- 6 Thou knowest I love Thee, dearest Lord,  
 But oh! I long to soar  
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
 That I may love Thee more.

DODDRIDGE.

## 198.

## IV. 2.

**H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,  
 When Jesus no longer I see;  
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
 flowers  
 Have all lost their sweetness for me;  
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
 But when I am happy in Him,  
 December's as pleasant as May.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
 And sweeter than music His voice;  
 His presence disperses my gloom,  
 And makes all within me rejoice.  
 I should, were He always thus nigh,  
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
 No mortal so happy as I,  
 My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,  
My all to His pleasure resigned,  
No changes of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind :  
While blessed with a sense of His love,  
A palace a toy would appear ;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,  
If Thou art my sun and my song,  
Say why do I languish and pine,  
And why are my winters so long ?  
Oh ! drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;  
Or take me up to Thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

NEWTON.

199.

III. 5.

O MY soul, what means this sadness ?  
Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?  
Let thy grief be turned to gladness ;  
Bid thy restless fears begone ;  
Look to Jesus,  
And rejoice in His dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations  
Vex and grieve thee day by day ;  
And thy sinful inclinations  
Often fill thee with dismay :  
Thou shalt conquer,  
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

- 3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,  
 From without and from within,  
 Jesus saith He'll ne'er forget thee,  
 But will save from hell and sin :  
 He is faithful  
 To perform His gracious word.
- 4 Though distresses now attend thee,  
 And thou tread'st the thorny road ;  
 His right hand shall still defend thee—  
 Soon He'll bring thee home to God !  
 Therefore praise Him—  
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 5 Oh ! that I could now adore Him,  
 Like the heavenly host above,  
 Who forever bow before Him,  
 And unceasing sing His love !  
 Happy songsters !  
 When shall I your chorus join ?

FAWCETT.

200.

C. M.

AND can my heart aspire so high  
 To say, "My Father, God?"  
 Lord, at Thy feet I fain would lie,  
 And learn to kiss the rod.

- 2 I would submit to all Thy will,  
 For Thou art good and wise ;  
 Let ev'ry anxious thought be still,  
 And not a murmur rise.



3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,  
 And bid me wait serene,  
 Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,  
 And heighten all the scene.

4 "My Father," oh ! permit my heart  
 To plead its humble claim,  
 And ask the bliss those words impart,  
 In my Redeemer's name.

STEELE.

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201.

C. M.

**L**ORD, I believe a rest remains  
 To all Thy people known ;  
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
 And Thou art loved alone :

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire  
 Is fixed on things above,  
 Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
 Cast out by perfect love.

3 Oh ! that I now the rest might know,  
 Believe and enter in !  
 Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,  
 And let me cease from sin !

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,  
 This unbelief remove :  
 To me the rest of faith impart,  
 The Sabbath of Thy love.

5 I would be Thine, Thou know'st I would,  
 And have Thee all my own ;  
 Thee, O my all sufficient good !  
 I want, and Thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, Thy nature grant !  
 This, only this, be given :  
 Nothing besides my God I want ;  
 Nothing in earth or heaven.

7 Come, O my Saviour ! come away,  
 Into my soul descend ;  
 No longer from Thy creature stay,  
 My author and my end.

8 The bliss Thou hast for me prepared,  
 No longer be delayed,  
 Come, my exceeding great reward,  
 For whom I first was made.

9 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 And seal me Thine abode ;  
 Let all I am in Thee be lost ;  
 Let all be lost in God.

WESLEY.

**M**Y soul would fain indulge a hope  
 To reach the heavenly shore ;  
 And when I drop this dying flesh,  
 Then I shall sin no more.

- 2 I hope to hear and join the song  
That saints and angels raise ;  
And while eternal ages roll,  
To sing eternal praise.
- 3 But oh ! this dreadful heart of sin !  
It may deceive me still ;  
And while I look for joys above,  
May plunge me down to hell.
- 4 The scene must then forever close,  
Probation at an end ;  
No gospel grace can reach me there,  
No pardon there descend.
- 5 Come, then, O blessed Jesus ! come ;  
To me Thy Spirit give ;  
Shine through a dark, benighted soul,  
And bid a sinner live.
- 

203.

III. 1.

*Recovery from Backsliding.*

DEPTH of mercy, can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me ?  
Can my God His wrath forbear ?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

- 2 I have long withstood His grace,  
Long provoked Him to His face ;  
Would not hearken to His calls,  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

- 3 Kindled His relentings are,  
 Me He now delights to spare ;  
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"  
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,  
 Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands :  
 God is love ! I know, I feel,  
 Jesus weeps and loves me still.
- 5 Jesus, answer from above—  
 Justice lingers into love ;  
 Wilt Thou then the wrong forget ?  
 Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?
- 6 Now incline me to repent !  
 Let me now my fall lament !  
 Now my foul revolt deplore,  
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

WESLEY.

## 204.

## IV. 3.

- O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes  
 delight,  
 On whom in affliction I call ;  
 My comfort by day, and my song in the  
 night,  
 My hope, my salvation, my all :
- 2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with Thy  
 sheep,  
 To feed on the pastures of love ?  
 Say why in the valley of death should I weep,  
 Or alone in the wilderness rove ?

- 3 Oh ! why should I wander an alien from Thee,  
Or cry in the desert for bread ?  
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they  
see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare have you seen  
The star that on Israel shone ?  
Say if in your tents my beloved has been,  
And where with His flock He has gone ?
- 5 This is my beloved, His form is divine,  
His vestments shed odors around,  
The locks on His head are as grapes on the  
vine,  
When autumn with plenty is crowned.
- 6 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet  
Is heard through the shadow of death ;  
The cedars of Lebanon bow at His feet,  
The air is perfumed with His breath.
- 7 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,  
That waters the gardens of grace,  
From which their salvation the Gentiles may  
know,  
And bask in the smiles of His face.
- 8 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for His word :  
He speaks, and eternity, filled with His voice,  
Reechoes the praise of the Lord.

## 205.

## III. 3.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend ;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears His feet I'll bathe ;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from His death.

3 Here I'll sit forever viewing  
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood ;  
Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,  
Fix my heart and eyes on Thine,  
Till I taste Thy whole salvation,  
Where unveiled Thy glories shine.

5 Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;  
Here I see my sins forgiven,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go ;  
Prove His blood each day more healing,  
And Himself more deeply know.

BRYDGES.



## 206.

## III. 2.

*The Christian Soldier.*

SOLDIER, go, but not to claim  
Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure ;  
Not to build a vaunting name,  
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.  
Dream not that the way is smooth,  
Hope not that the thorns are roses,  
Turn no wishful eye of youth  
Where the sunny beam reposes.  
Thou hast sterner work to do,  
Hosts to cut thy passage through.  
Close behind thee gulfs are burning,  
Forward then ! there's no returning.

2 Soldier, rest, but not for thee  
Spreads the world her downy pillow ,  
On the rocks thy couch must be,  
While around thee chafes the billow.  
Thine must be a watchful sleep ;  
Warier than another's waking.  
Such a charge as thou must keep,  
Brooks no moment of forsaking.  
Sleep as on the battle-field,  
Girded—grasping sword and shield ;  
Those thou canst not name nor number,  
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

3 Soldier, rise, the war is done.  
Lo ! the hosts of hell are flying.  
'Twas thy Lord the battle won,  
Jesus vanquished them by dying.  
Pass the stream—before thee lies  
All the conquered land of glory.

Hark! what songs of rapture rise ;  
 These proclaim the victor's story.  
 Soldier, lay thy weapons down,  
 Quit the sword and take the crown.  
 Triumph ! all thy foes are banished,  
 Death is slain and earth is vanished.

## IX. SANCTIFICATION.

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207.

L. M.

- O** GOD ! most merciful and true,  
 Thy nature to my soul impart ;  
 'Stablish with me the covenant new,  
 And stamp Thine image on my heart.
- 2 To real holiness restored,  
 Oh ! let me gain my Saviour's mind,  
 And in the knowledge of my Lord,  
 Fullness of life eternal find.
- 3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,  
 That them I may no more forget ;  
 But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore  
 With speechless wonder at Thy feet.
- 4 O'erwhelmed with Thy stupendous grace  
 I shall not in Thy presence move,  
 But breathe unutterable praise,  
 And rapturous awe, and silent love.
- 5 Then every murmuring thought and vain  
 Expires, in sweet confusion lost ;  
 I can not of my cross complain,  
 I can not of my goodness boast.

- 6 Pardoned for all that I have done,  
 My mouth as in the dust I hide;  
 And glory give to God alone,  
 My God forever pacified.

WESLEY.

208.

L. M.

JESUS, Thy heavenly grace impart,  
 And fix my frail, inconstant heart,  
 That so my chief desire may be  
 To dedicate myself to Thee.

- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,  
 Grant that this thought may give me joy:  
 Thou, Lord, hast apprehended me,  
 And turned my wayward heart to Thee.

- 3 Renouncing every worldly thing,  
 Beneath the covert of Thy wing,  
 May this my constant feeling be,  
 That all I want I find in Thee.

209.

C.M.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,  
 Close to Thy bleeding side;  
 This all my hope, and all my plea,  
 For me the Saviour died.

- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own ;  
Wash me, and mine Thou art :  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve :  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

WESLEY.

210.

C. M.

- O H! for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free !  
A heart that always feels Thy blood  
So freely shed for me.
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne ;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean !  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
 And full of love divine ;  
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—  
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;  
 Come quickly from above ;  
 Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
 Thy new, best name of Love.

WESLEY

## 211.

L. M.

O JESUS! let Thy dying cry  
 Pierce to the bottom of my heart ;  
 Its evils cure, its wants supply,  
 And bid my unbelief depart !

2 Slay the dire root and seed of sin ;  
 Prepare for Thee the holiest place ;  
 Then, O essential Love ! come in,  
 And fill Thy house with endless praise.

3 Let me, according to Thy word,  
 A tender, contrite heart receive,  
 Which grieves at having grieved its Lord,  
 And never can itself forgive :

4 A heart Thy joys and griefs to feel,  
 A heart that can not faithless prove ;  
 A heart where Christ alone may dwell,  
 All praise, all meekness, and all love.

WESLEY



## 212.

L. M.

HOW blest the state of saints above,  
Perfect in righteousness and love,  
Where all is purity and peace,  
And holy joys which never cease !

2 There reigns the Lord whom we adore,  
Glorious in holiness and power,  
Arrayed in majesty so bright,  
No mortal eye could bear the sight.

3 Know, O my soul ! that blissful scene  
Can ne'er admit a mind unclean :  
None but the holy shall appear,  
And see the Lord in comfort there.

4 Our Saviour, by a heavenly birth,  
Calls us to holiness on earth ;  
Bids us from paths of sin to fly,  
And seek the joys above the sky.

5 We must have holy hearts and hands,  
And feet that go where He commands ;  
A holy will to keep His ways,  
And holy lips to speak His praise.

6 Then let our first, our chief pursuit  
Be holiness, in all its fruit ;  
Oh ! seek it in the Saviour's grace,  
And thus prepare to see His face.

HURN

## 213.

L. M.

**H**OLY Lord God, I love Thy truth,  
 Nor dare Thy least commandment slight;  
 Yet pierced by sin, the serpent's tooth,  
 I mourn the anguish of the bite.

2 But though the poison lurks within,  
 Hope bids me still with patience wait,  
 Till death shall set me free from sin,  
 Free from the thing I so much hate.

3 Had I a throne above the rest,  
 Where angels and archangels dwell,  
 One sin unslain within my breast,  
 Would make that heaven as dark as hell.

4 The prisoner sent to breathe fresh air,  
 And blessed with liberty again,  
 Would mourn, were he condemned to wear  
 One link of all his former chain.

5 But oh! no foe invades the bliss,  
 When glory crowns the Christian's head;  
 One view of Jesus as he is,  
 Will strike all sin forever dead.

COWPER.

## 214.

H. 3.

**T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
 Whose depths, unfathomed, no man knows;  
 I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
 And inly sigh for Thy repose:  
 My heart is pained, nor can it be  
 At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
That strives with Thee my heart to share?  
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there.  
Then shall my heart from earth be free  
When it has found its all in Thee.
- 3 Oh! crucify this self, that I  
No more, but Christ in me may live;  
Bid all my vile affections die,  
Nor let one hasteful lust survive;  
In all things nothing may I see,  
Or aught desire or seek but Thee.
- 4 Lord, draw my heart from earth away,  
And make it only know Thy call;  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
I am Thy own, Thy God, Thine all;  
Oh! dwell in me, fill all my soul,  
And all my powers by grace control.

WESLEY.

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215.

III. 3.

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,  
All Thy faithful mercies crown.  
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, oh ! breathe Thy loving spirit  
 Into every troubled breast !  
 Let us all in Thee inherit,  
 Let us find Thy promised rest.  
 Thee we would be always blessing,  
 Serve Thee as Thine host above ;  
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,  
 Glory in Thy boundless love.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation ;  
 Pure, unspotted, may we be ;  
 Let us see our whole salvation,  
 Perfectly secured in Thee.  
 Change from glory unto glory,  
 Till in heaven we take our place ;  
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

WHITEFIELD.

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216.

L. M.

*The Request.*

GIVE me Thy love, I ask no more,  
 Give This Thy bright glory I adore ;  
 Inflame me with this sacred fire,  
 The source of chaste, divine desire.

2 O Thou bright flame ! Thou radiant light,  
 Strong and resistless is Thy might ;  
 Sweet is Thine influence and power,  
 As the cool dew or quickening shower.

3 Each view or glimpse of Thy bright throne,  
 Renders my soul no more its own ;  
 How sweetly is my drop devoured,  
 When into Thy wide ocean poured.

- 4 O pleasing death ! thus to expire,  
Is not to fall but to rise higher ;  
Of a poor atom to be all  
Pure, bright, sublime, angelical.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

217.

III. 1.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be  
Perfectly resigned to Thee ?  
Poor and vile in my own eyes,  
Only in Thy wisdom wise ?

- 2 Only Thee content to know,  
Ignorant of all below ?  
Only guided by Thy light ?  
Only mighty in Thy might ?

- 3 Fully in my life express  
All the heights of holiness ;  
Sweetly let my spirit prove  
All the depths of humble love.

WESLEY.

218.

III. 2.

CENTRE of our hopes Thou art,  
End of our enlarged desires ;  
Stamp Thine image on our heart,  
Fill us now with heavenly fires ;  
Joined to Thee by love divine,  
Seal our souls forever Thine.

2 All our works in Thee be wrought—  
 Leveled at one common aim ;  
 Every word and every thought  
 Purge in the refining flame ;  
 Lead us through the paths of peace,  
 On to perfect holiness.

3 Let us altogether rise  
 To Thy glorious life restored ;  
 Here regain our Paradise,  
 Here prepare to meet our Lord ;  
 Here enjoy the earnest given ;  
 Travel hand in hand to heaven.

WESLEY.

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219.

C. M.

**L**ORD, fix a principle within  
 Of jealous godly fear,  
 A sensibility to sin,  
 A pain to feel it near ;  
 I want the first approach to feel,  
 Of pride or fond desire,  
 To catch the wandering of my will,  
 And quench the kindling fire.

2 That I from Thee no more may part,  
 No more Thy Spirit grieve,  
 The filial awe, the fleshy heart,  
 The tender conscience give ;  
 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
 O God ! my conscience make ;  
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
 And keep it still awake.



- 3 If to the right or left I stray,  
That moment, Lord, reprove,  
And bring me back into the way  
From which I dared to move ;  
Oh ! may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul,  
And drive me to that blood again  
Which makes the wounded whole.

## 220.

L. M.

JESUS, Thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;  
Oh ! knit my thankful heart to Thee,  
And reign without a rival there :  
Thine, wholly Thine, alone I am,  
Be Thou alone my constant flame.

- 2 Oh ! grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone ;  
Oh ! may Thy love possess me whole,  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown :  
Strange flames far from my heart remove,  
My every act, word, thought, be love.

- 3 Unwearied may I this pursue ;  
Dauntless to the high prize aspire ;  
Hourly within my soul renew  
This holy flame, this heavenly fire :  
And day and night, be all my care  
To guard the sacred treasure there.

- 4 In suffering be Thy love my peace ;  
In weakness be Thy love my power ;  
And when the storm of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that important hour,  
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,  
And save me, who for me hast died.

WESLEY.

## X. MISSIONS.

221.

L. M.

- Y**E Christian heralds, go proclaim  
 Salvation in Immanuel's name;  
 To distant climes the tidings bear,  
 And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
 With holy zeal your hearts inspire;  
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
 And calm the savage breast to peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,  
 Then shall we meet to part no more;  
 Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,  
 And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

222.

- W**ATCHMEN, onward to your stations,  
 Blow the trumpet long and loud;  
 Preach the Gospel to the nations,  
 Speak to every gathering crowd.  
 See the day is breaking,  
 See the saints awaking,  
 No more in sadness bowed.

- 2 Watchmen, hail the rising glory,  
Of the great Messiah's reign;  
Tell the Saviour's bleeding story,  
Tell it to the list'ning train.  
See His love revealing,  
See the Spirit sealing:  
'Tis life among the slain.
- 3 Watchmen, as the clouds are flying,  
As the doves in haste return;  
Thousands from amid the dying,  
Flee to Christ His love to learn.  
All their sighs and sadness  
Turn to joy and gladness,  
When they His grace discern.
- 

## 223.

C. M.

O H! may the great Redeemer's name  
Through every clime be known;  
And heathen gods forsaken fall,  
And Jesus reign alone.

- 2 Heralds of peace, we come, we come,  
On love's swift wings we fly;  
Ye dead in sin, oh! live—ye dumb,  
In hallelujahs cry.
- 3 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
May Jesus be adored;  
And earth with all her millions shout,  
Hosanna to the Lord.
- 

## 224.

C. M.

THE Son of God is gone to war,  
A kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar:  
Who follows in His train?

- 2 Who best can drink His cup of woe,  
And triumph over pain ;  
Who boldest bears His cross below,  
He follows in His train.
- 3 A glorious band the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came ;  
Twelve warrior-saints, the truth they knew,  
And braved the cross and flame.
- 4 They climbed the dizzy steep of heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and flame ;  
O God ! to us may grace be given  
To follow in His train. HEBER.
- 

## 225.

## III. 1.

**H**ASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,  
When beneath Messiah's sway,  
Every nation every clime,  
Shall the Gospel call obey.

- 2 Mightest kings His power shall own,  
Heathen tribes His name adore ;  
Satan and his hosts o'erthrown,  
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
- 3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,  
Then be banished grief and pain ;  
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,  
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
- 4 Bless we then our gracious Lord,  
Ever praise His glorious name !  
All His mighty acts record,  
All His wondrous love proclaim.

LYTE.

## 226.

## III. 5.

SONGS anew of honor framing,  
Sing ye to the Lord alone,  
All His wondrous works proclaiming,  
Jesus wondrous works hath done.  
Glorious victory  
His right hand and arm hath won.

- 2 Now He bids His great salvation  
Through the heathen lands be told :  
Tidings spread through every nation,  
And His acts of grace unfold !  
All the heathen  
Shall His righteousness behold.
- 

## 227.

## III. 5.

WHO can tell what notes of sadness  
From the hills and valleys rise,  
Where no messages of gladness  
Echo from the bending skies ?  
Where in darkness,  
Without hope, the sinner dies ?

- 2 Oh ! how desolate the dwelling,  
Where our God is not revered ;  
Where no song of praise is swelling,  
Nor the voice of prayer is heard ;  
Where religion's  
Cheering rays have disappeared.
- 3 Where the seeds of sin are growing,  
And the paths of folly lie,  
Where the streams of death are flowing,  
With destruction ever nigh,  
Bid the Gospel  
Wave its glorious banners high.

228.

L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake !  
 Put on Thy strength ! the nations shake !  
 And let the world adoring see,  
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne—  
 I am Jehovah—God alone !  
 Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
 And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Almighty God ! Thy grace proclaim,  
 In every land, of every name ;  
 Let Zion's time of favor come ;  
 Oh ! bring the tribes of Israel home.

4 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake !  
 Put on Thy strength ! the nations shake !  
 Let hostile powers before Thee fall,  
 And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

WESLEY.

229.

III. 5.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;  
 See the promises advancing  
 To a glorious day of grace.  
 Blessed jubilee,  
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,  
 Let the rude barbarian see  
 That divine and glorious conquest,  
 Once obtained on Calvary.  
 Let the Gospel  
 Loud resound, from pole to pole.



- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,  
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;  
 Now, from eastern coast to western,  
 May the morning chase the night :  
 Let Redemption  
 Freely purchased win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,  
 Win and conquer—never cease :  
 May thy lasting, wide dominions  
 Multiply, and still increase :  
 Sway Thy sceptre,  
 Saviour, all the world around.
- 

## 230.

S. M.

- JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,  
 In glorious strength arrayed ;  
 His kingdom over all maintains,  
 And bids the earth be glad !  
 Ye sons of men, rejoice  
 In Jesus' mighty love ;  
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
 To Him who rules above.
- 2 Extol His kingly power,  
 Kiss the exalted Son,  
 Who died, and lives to die no more,  
 High on His Father's throne :  
 Our Advocate with God,  
 He undertakes our cause,  
 He spreads through all the earth abroad  
 The victory of His cross.
- 3 The world can not withstand  
 Its ancient Conqueror ;  
 The world must sink beneath the hand  
 Which arms us for the war :

This is the victory,  
 Before our faith they fall;  
 Jesus hath died for you and me:  
 Believe and conquer all!

WESLEY.

## 231.

III. 1.

**H**ARK! the song of jubilee,  
 Loud as mighty thunders roar;  
 Or the fullness of the sea,  
 When it breaks upon the shore.

2 Hallelujah! for the Lord  
 God Omnipotent shall reign:  
 Hallelujah! let the word  
 Echo round the earth and main.

3 See Jehovah's banners furled,  
 Sheathed His sword: He speaks—'tis  
 done;  
 And the kingdoms of this world  
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

4 He shall reign from pole to pole,  
 With illimitable sway;  
 He shall reign when like a scroll  
 Yonder heavens have passed away.

5 Then the end: beneath His rod  
 Man's last enemy shall fall:  
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
 God in Christ, is all in all.

MONTGOMERY.

## 232.

L. M.

**M**ARKED as the purpose of the skies,  
 This promise meets our anxious eyes,  
 That heathen lands the Lord shall know,  
 And, warm with faith, each bosom glow.

- 2 E'en now the hallowed scenes appear ;  
 E'en now unfolds the promised year ;  
 Lo ! distant shores Thy heralds trace,  
 And swell the tidings of thy grace.
- 3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,  
 Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,  
 Oh ! mark their steps, their fears subdue,  
 And nerve their arm and clear their view.
- 4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,  
 Bid them the glorious future hail ;  
 Bid them the crown of life survey,  
 And onward urge in faith their way.
- 5 O Lord ! amid this gloomy night,  
 Appear to bless our aching sight ;  
 Turn Thou our darkness into day ;  
 Let every nation own Thy sway.

NOEL.

233.

III. 1.

- W**ATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,  
 What its signs of promise are !  
 Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height  
 See that glory-beaming star !  
 Watchman ! does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?  
 Traveller ! yes ; it brings the day—  
 Promised day of Israel !
- 2 Watchman ! tell us of the night ;  
 Higher yet that star ascends.  
 Traveller ! blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth, its course portends.  
 Watchman ! will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?  
 Traveller ! ages are its own :  
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

- 3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn ;  
 Traveller ! darkness takes its flight,  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
 Watchman ! let thy wand'ring cease ;  
 Haste thee to thy quiet home.  
 Traveller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,  
 Lo ! the Son of God is come !

BOWRING.

## XI. DEATH.

234.

S. M.

AND am I born to die?  
To lay this body down,  
And must my trembling spirit fly  
Into a world unknown;  
A land of deepest shade,  
Unpierced by human thought,  
The dreary regions of the dead,  
Where all things are forgot?

2 Soon as from earth I go,  
What will become of me?  
Eternal happiness or woe  
Must then my portion be.  
Waked by the trumpet's sound,  
I from my grave shall rise;  
And see the Judge with glory crowned,  
And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb?  
With triumph or regret?  
A fearful or a joyful doom,  
A curse or blessing meet?  
Will angel hands convey  
Their brother to the bar,  
Or devils drag my soul away,  
To meet its sentence there?

- 4 Who can resolve the doubt  
 That tears my anxious breast?  
 Shall I be with the damned cast out,  
 Or numbered with the blest?  
 I must from God be driven,  
 Or with my Saviour dwell;  
 Must come at His command to heaven,  
 Or else depart to hell.

WESLEY.

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235. II. 1.

**M**Y days, my weeks, my months, my years,  
 Fly rapid as the whirling spheres  
 Around the steady pole:  
 Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,  
 And I must launch through endless deeps,  
 Where endless ages roll.

- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen;  
 How swift the moments pass between,  
 And whisper as they fly—  
 Unthinking man, remember this,  
 Thou, midst Thy sublunary bliss,  
 Must groan, and gasp, and die!

- 3 My soul, attend the solemn call,  
 Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,  
 And thou must take thy flight,  
 Beyond the vast ethereal blue,  
 To sing above as angels do,  
 Or sink in endless night.



## 236.

S. M.

SAVIOUR, we wait the day,  
The awful day unknown,  
To quit our house, this tent of clay,  
To lay our bodies down.

2 Come, and our souls prepare  
For that tremendous day ;  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray.

3 Oh ! may we all insure  
A lot among the blest ;  
And watch a moment to secure  
An everlasting rest.

---

## 237.

C. M.

THEE we adore, Eternal Name,  
And humbly own to Thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms are we !

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As months and days increase ;  
And every beating pulse we tell,  
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave ;  
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,  
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Waken, O Lord ! our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dangerous road ;  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

WATTS.

## 238.

S. M.

*The House appointed for all Living.*

HOW swift the torrent rolls,  
 That hastens to the sea!  
 How strong the tide that bears our souls  
 On to eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they?  
 With all they called their own,  
 Their joys, and griefs, and hopes, and cares,  
 And wealth, and honor gone!

3 There, where the fathers lie,  
 Must all the children dwell;  
 Nor other hermitage possess,  
 But such a gloomy cell.

4 God of our fathers, hear,  
 Thou everlasting Friend!  
 While we, on life's extremest verge,  
 Our souls to Thee commend.

DODDRIDGE.

## 239.

III. 3.

PARTING soul! the floods await thee,  
 And the billows round thee roar;  
 Yet rejoice—the holy city  
 Stands on yon celestial shore.

2 There are crowns and thrones of glory,  
 There the living waters glide;  
 There the just, in shining raiment  
 Standing by Immanuel's side.

- 3 Linger not—the stream is narrow,  
 Though its cold, dark waters rise ;  
 He who passed the flood before thee,  
 Guides thy path to yonder skies.

EDMESTON

240.

IV. 2.

**H**OW solemn the signal I hear !  
 The summons that calls me away,  
 In regions unknown to appear :  
 How shall I the summons obey ?  
 What scenes in that world shall arise,  
 When life's latest sigh shall be fled,  
 And darkness has sealed up my eyes,  
 And deep in the dust I am laid ?

- 2 No longer the world I can view,  
 The scenes which so long I have known ;  
 My friends I must bid you adieu,  
 For here, I must travel alone :  
 Yet here my Redeemer has trod,  
 His hallowed footsteps I know ;  
 I'll trust for defense to His rod,  
 And lean on His staff as I go.

241.

C. M.

**W**HY do we mourn departing friends,  
 Or shake at death's alarms ?  
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
 To call them to His arms.

- 2 Are we not tending upward too,  
 As fast as time can move?  
 Nor should we wish the hours more slow,  
 To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
 Their bodies to the tomb?  
 There once the flesh of Jesus lay,  
 And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all His saints He blessed,  
 And hallowed every bed;  
 Where should the dying members rest  
 But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence He arose, ascending high,  
 And showed our feet the way!  
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,  
 At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
 And bid our kindred rise:  
 Awake, ye nations under ground,  
 Ye saints, ascend the skies!

WATTS.

242.

L. M.

**N**OW let our souls, on wings sublime,  
 Rise from the vanities of time,  
 Draw back the parting veil, and see  
 The glories of eternity.

- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,  
 Why should we grovel here on earth?  
 Why grasp at transitory toys,  
 So near to heaven's eternal joys?

- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,  
When we are walking back to God ?  
For strangers, into life we come,  
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,  
That sets our longing souls at large ;  
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,  
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel His love,  
Is the full heaven enjoyed above ;  
And the sweet expectation now,  
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

GIBBONS

## 243.

C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,  
And let it faint and die ;  
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,  
And soar to worlds on high :  
Shall join the disembodied saints,  
And find its long-sought rest,  
That only bliss for which it pants,  
In the Redeemer's breast.

- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,  
I now the cross sustain ;  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain :  
I suffer on my threescore years,  
Till my Deliv'rer come ;  
And wipe away His servant's tears,  
And take His exile home.

3 Oh! what hath Jesus bought for me!  
 Before my ravished eyes  
 Rivers of life divine I see,  
 And trees of Paradise!  
 I see a world of spirits bright,  
 Who taste the pleasures there;  
 They all are robed in spotless white,  
 And conq'ring palms they bear.

4 Oh! what are all my suff'rings here,  
 If, Lord, Thou count me meet  
 With that enraptured host t' appear,  
 And worship at Thy feet?  
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
 Take life or friends away;  
 But let me find them all again  
 In that eternal day.

WESLEY.

244.

L. M.

SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,  
 I soon shall gather up my feet;  
 Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,  
 And die, my fathers' God to meet.

2 Numbered among Thy people; I  
 Expect with joy Thy face to see;  
 Because Thou didst for sinners die;  
 Jesus, in death remember me.

3 Oh! that without a lingering groan,  
 I may Thy welcome word receive!  
 My body with my charge lay down,  
 And cease at once to work and live.



- 4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,  
 And, certified that Thou art mine,  
 My spirit, calm and undismayed,  
 I shall into Thy hands resign.
- 5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,  
 Shall damp, when Jesus' presence cheers;  
 My light, my life, my God is come,  
 And glory in His face appears!

WESLEY.

245.

III. 3.

**H**APPY soul, thy days are ended,  
 All thy mourning days below;  
 Go, by thy angel guards attended,  
 To the sight of Jesus go.  
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
 Lo! the Saviour stands above,  
 Shows the purchase of His merit,  
 Reaches out the crown of love.

- 2 Struggle through thy latest passion  
 To thy great Redeemer's breast;  
 To His uttermost salvation,  
 To His everlasting rest.  
 For the joy He sets before thee,  
 Bear a momentary pain:  
 Die to live a life of glory!  
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

WESLEY.

246.

L. M.

IN age and feebleness extreme,  
 Who shall a sinful worm redeem?  
 'Tis only Jesus by His blood  
 Can raise a sinking soul to God.

- 2 Jesus, my only hope Thou art,  
 Strength of my failing flesh and heart;  
 Oh! let me catch one smile from thee,  
 And drop into eternity!

WESLEY.

247.

L. M.

PASS a few swiftly fleeting years,  
 And all that now in bodies live  
 Shall quit, like me, this vale of tears,  
 Their righteous sentence to receive.

- 2 But all, before they hence remove,  
 May mansions for themselves prepare,  
 In that eternal house above:  
 And O my God! shall I be there?

WESLEY.

248.

L. M.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!  
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,  
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
 How gently heaves the expiring breast,

- 2 So fades a summer's cloud away,  
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,  
 So gently shuts the eye of day,  
 So dies a wave along the shore.

- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,  
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;  
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound,  
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell ;  
 How bright th' unchanging morn appears :  
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
 Light from its load the spirit flies ;  
 While heaven and earth combine to say,  
 "How blest the righteous when he dies."  
BARBAULD.
- 

## 249.

C. M

- YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,  
 With all your feeble light ;  
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,  
 Pale empress of the night ;
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
 In brighter flames arrayed,  
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,  
 No more demands thy aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust  
 Of my divine abode ;  
 The pavement of those heavenly courts,  
 Where I shall see my God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light  
 Shall there His beams display ;  
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
 With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief  
 Shall swell into my eyes ;  
 Nor the meridian sun decline  
 Amidst those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of His saints  
 Shall in one song unite,  
 And each the bliss of all shall view,  
 With infinite delight

DODDRIDGE.

## 250.

C. M.

[N vain my fancy strives to paint  
 The moment after death—  
 The glories that surround the saint,  
 When he resigns his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetter breaks ;  
 We scarce can say, "He's gone,"  
 Before the willing spirit takes  
 Her mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail  
 To trace her heavenward flight ;  
 No eye can pierce within the veil  
 Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know—  
 They are supremely blest ;  
 Have done with sin, and care, and woe,  
 And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold His name they praise,  
 His presence always view :  
 And if we *here* their footsteps trace,  
*There* we shall praise Him too.

NEWTON.

## 251.

C. M.

THERE is a house not made with hands,  
 Eternal and on high ;  
 And here my spirit waiting stands,  
 Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay  
 Must be dissolved, and fall ;  
 Then, O my soul ! with joy obey  
 Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis He, by His almighty grace,  
 That forms thee fit for heaven ;  
 And, as an earnest of the place,  
 Has His own spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,  
 Faith lives upon His word ;  
 But while the body is our home,  
 We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,  
 But we had rather see ;  
 We would be absent from the flesh,  
 And present, Lord, with Thee.

WATTS.

## 252.

C. M.

*Unity of the Church.*

COME, let us join our friends above,  
 Who have obtained the prize ;  
 And on the eagle wings of love,  
 To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below His praises sing,  
 With those to glory gone ;  
 For all the servants of our King  
 In earth and heaven are one.

- 3 One family, we live in Him,  
 One church above, beneath :  
 Though now we're parted by the stream,  
 The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,  
 To His commands we bow ;  
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
 And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home  
 This solemn moment fly ;  
 And we are to the margin come,  
 And soon expect to die.
- 6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide :  
 Then, when the word is given,  
 Bid the cold waves of death divide,  
 And land us safe in heaven.

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WESLEY.

### 253.

- WHAT'S this that steals—  
 That steals upon my frame?  
 Is it death ?  
 That soon will quench—  
 Will quench this vital flame ?  
 Is it death ?  
 If this be death, I soon shall be  
 From every sin and sorrow free,  
 I shall the King of Glory see:  
 All is well.
- 2 Weep not, my friends—  
 My friends, weep not for me ;  
 All is well :  
 My sins forgiven—  
 Forgiven ! I am free ;  
 All is well :



There's not a cloud that doth arise  
To hide my Saviour from my eyes ;  
I soon shall mount the upper skies :  
All is well.

3 Hark ! hark ! my Lord—  
My Lord and Master's voice  
Calls away ;  
I soon shall see—  
Enjoy my happy choice :  
Why delay ?  
Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu !  
I can no longer stay with you ;  
The glitt'ring crown appears in view :  
All is well.

4 Hail ! hail ! all hail—  
All hail, ye blood-washed throng,  
Saved by grace !  
I come to join—  
To join your rapturous song.  
Saved by grace :  
All, all is peace and joy divine,  
And heaven and glory now are mine :  
Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb !  
All is well.

---

## 254.

*The Young Christian's Death.*

A GAIN we lift our voice,  
And shout our solemn joy ;  
Cause of highest raptures this,  
Rapture that shall never fail :  
See a soul escaped to bliss,  
Keep the Christian festival.

- 2 Our friend is gone before,  
 To that celestial shore ;  
 He hath left his mates behind,  
 He hath all the storms outrode ;  
 Found the rest we toil to find,  
 Landed in the arms of God.
- 3 And shall we mourn to see  
 Our fellow-prisoner free ?  
 Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,  
 In the haven of the skies ?  
 Can we weep to see the tears  
 Wiped forever from his eyes ?
- 4 No, dear companion, no !  
 We gladly let thee go  
 From a suffering Church beneath,  
 To a reigning Church above :  
 Thou hast more than conquered death,  
 Thou art crowned with life and love.
- 5 Thou in thy youthful prime  
 Hast leaped the bounds of time :  
 Suddenly from earth released,  
 Lo ! we now rejoice for thee ;  
 Taken to an early rest,  
 Caught into eternity.
- 6 Thither may we repair,  
 That glorious bliss to share :  
 We shall see the welcome day,  
 We shall to the summons bow ;  
 Come, Redeemer, come away ;  
 Now prepare, and take us now.

WESLEY.

## 255.

## III. 3.

*An Infant dying at day-break to its Mother.*

CEASE, here longer to detain me,  
Kindest mother, drowned in woe :  
Now thy fond caresses pain me ;  
Morn advances, let me go.

2 See yon Orient streak appearing,  
Harbinger of endless day :  
Hark, a voice the darkness cheering,  
Calls my new-born soul away.

3 Lately launched a trembling stranger,  
On the world's wild boisterous flood ;  
Pierced with sorrows, tossed with danger,  
Gladly I return to God.

4 Now, my cries shall cease to grieve thee,  
Now my trembling heart find rest ;  
Kinder arms than thine receive me,  
Softer pillow than thy breast.

5 Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,  
Upward turning towards their home ;  
Raptured, they'll forget all anguish,  
While they wait to see thee come.

6 There, my mother, pleasures centre :  
Weeping, parting, care, or woe,  
Ne'er our Father's home shall enter :  
Morn advances, let me go.

7 As through this calm, this holy dawning,  
Silent glides my parting breath,  
To an everlasting morning,  
Gently close my eyes in death.

8 Blessings endless, richest blessings,  
 Pour their streams upon thine heart,  
 (Though no language yet possessing)  
 Breathes my spirit ere we part.

9 Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me :  
 Though again His voice I hear :  
 Rise, may every grace attend thee,  
 Rise and seek to meet me there.

CECH

## 256.

C. M.

A LAS! how changed that lovely flower,  
 Which bloomed and cheered my heart ;  
 Fair fleeting comfort of an hour,  
 How soon we're called to part :

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign  
 That God whose ways are love ?  
 Or vainly cherish anxious pain,  
 For her who rests above ?

3 No ! let me rather humbly pay  
 Obedience to His will :  
 And with my inmost spirit say,  
 "The Lord is righteous still."

4 From adverse blasts and lowering storms  
 Her favored soul He bore !  
 And with yon bright angelic forms  
 She lives to die no more.

5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast ?  
 No more she'll visit me ;  
 My soul will mount to her at last,  
 And there my child I'll see.

- 6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share,  
 The bliss Thy people prove :  
 Who round Thy glorious throne appear,  
 And dwell in perfect love.
- 

## 257.

L. M.

- L**ONG let the breathing music float,  
 That soothes the dying child to rest,  
 And gently swell each rising note,  
 That wafts it to the Saviour's breast.
- 2 Oh ! when the youthful Christian dies,  
 How soft the strains that angels raise !  
 At rest on their bright wings he lies,  
 And learns their thrilling notes of praise.
- 3 Sweet is His Saviour's welcome there,  
 And sweet the voice that bids him rest :  
 Oh ! let me live a life so fair,  
 Oh ! let me die a death so blest.
- 

## 258.

III. 2.

- W**HEREFORE should I make my moan,  
 Now the darling child is dead ?  
 He to early rest is gone,  
 He to Paradise is fled.  
 I shall go to *him*, but *he*  
 Never shall return to me.
- 2 God forbids his longer stay,  
 God recalls the precious loan,  
 God hath taken him away,  
 From my bosom to His own ;  
 Surely what He wills is best,  
 Happy in His will I rest.

- 3 Faith cries out, It is the Lord,  
 Let Him do as seems Him good ;  
 Be Thy Holy name adored :  
 Take the gift awhile bestowed ;  
 Take the child no longer mine,  
 Thine he is, forever Thine.

WESLEY.

## 259.

## III. 3.

**H**ARK! what voice of love is speaking,  
 Mid these throes of pain and death ?  
 Light upon my soul is breaking,  
 E'en while struggling thus for breath.  
 Welcome then this dying anguish,  
 These cold dews that steep my brow ;  
 That blest hour for which I languish,  
 Can not be far distant now.

- 2 All my outward senses failing,  
 Part me from terrestrial things ;  
 But my soul, new life inhaling,  
 Fluttering, striving, spreads her wings.  
 Ye who tenderest watch are keeping,  
 Though these hours seem dark indeed,  
 Think while o'er my sufferings weeping,  
 Thus the imprisoned soul is freed.
- 3 Be the prison here demolished,  
 King of terrors ! break them down ;  
 But thy further power abolished,  
 Christ thy conqueror thou must own ;  
 He is with me, He is near me,  
 He thy every stroke directs ;  
 His beloved accents cheer me,  
 He the soul he saved protects.



- 4 Lord, Thou camest to receive me :  
Oh ! what faithfulness is Thine !  
Now when every friend must leave me,  
Come to be forever mine.  
Lo ! the beatific vision  
Breaks on my enraptured sight :  
Weighed with this divine fruition,  
E'en the pangs of death seem light.
- 

## 260.

- THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will  
not deplore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass  
the tomb ;  
The Saviour has passed through its portals  
before thee,  
And the lamp of His love is the guide  
through the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer  
behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough paths of the world  
by thy side ;  
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to  
enfold thee,  
And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath  
died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave ! and its mansion  
forsaking,  
What though thy weak spirit in fear linger-  
ed long ;  
The sunshine of Paradise beamed on thy  
waking,  
And the sound which thou heardst was  
the seraphim's song.

- 4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not  
 deplore thee,  
 For God was thy ransom, thy guardian and  
 guide;  
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will  
 restore thee:  
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour  
 hath died.

HEBER.

## 261.

## III. 4.

LET me go, the day is breaking—  
 Dear companions, let me go;  
 We have spent a night of waking,  
 In the wilderness below;  
 Upward now I bend my way;  
 Part we here at break of day.

- 2 Let me go; I may not tarry  
 Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;  
 Angels wait my soul to carry  
 Where my risen Lord appears.  
 Friends and kindred weep not so—  
 If ye love me let me go.

- 3 We have travelled long together,  
 Hand in hand, and heart in heart,  
 Both through fair and stormy weather,  
 And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part;  
 While I sigh, "farewell!" to you,  
 Answer, one and all, adieu!

- 4 'Tis not darkness gathering round me,  
 That withdraws me from your sight;  
 Walls of flesh no more can bound me;  
 But, translated into light,  
 Like the lark on mounting wing,  
 Though unseen you hear me sing.

- 5 Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,  
 Far beyond earth's span of sky.  
 Am I dead? Nay, by this token,  
 Know that I have ceased to die;  
 Would you solve the mystery,  
 Come up hither—come and see.

MONTGOMERY.

## 262.

## II. 4.

**I**F death my friends and me divide,  
 Thou dost not Lord, my sorrow chide,  
 Or frown, my tears to see;  
 Restrained from passionate excess,  
 Thou bid'st me mourn in calm distress  
 For those that rest in Thee.

- 2 I feel a strong, immortal hope,  
 Which bears my mournful spirit up  
 Beneath its mountain load:  
 Redeemed from death, and grief and pain,  
 I soon shall find my friend again  
 Within the arms of God.

- 3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,  
 And death the blessing shall restore  
 Which death hath snatched away;  
 For me Thou wilt the summons send,  
 And give me back my parted friend  
 In that eternal day.

WESLEY.

## 263.

## III. 1.

**H**ARK! a voice divides the sky!  
 Happy are the faithful dead,  
 In the Lord who sweetly die!  
 They from all their toils are freed.

- 2 Ready for their glorious crown—  
 Sorrows past and sins forgiven—  
 Here they lay their burthen down,  
 Hallowed and made meet for heaven.
- 3 When from flesh the spirit freed,  
 Hastens homeward to return,  
 Mortals cry—"A man is dead!"  
 Angels sing—"A child is born!"
- 4 Born into the world above,  
 They our happy brother greet;  
 Bear him to the throne of love,  
 Place him at the Saviour's feet!
- 5 Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done!"  
 Good and faithful servant thou!  
 Enter and receive thy crown!  
 Reign with me triumphant now.

WESLEY.

## 264.

## III. 1.

LO! the prisoner is released,  
 Lightened of his fleshy load;  
 Where the weary are at rest,  
 He is gathered unto God.  
 Lo! the pain of life is past,  
 And his warfare now is o'er;  
 Death and hell behind are cast,  
 Grief and suffering are no more.

- 2 Yes! the Christian's course is run,  
 Ended is the glorious strife;  
 Fought the fight, the crown is won,  
 Death is swallowed up of life.  
 Borne by angels on their wings,  
 Far from earth his spirit flies  
 To the Lord he loved, and sings  
 Triumphant in paradise.

- 3 Join we then with one accord  
 In the new and joyful song ;  
 Absent from our glorious Lord  
 We shall not continue long ;  
 We shall quit the house of clay  
 Better joys with Him to share ;  
 We shall see the realms of day,  
 We shall meet our brethren there.

WESLEY.

265.

III. 5.

TOSSED no more on life's rough billow,  
 All the storms of sorrow fled ;  
 Death has found a quiet pillow  
 For the faithful Christian's head ;  
 Peaceful slumbers  
 Guarding o'er his lowly bed.

- 2 Oh ! may we be reünited  
 To the spirits of the just—  
 Leaving all that sin hath blighted,  
 With corruption in the dust.  
 Hear us, Jesus,  
 Thou our Lord, our life, our trust.

266.

II. 1.

AND am I only born to die—  
 And must I certainly comply  
 With nature's stern decree ?  
 What after death with me remains,  
 Celestial joys, or hellish pains,  
 To all eternity ?

- 2 How then ought I in earth to live  
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,  
 And props the house of clay ?

My sole concern, my single care  
To watch and tremble and prepare  
Against the final day.

- 7 No room for mirth or trifling here,  
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,  
If life so soon is gone ;  
If now the Judge is at the door,  
And all mankind must stand before  
Th' inexorable throne.
- 4 No matter what my thoughts employ,  
A moment's misery or joy ;  
But oh ! when both shall end,  
Where shall I find my destined place ?  
Shall I my everlasting days  
With fiends or angels spend ?

- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,  
But how I may escape the death  
Which never, never dies.  
How make mine own election sure,  
And when I fail on earth, secure  
A mansion in the skies ?

WESLEY.

267.

S. M.

AND must this body die,  
This mortal frame decay ;  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mouldering in the clay ?

- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,  
Shall but refine this flesh ;  
Till my triumphant spirit comes,  
To put it on afresh.



- 3 God my Redeemer lives,  
And often from the skies,  
Looks down and watches all my dust,  
Till He shall bid it rise.
- 4 Arrayed in glorious grace,  
Shall these vile bodies shine ;  
And every shape and every face  
Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,  
To Jesus' dying love ;  
We would adore His grace below,  
And sing His power above.
- 6 O Lord ! accept the praise  
Of these our humble songs ;  
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,  
With our immortal tongues.

WATTS.

## 268.

L. M.

**J**ESUS, once numbered with the dead,  
Unseals His eyes to weep no more ;  
And ever lives their cause to plead  
For whom the pains of death He bore.

- 2 Then though in dust I lay my head,  
Yet gracious Lord Thou wilt not leave  
My flesh forever with the dead,  
Nor lose Thy children in the grave.

## 269.

S. M.

**R**EST from thy labor, rest,  
Soul of the just, set free ;  
Blest be thy memory, and blest  
Thy bright example be.

- 2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,  
Language of light and power ;  
Love prompt to act, and quick to feel,  
Marked thee till life's last hour.
- 3 Now toil and conflict o'er,  
Go take with saints thy place ;  
But go as each has gone before,  
A sinner saved by grace.
- 4 Lord Christ, into Thy hands  
Our pastor we resign,  
And now we wait Thine own commands,  
We were not his but Thine.
- 5 Thou art Thy Church's head,  
And when the members die,  
Thou raisest others in their stead :  
To Thee we lift our eyes.
- 6 On Thee our hopes depend,  
We gather round our Rock ;  
Send whom Thou wilt, but condescend  
Thyself to feed Thy flock.

---

270.

L. M.

THE hour of my departure's come,  
I hear the voice which calls me home ;  
At length, O Lord ! let trouble cease,  
And let Thy servant die in peace.

- 2 The race appointed I have run,  
The combat's o'er, the prize is won ;  
And now my witness is on high,  
And now my record's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust,  
I bow before Thee in the dust ;  
And through my Saviour's blood alone,  
I look for mercy to Thy throne.

I leave the world without a tear,  
Save for the friends I hold so dear ;  
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,  
And to the friendless prove a friend.

5 I come, I come, at Thy command,  
I give my spirit to Thy hand ;  
Stretch forth Thy everlasting arms,  
And shield me in the last alarms.

6 The hour of my departure's come,  
I hear the voice which calls me home ;  
Now, O my God ! let trouble cease,  
Now let thy servant die in peace.

---

271.

L. M.

**A** SLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !  
From which none ever wakes to weep ;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus, oh ! how sweet,  
To be for such a slumber meet ;  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death hath lost its painful sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest !  
Whose waking is supremely blest ;  
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

- 4 Asleep in Jesus, oh ! for me  
 May such a blissful refuge be ;  
 Securely shall my ashes lie,  
 Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee  
 Thy kindred and their graves may be ;  
 But there is still a blessed sleep,  
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

MRS. MACKAY.

## 272.

L. M.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,  
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
 And give these sacred relics room  
 Awhile to slumber in the dust.

- 2 No pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
 Invades Thy bounds ! no mortal woes  
 Can reach the forms which slumber here,  
 And angels watch their soft repose.
- 3 Lo ! Jesus slept—God's dying Son  
 Passed through the grave, and blessed  
 the bed ;  
 Rest here, dear saint ! till from His throne  
 The morning break and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from His throne, Illustrious Morn,  
 Attend O Earth ! His sovereign word ;  
 Restore thy trust—a glorious form,  
 Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

WATTS.

## 273.

S. M.

SERVANT of God, well done !  
 Rest from thy loved employ ;  
 The battle fought, the victory won,  
 Enter thy Master's joy.

The voice at midnight came,  
He started up to hear,  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,  
He fell—but felt no fear.

- 2 Tranquil amidst alarms,  
It found him on the field ;  
A veteran slumbering on his arms  
Beneath his red cross shield.  
His sword was in his hand,  
Still warm with recent fight,  
Ready that moment at command,  
Through rock and steel to smite.
- 3 It was a two-edged blade,  
Of heavenly temper keen ;  
And double were the wounds it made,  
Where'er it glanced between.  
'Twas death to sin—'twas life  
To all who mourned for sin ;  
It kindled and it silenced strife,  
Made war and peace within.
- 4 Oft with its fiery force  
His arm had quelled the foe ;  
And laid resistless in his course,  
The alien armies low.  
Bent on such glorious toils,  
The world to him was loss ;  
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,  
He hung upon the Cross.
- 5 At midnight came the cry,  
To meet thy God prepare ;  
He woke and caught his Captain's eye ;  
Then strong in faith and prayer,  
His spirit with a bound,  
Left its encumbering clay ;  
His tent at sunrise on the ground,  
A darkened ruin lay.

- 6 The pains of death are past,  
Labor and sorrow cease;  
And life's long warfare closed at last,  
His soul is found in peace.  
Soldier of Christ, well done !  
Praise be thy new employ ;  
And while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

MONTGOMERY.



## XII. RESURRECTION.

## E A S T E R.

274.

II. 4.

- A WAKE, our drowsy souls,  
And burst the slothful band ;  
The wonders of this day  
Our noblest songs demand.  
Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays  
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.
- 2 At thy approaching dawn,  
Reluctant death resigned  
The glorious Prince of life,  
In dark domains confined.  
Th' angelic host around Him bends,  
And midst their shouts the God ascends.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !  
Heaven with hosannas rings,  
While earth in humbler strains  
Thy praise responsive sings.  
Worthy art Thou who once was slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign.
- 4 Gird on, great God, Thy sword,  
Ascend Thy conquering car,  
While justice, truth, and love,  
Maintain the glorious war.  
Victorious Thou Thy foes shalt tread,  
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

SCOTT.

## 275.

III. 1.

**H**AIL the day that sees Him rise  
 Glorious to His native skies!  
 Christ awhile to mortals given,  
 Enters now the gates of heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits :  
 Lift your heads, eternal gates !  
 Christ hath vanquished death and sin ;  
 Take the King of glory in.

3 See the heaven its Lord receives !  
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves :  
 Though returning to His throne,  
 Still He calls mankind His own.

4 Still for us He intercedes,  
 His prevailing death He pleads ;  
 Near Himself prepares our place,  
 Great forerunner of our race.

5 What though parted from our sight,  
 Far above yon starry height ;  
 Thither our affections rise,  
 Following Him beyond the skies.

MADAN.

## 276.

L. M.

**W**HEN God is nigh my faith is strong,  
 His arm is my almighty prop :  
 Be glad, my heart ; rejoice, my tongue ;  
 My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,  
 Yet, gracious God, Thou wilt not leave  
 My soul forever with the dead,  
 Nor lose Thy children in the grave.

- 3 My flesh shall Thy first call obey,  
 Shake off the dust, and rise on high;  
 Then shalt Thou lead the wondrous way  
 Up to Thy throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;  
 And full discov'ries of thy grace  
 (Which we but tasted here below)  
 Spread heavenly joys through all the  
 place.
- 

## 277.

## III. 1.

- MARY to the Saviour's tomb  
 Hasted at the early dawn;  
 Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,  
 But the Lord she loved had gone.
- 2 For awhile she lingering stood,  
 Filled with sorrow and surprise;  
 Trembling, while a crystal flood  
 Issued from her weeping eyes.
- 3 But her sorrows quickly fled  
 When she heard His welcome voice,  
 Christ had risen from the dead,  
 Now He bids her heart rejoice.
- 4 What a change His word can make,  
 Turning darkness into day!  
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,  
 He will wipe your tears away.
- 

## 278.

- STAND th' omnipotent decree,  
 Jehovah's will be done;  
 Nature's end we wait to see,  
 And hear her final groan.

Let those pond'rous orbs descend  
 And grind us into dust ;  
 Let this earth dissolve and blend  
 In death the wicked and the just.

2 Rests secure the righteous man ;  
 At his Redeemer's beck,  
 Sure to emerge and rise again  
 And mount above the wreck ;  
 Lo ! the heavenly spirit towers,  
 Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre ;  
 Triumphs in immortal powers,  
 And claps his wings of fire.

3 Nothing hath the just to lose,  
 By worlds on worlds destroyed ;  
 Far beneath his feet he views  
 With smiles the flaming void ;  
 Sees this universe renewed—  
 The grand millennial reign begun ;  
 Shouts with all the sons of God  
 Around the eternal throne.

4 Resting in this glorious hope  
 To be at last restored,  
 Yield we now our bodies up  
 To earthquake, plague, or sword ;  
 Listening for the call divine,  
 The latest trumpet of the seven,  
 Soon our soul and form shall join,  
 And both fly up to heaven.

WESLEY

## XIII. JUDGMENT.

279.

III. 5.

**D**AY of judgment, day of wonders,  
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,  
 Louder than a thousand thunders,  
 Shakes the vast creation round :  
 How the summons  
 Will the sinner's heart confound !

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
 Clothed in majesty divine !  
 You who long for His appearing,  
 Then shall say, " This God is mine !"  
 Gracious Saviour  
 Own me in that day for Thine.

3 At His call the dead awaken,  
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;  
 All the powers of nature shaken,  
 At His call prepare to flee :  
 Careless sinner,  
 What will then become of thee ?

NEWTON.

280.

S. M.

**T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,  
 Before whose bar severe,  
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,  
 We all shall soon appear ;

Our souls by grace prepare  
 For that tremendous day,  
 And fill us now with watchful care,  
 And stir us up to pray.

2 To pray and wait the hour,  
 That awful hour unknown,  
 When, robed in majesty and power,  
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,  
 Th' immortal Son of Man,  
 To judge the human race,  
 With all Thy Father's dazzling train,  
 With all Thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,  
 T' increase our gracious fears,  
 Forever let the archangel's voice  
 Be sounding in our ears  
 The solemn midnight cry,  
 "Ye dead, the Judge is come!  
 Arise, and meet Him in the sky,  
 And meet your instant doom!"

4 Oh! may we thus be found  
 Obedient to Thy word,  
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
 And looking for our Lord!  
 Oh! may we all insure  
 A lot among the blest;  
 And watch a moment to secure  
 An everlasting rest.

WESLEY.

281.

III. 5.

SEE the eternal Judge descending,  
 Seated on His father's throne;  
 Now, O sinner! now lamenting,  
 Stand and hear thy awful doom,  
 Trumpets call thee,  
 Stand and hear thy awful doom.



- 2 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,  
 With the marks of dying love ;  
 Oh ! that I had sought His favor,  
 When I felt the Spirit move !  
     Lost forever,  
 For I have against Him strove.
- 3 All His warnings I have slighted,  
 While He daily sought my soul ;  
 If my vows to Him I plighted,  
 Yet for sin I broke them all,  
     Golden moments !  
 How neglected did they roll !

REED.

282.

C. M.

- THAT awful day will surely come,  
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,  
 When I must stand before my Judge,  
 And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,  
 Thou Sovereign of my heart,  
 How could I bear to hear Thy voice  
 Pronounce the sound, "Depart !"
- 3 What, to be banished for my life  
 And yet forbid to die !  
 To linger in eternal pain,  
 Yet death forever fly !
- 4 O wretched state of deep despair !  
 To see my God remove,  
 And fix my doleful station where  
 I must not taste His love !
- 5 Oh ! tell me that my worthless name  
 Is graven on Thy hands ;  
 Show me some promise in Thy book,  
 Where my salvation stands.

WATTS.

## 283.

## II. 4.

*The Midnight Cry.* Matt. 25 : 6.

YE virgin souls, arise,  
 With all the dead awake,  
 Unto salvation wise,  
 Oil in your vessels take :  
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,  
 Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh !

2 He comes, He comes, to call  
 The nations to his bar,  
 And take to glory all  
 Who meet for glory are :  
 Make ready for your free reward,  
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Ye that have here received  
 The unction from above,  
 And in His spirit lived,  
 And thirsted for His love ;  
 Jesus shall claim you for His bride—  
 Rejoice with all the sanctified.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope  
 Of that great day unknown,  
 When you shall be caught up,  
 To stand before His throne ;  
 Called to partake the marriage feast,  
 And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

5 May we, too, wait to hear  
 The trumpet's welcome sound !  
 To see our Lord appear,  
 May we be watching found !  
 Enrobed in righteousness divine,  
 In which the bride shall ever shine.

WESLEY.

## 284.

## III. 5.

**L**O! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favored sinners slain!  
Thousand thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of His train:  
Hallelujah!  
God appears on earth again!

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
Those who set at naught, and sold Him,  
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away!  
All who hate Him must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day:  
Come to judgment!  
Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear!  
All His saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet Him in the air!  
Hallelujah!  
See the day of God appear!

5 See the Judge our nature wearing  
Pure, ineffable, divine;  
See the great Archangel bearing  
High in heaven the mystic sign:  
Cross of glory!  
Christ be in that moment mine.

- 6 Lo ! the last long separation !  
 As the cleaving crowds divide ;  
 And one dread adjudication  
 Sends each soul to either side !  
 Lord of mercy !  
 How shall I that day abide ?
- 7 Oh ! may Thine own Bride and Spirit  
 Then avert a dreadful doom,  
 And me summon to inherit  
 An eternal blissful home :  
 Ah ! come quickly !  
 Let Thy second advent come !
- 8 Yea, amen ! let all adore Thee,  
 On Thine everlasting throne ;  
 Saviour, take the power and glory,  
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own !  
 Men and angels  
 Bow to Thee, to Thee alone.

BRYDGES.

## 285.

## III. 5.

**L**O ! He cometh—countless trumpets  
 Wake to life the slumbering dead ;  
 Mid ten thousand saints and angels  
 See their great exalted Head.  
 Hallelujah !  
 Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

- 2 Full of joyful expectation  
 Saints behold the Judge appear ;  
 Truth and justice go before Him—  
 Now the joyful sentence hear ;  
 Hallelujah !  
 Welcome, welcome, Judge Divine !

- 3 "Come, ye blessed of my Father!  
Enter into life and joy;  
Banish all your fears and sorrows;  
Endless praise be your employ;"  
Hallelujah!  
Welcome, welcome, to the skies.
- 

286.

III. 3.

**H**ARK! ten thousand voices sounding  
Victory, victory, through the sky!  
Swiftly flies the shout, resounding,  
Spreading rapturous joy on high.

- 2 Jesus comes, His conflict over,  
Comes to claim His great reward;  
Angels round the Victor hover,  
Crowding to behold their Lord.
- 3 Oh! what honors now await Him!  
Friends and foes shall hear His voice.  
Tremble, tremble, ye that hate Him;  
Ye who love His name, rejoice.
- 4 Yonder throne for him erected,  
Now become the Victor's seat:  
Lo! the Man on earth rejected!  
Angels worship at His feet.
- 5 Day and night they cry before Him  
Holy, holy, holy Lord!  
All the powers of heaven adore Him—  
All obey His sovereign word.

287.

C. M.

LO! what a glorious sight appears  
 To our believing eyes!  
 The earth and seas are passed away,  
 And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,  
 That holy, happy place,  
 The new Jerusalem comes down,  
 Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,  
 And the bright armies sing—  
 “Mortals, behold the sacred seat  
 Of your descending King.

4 “The God of glory down to men  
 Removes His blest abode;  
 Men the dear objects of His grace,  
 And He the loving God.

5 “His own kind hand will wipe the tears  
 From every weeping eye;  
 And pains, and groans, and griefs and fears,  
 And death itself shall die.”

6 How long, dear Saviour, oh! how long  
 Shall this bright hour delay?  
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
 And bring the welcome day.

WATTS.



288.

II. 3.

**D**AY of wrath, that day of burning  
All shall melt, to ashes turning,  
All foretold by seers discerning,  
Oh ! what fear it shall engender  
When the Judge shall come in splendor,  
Strict to mark and just to render.

- 2 Trumpet-scattered sound of wonder,  
Rending sepulchres asunder,  
Shall resistless summons thunder.  
All aghast then death shall shiver,  
And great nature's frame shall quiver,  
When the graves their dead deliver.
- 3 Think, O Jesus ! for what reason,  
Thou enduredst earth's spite and treason,  
Nor me lose in that dread season.  
Seeking me Thy worn feet hasted,  
On the cross Thy soul death tasted,  
Let such labor not be wasted.
- 4 Righteous Judge of retribution,  
Grant me perfect absolution  
Ere that day of execution.  
Culprit like, I—heart all broken,  
On my cheek shame's crimson token—  
Plead the pardoning word be spoken.
- 5 'Mid the sheep a place decide me,  
And from goats on left divide me,  
Standing on the right beside Thee.  
When th' accursed away are driven,  
To eternal burnings given,  
Call me with the blest to heaven.

- 6 I beseech Thee, prostrate lying,  
Heart as ashes, contrite, sighing,  
Care for me when I am dying.  
On that awful day of wailing,  
When man rising, stands before Thee,  
Spare the culprit, God of glory!

Translation from THOMAS DE CELANO

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289.

L. M.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away!  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

- 2 When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll,  
And louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

- 3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be Thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Translated by SCOTT from a Latin ode ascribed to THOMAS DE CELANO in the thirteenth century.

## XIV. HEAVEN AND HELL.

290.

C. M.

- WHAT blissful harmonies above,  
In vocal thunders swell?  
The perfecting of joy and love,  
What raptured legions tell?
- 2 The glorious apostolic band—  
Do they in triumph sing?  
Do prophets from the holy land  
Their inspiration bring?
- 3 Or from the noble army breaks  
The deep adoring strain,  
Who won their way from fiery stakes,  
And were for conscience slain?
- 4 Is it the patriarchal race  
That breathe the sacred song?  
Or to the heirs of Gospel grace  
Do the full choirs belong?
- 5 For each, for all, the Word is found  
Almighty to atone:  
All, all in shining hosts surround  
The bright celestial throne.

- 6 Peoples, and languages, and tongues,  
 The choral anthem raise :  
 To every voice and speech belongs  
 The work of heavenly praise.

CONDER.

## 291.

C. M.

**F**AR from the narrow scenes of night  
 Unbounded glories rise,  
 And realms of infinite delight,  
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

- 2 Fair distant land ! could mortal eyes  
 But half its charms explore,  
 How would our spirits long to rise,  
 And dwell on earth no more.

- 3 There pain and sickness never come,  
 And grief no more complains ;  
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
 And endless pleasure reigns.

- 4 No cloud those blissful regions know,  
 Realms ever bright and fair :  
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
 Can never enter there.

- 5 There all the millions of His saints  
 Shall in one song unite,  
 And each the bliss of all shall view  
 With infinite delight.

- 6 Nor needed is the shining moon,  
 Nor e'en the sun's bright ray ;  
 For glory, from the sacred throne,  
 Spreads everlasting day.

STEELE.

## 292. IV. 4.

OH! where can the soul find relief from its  
 foes,  
 A shelter of safety, a home of repose?  
 Can earth's highest summit or deepest hid  
 vale,  
 Give a refuge no sorrow nor sin can assail?  
 No, no!—there's no home—  
 There's no home on earth—the soul has no  
 home.

2 Shall it leave the low earth and soar to the  
 sky,  
 And seek for a home in the mansions on  
 high?  
 In the bright realms of bliss will a dwelling  
 be given,  
 And the soul find a home in the glory of  
 heaven?  
 Yes, yes!—there's a home—  
 There's a home in high heaven—the soul has  
 a home.

3 Oh! holy and sweet its rest shall be there!  
 Free forever from sin, and sorrow, and care;  
 And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise,  
 To welcome the soul to its home in the skies,  
 Home, home!—home of the soul!  
 The bosom of God is the home of the soul!

KEY.

## 293. C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 And cast a wishful eye  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh ! the transporting, rapt'rous scene,  
That rises to my sight !

Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight !

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow ;  
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vale,  
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day ;  
There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore ;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest ?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in His bosom rest ?

7 Filled with delight my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay !  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

8 Adieu, adieu, all earthly things !  
I come, my Lord, I come ;  
Angels, extend your golden wings,  
And bear my spirit home.



## 294.

S. M.

O H! what a mighty change  
Shall Jesus' sufferers know ;  
While o'er the happy plains we range,  
Incapable of woe.  
No ill-requited love  
Shall there our spirits wound ;  
No base ingratitude above,  
No sin in heaven is found.

2 There all our griefs are spent,  
There all our sufferings end ;  
We can not there the fall lament  
Of a departed friend—  
A brother dead to God,  
By sin alas ! undone ;  
No father there in passion loud,  
Cries, O my son ! my son !

3 Nor slightest touch of pain,  
Nor sorrow's least alloy,  
Can violate our rest, or stain  
Our purity of joy.  
In that eternal day  
No clouds or tempests rise ;  
There gushing tears are wiped away  
Forever from our eyes.

4 This languishing desire,  
Which now for heaven we feel,  
Shall there delightfully expire  
In joy ineffable.  
The weight of glorious bliss,  
That to our share shall fall ;  
Not angel tongue can half express,  
But we shall have it all.

WESLEY.

## 295.

## III. 1.

IN the sun, and moon, and stars,  
 Signs and wonders there shall be ;  
 Earth shall quake with inward wars,  
 Nations with perplexity.

2 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,  
 Pale amazement, restless fear ;  
 And amid the thunder-cloud,  
 Shall the Judge of man appear.

3 But, though from His awful face,  
 Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,  
 Fear not ye, His chosen race,  
 Your redemption draweth nigh.

HEBER.

## 296.

## C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
 Oh ! how I long for thee ;  
 When will my sorrows have an end,  
 Thy joys, when shall I see ?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
 Most glorious to behold ;  
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
 Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Why should I shrink at pain or woe,  
 Or feel at death dismay ?  
 Jerusalem I soon shall view  
 In realms of endless day.

- 4 Reach down, O Lord ! Thine arm of grace,  
And cause me to ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths never end.
- 5 There happier bowers than Eden bloom,  
Nor sin, nor sorrow know,  
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.
- 6 Redeemed saints and angels there  
Around my Saviour stand,  
And soon, my friends in Christ below,  
We'll join the glorious band.
- 7 When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise,  
Than when we first begun.
- 

297.

C. M.

- O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem !  
When shall I come to thee ?  
When shall my sorrows have an end ?  
Thy joys, when shall I see ?
- 2 O happy harbor of God's saints !  
O sweet and pleasant soil !  
In thee no sorrow can be found,  
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
- 3 No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,  
Nor gloom, nor darksome night ;  
But every soul shines as the sun,  
For God Himself gives light.

4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,  
 Thy bulwarks diamond-square,  
 Thy gates are all of orient pearl—  
 O God! if I were there!

5 O my sweet home, Jerusalem!  
 Thy joys when shall I see?  
 The King that sitteth on Thy throne  
 In His felicity?

6 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks  
 Continually are green,  
 Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
 As nowhere else are seen.

7 Right through thy streets with pleasing  
 sound,  
 The flood of life doth flow;  
 And on the bank on either side,  
 The trees of life do grow.

8 Those trees each month yield ripened fruit;  
 Forever more they spring;  
 And all the nations of the earth  
 To thee their honors bring.

9 O mother dear, Jerusalem!  
 When shall I come to thee?  
 When shall my sorrows have an end?  
 Thy joys, when shall I see?

QUARLES. \*

\* The original of the two preceding hymns, of which there have been so many versions, is traced through the Latin up to St. Augustine.

## 298.

## II. 1.

*Prospect of Heaven.*

COME on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades in the wilderness,  
Who still your bodies feel;  
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond the vale of tears,  
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
Look forward to that heavenly place,  
The saints' secure abode;  
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
We shall before His face appear,  
And by His side sit down;  
To patient faith the prize is sure;  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!  
It lifts the fainting spirits up,  
It brings to life the dead;  
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend at last,  
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity,  
We soon with open face shall see;  
The beatific sight  
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
Of everlasting light.

WESLEY.

## XV. MISCELLANEOUS.

299.

C. M.

L ORD of my life, length of my days,  
 Thy hand has rescued me,  
 Who, lying at the gates of death,  
 Among the dead was free.

2 I thought I stood upon the shore,  
 And nothing could I see  
 But the vast ocean with my eyes—  
 A vast eternity.

3 I thought I heard the midnight cry,  
 “Behold the Bridegroom comes!”  
 And I was called to the bar,  
 Where souls receive their dooms.

4 The world was at an end to me,  
 As if it all did burn;  
 But lo! there came a voice from heaven,  
 Which ordered my return.

5 Lord, I return at Thy command,  
 What wilt Thou have me do?  
 Oh! let me wholly live to Thee  
 To whom my life I owe.



- 6 Fain would I dedicate to Thee  
The remnant of my days ;  
Lord, with my life renew my heart,  
That both Thy name may praise.

MASON.

## 300.

## III. 4.

*Sabbath Morning Prayer-Meeting.*

- SAFELY through another week,  
God has brought us on our way ;  
Let us now a blessing seek,  
Waiting in His courts to-day :  
Day of all the week the best—  
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show Thy reconciled face,  
Take away our sin and shame ;  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in Thee.
- 3 When we meet Thy name to praise,  
Let us feel Thy presence near :  
May Thy glory meet our eyes  
While we in Thy house appear ;  
There afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the Gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;  
Make the fruits of grace abound ;  
Bring relief from all complaints :  
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the Church above.

NEWTON

## 301.

L. M.

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord !  
In every star Thy wisdom shines ;  
But when our eyes behold Thy word,  
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days Thy power confess ;  
But the blest volume Thou hast writ,  
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;  
So when Thy truth began its race,  
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest,  
Till through the world Thy truth has run ;  
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,  
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;  
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
In souls renewed and sins forgiven ;  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

WATTS.

## 302.

## II. 4.

*The Christian Voyage.*

JESUS, at Thy command  
I launch into the deep,  
And leave my native land,  
Where sin lulls all to sleep :  
For Thee I fain would all resign,  
And sail to heaven with Thee and Thine.

2 Thou art my Pilot wise ;  
My compass is Thy word ;  
My soul each storm defies  
While I have such a Lord :  
I trust thy faithfulness and power  
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep  
Through all my passage lie,  
Yet Thou wilt safely keep,  
And guide me with Thine eye :  
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,  
And I each boist'rous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,  
The port of endless rest ;  
My soul, Thy sails expand,  
And fly to Jesus' breast :  
Oh ! may I reach the heavenly shore  
Where winds and waves resound no more.

5 Whene'er becalmed I lie,  
And storms and winds subside,  
Lord, to my succor fly,  
And keep me near Thy side :  
For more the treacherous calm I dread  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

- 6 Come, heavenly wind, and blow  
 A prosperous gale of grace,  
 To waft me from below,  
 To heaven, my destined place;  
 Then in full sail my port I'll find,  
 And leave the world and sin behind.

TOPLADY

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303.

- O UR souls, by love together knit,  
 Cemented, joined in one,  
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice;  
 'Tis heaven on earth begun:  
 Our hearts have often burned within,  
 And glowed with sacred fire,  
 While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blessed,  
 And filled the enlarged desire.

*Chorus.*

- "A Saviour!" let creation sing,  
 "A Saviour!" let all heaven ring;  
 'Tis God with us, we feel Him ours,  
 His fullness in our souls he pours:  
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er;  
 We're joining those who've gone before;  
 We soon shall reach that blissful shore  
 Where we shall meet to part no more.
- 2 The little cloud increases still,  
 The heavens are big with rain;  
 We wait to catch the teeming shower,  
 And all its moisture drain:  
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows:  
 But pour a mighty flood;  
 Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,  
 Till all proclaim Thee God.  
 "A Saviour!" etc.

- 3 And when Thou mak'st Thy jewels up,  
 And sett'st Thy starry crown,  
 When all Thy sparkling gems shall shine,  
 Proclaimed by Thee Thine own ;  
 May we, a little band of love,  
 We sinners, saved by grace,  
 From glory unto glory changed,  
 Behold Thee face to face.  
 "A Saviour!" etc.

MILLER.

304.

III. 4.

*The Communion of Saints.*

**I**F 'tis sweet to mingle where  
 Christians meet for social prayer ;  
 If 'tis sweet with them to raise  
 Songs of holy joy and praise ;  
 Passing sweet that state must be  
 When they meet eternally.

- 2 Saviour, may these meetings prove  
 Preparations from above ;  
 While we worship in this place,  
 May we go from grace to grace ;  
 Make us, each in his degree,  
 Meet, O Lord ! to dwell with Thee !

305.

III. 5.

**H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;  
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,  
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky!  
 "It is finished!"  
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished!—Oh! what pleasure  
Do these precious word afford!  
Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.

It is finished!  
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished—all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law;  
Finished all that God had promised;  
Death and hell no more shall awe:  
It is finished!  
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
All on earth and all in heaven,  
Join to praise Immanuel's name:  
Hallelujah!  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

EVANS.

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 306.

C. M.

**A**MAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.



- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures ;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine ;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

NEWTON.

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307.

**H**OW happy are they  
Who their Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasures above ;  
Oh ! what tongue can express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love !

- 2 That comfort was mine  
When Thy favor divine  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;  
When my heart it believed,  
What a joy I received,  
What a heaven in Jesus's name.

- 3 'Twas a heaven below  
My Redeemer to know :  
The angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at His feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the lover of sinners adore.

- 4 Jesus, all the day long,  
Was my joy and my song,  
Oh! that all His salvation might see;  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffered and died,  
To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 On the wings of His love,  
I was carried above  
All sin and temptation and pain;  
And I could not believe  
That I ever should grieve,  
That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 Oh! the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight  
Which is found in His life-giving blood!  
Of a Saviour possessed,  
We are perfectly blest,  
As if filled with the fullness of God.

WESLEY.

308.

II. 1.

OH! glorious hope of perfect love!  
It lifts me up to things above;  
It bears on eagles' wings;  
It gives my ravished soul a taste,  
And makes me for some moments feast  
With angels, priests, and kings.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope  
I stand, and from the mountain top  
See all the land below;  
Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of Paradise  
In endless plenty grow:

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
Favored with God's peculiar smile,  
With ev'ry blessing blessed ;  
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,  
And keeps His own in perfect peace  
And everlasting rest.

4 Oh ! that I might at once go up !  
No more on this side Jordan stop,  
But now the land possess ;  
This moment end my legal years ;  
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,  
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua ! bring me in !  
Cast out Thy foes, the inbred sin,  
The carnal mind remove ;  
The purchase of Thy death divide,  
And oh ! with all the sanctified,  
Give me my God to love.

WESLEY.

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309.

S. M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take ;  
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,  
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home ;  
And nearer to our house above,  
We ev'ry moment come.

3 His grace shall to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine ;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.

- 4 The time of love will come,  
 When we shall clearly see,  
 Not only that He shed His blood,  
 But each shall say, "for me."
- 5 Tarry His leisure, then,  
 Wait the appointed hour ;  
 Wait till the bridegroom of your souls  
 Reveal His love with power.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God !  
 That stays himself on Thee :  
 Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,  
 Shall Thy salvation see.

TOPLADY.

## 310.

C. M.

*Reflections at the End of the Year.*

- AND now, my soul, another year  
 Of my short life is past,  
 I can not long continue here,  
 And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,  
 Nor will return again ;  
 And swift my passing moments run,  
 The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care  
 Thy true condition learn ;  
 What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair ?  
 And what thy great concern ?
- 4 Now a new scene of time begins,  
 Set out afresh for heaven ;  
 Seek pardon for thy former sins,  
 In Christ so freely given,

- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
And on His grace depend;  
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,  
Nor doubt a happy end.

BROWNE.

## 311.

L. M.

- L**ET thoughtless thousands choose the road  
That leads the soul away from God;  
This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,  
To live and die entirely Thine.
- 2 On Christ, by faith, my soul would live;  
From Him my life, my all receive;  
To Him devote my fleeting hours,  
Serve him alone with all my powers.
- 3 Christ is my everlasting all;  
To Him I look, on Him I call;  
He will my every want supply,  
In time and through eternity.
- 4 Soon will the Lord, my life, appear;  
Soon shall I end my trials here;  
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain:  
To live is Christ—to die is gain.
- 5 Soon will the saints in glory meet—  
Soon walk through every golden street,  
And sing on every blissful plain,  
To live is Christ—to die is gain!

## 312.

C. M.

- O** GOD! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home—

- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne  
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
 And our defense is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth received her frame,  
 From everlasting Thou art God,  
 To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight  
 Are like an evening gone,  
 Short as the watch that ends the night,  
 Before the rising sun.
- 5 O God ! our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be Thou our guard while life shall last,  
 And our eternal home.

WATTS.

## 313.

C. M.

THERE is a place of woe unmixed,  
 A land of changeless doom :  
 Despair has there her empire fixed ;  
 There hope can never come.

- 2 There is a hope, untrue, unblest,  
 Which, like a broken reed,  
 Will fail, if on its stay we rest,  
 When chiefly hope we need.

- 3 There is a hope that ne'er will fail,  
 It comes from heaven above ;  
 A hope that enters through the veil,  
 Now joined with faith and love.



- 4 Its guiding beam, its friendly ray  
Can cheer the darkest night ;  
It helps the pilgrim on his way,  
And points to realms of light.
- 5 Our hope is anchored, Lord, on Thee,  
On this unfriendly shore ;  
And Thou, in heaven, our joy shalt be ;  
When hope shall be no more,
- 

## 314.

C. M.

- O** THOU, from whom all goodness flows!  
I lift my heart to Thee ;  
In all my trials, conflicts, woes,  
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 When groaning, on my burdened heart  
My sins lie heavily ;  
My pardon speak, new peace impart ;  
In love, remember me.
- 3 If on my face, for Thy dear name,  
Shame and reproaches be,  
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
If Thou remember me.
- 4 The hour is near—consigned to death,  
I own Thy just decree :  
Saviour, with my last parting breath  
I'll cry, remember me.

HAWES

## 315.

III. 1.

- W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here.

Fixed in an eternal state,  
 They have done with all below ;  
 We a little longer wait,  
 But how little, none can know.

2 Spared to see another year,  
 Let Thy blessing meet us here ;  
 Come, Thy dying work revive,  
 Bid Thy drooping garden thrive :  
 Sun of Righteousness, arise !  
 Warm our hearts and bless our eyes ;  
 Let our prayer Thy pity move,  
 Make this year a time of love.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
 Pardon of our sins renew ;  
 Teach us henceforth how to live,  
 With eternity in view.  
 Bless Thy word to old and young,  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
 When our life's short race is run,  
 May we dwell with Thee above.

NEWTON.

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316.

C. M.

JESUS! Thou art the sinner's friend ;  
 As such I look to Thee ;  
 Now, in the fullness of Thy love.  
 O Lord ! remember me.

2 Remember Thy pure word of grace—  
 Remember Calvary ;  
 Remember all Thy dying groans,  
 And then, remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God !  
I yield myself to Thee ;  
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,  
Dear Lord ! remember me.

4 Lord ! I am guilty—I am vile,  
But Thy salvation's free ;  
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,  
Dear Lord ! remember me.

5 And when I close my eyes in death,  
When creature-helps all flee,  
Then, O my great Redeemer—God !  
I pray, remember me.

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317.

L. M.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host bestud the sky ;  
One star alone, of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks  
From every host, from every gem ;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks—  
It is the Star of Bethlehem !

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
The wind that tossed my found ring bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;  
When suddenly a star arose—  
It was the Star of Bethlehem !

- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,  
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;  
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,  
 It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 Forever and forever more,  
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem !

H. K. WHITE.

318.

C. M.

*The Everlasting Song.*

EARTH has engrossed my love too long ;  
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes  
 Upward, dear Father ! to Thy throne,  
 And to my native skies.

- 2 There, the blest man, my Saviour sits—  
 The God ! how bright He shines !  
 And scatters infinite delights  
 On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,  
 Circle the throne around ;  
 And move and charm the starry plains  
 With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employ—  
 Jesus, my love, they sing !  
 Jesus, the life of all our joy,  
 Sounds sweet from every string.
- 5 Now let me mount and join their song,  
 And sound Thy praises too ;  
 My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,  
 Here's joyful work for you.

- 6 I would begin the music here,  
And so my soul should rise ;  
Oh ! for some heavenly notes to bear  
My passions to the skies !

WATTS.

319.

S. M.

*Forgiveness of Sin by Confession.*

- OH! blessed souls are they,  
Whose sins are covered o'er ;  
Divinely blessed, to whom the Lord  
Imputes their guilt no more !

- 2 They mourn their follies past,  
And keep their hearts with care ;  
Their lips and lives, without deceit,  
Shall prove their faith sincere.

- 3 While I concealed my guilt  
I felt the fest'ring wound ,  
Till I confessed my sins to Thee,  
And ready pardon found.

- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,  
Let saints keep near the throne ;  
Our help in times of deep distress  
Is found in God alone.

WATTS.

320.

L. M.

- A WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;  
He justly claims a song from me :  
His loving-kindness, oh ! how free.

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate:  
His loving-kindness, oh! how great.
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along:  
His loving-kindness, oh! how strong.
- 4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
Oh! may my last expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 5 Then let me mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day,  
And sing with rapture and surprise  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

MEDLEY.

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### 321. C. M.

**L**ORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high!  
To Thee will I direct my prayer,  
To Thee lift up my cry.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
To plead for all His saints,  
Presenting at His Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;  
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,  
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.



- 4 Oh ! may Thy spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness ;  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face !

WATTS.

## 322.

## III. 1

**B**URST, ye emerald gates, and bring  
To my raptured vision,  
All the ecstatic joys that spring  
Round the bright elysian :  
Lo ! we lift our longing eyes—  
Break, ye intervening skies !  
Son of Righteousness, arise !  
Ope the gates of Paradise.

- 2 Floods of everlasting light  
Freely roll before Him ;  
Myriads with supreme delight  
Instantly adore Him.  
Angel trumps resound His fame ;  
Harps of brightest gold proclaim  
All the music of His name,  
Heaven echoing the theme.

- 3 See the adoring elders rise  
From their princely station ;  
Shout His glorious victories,  
Sing His great salvation.  
Cast their crowns before the throne,  
Cry in reverential tone,  
Glory be to God alone,  
Holy, holy, holy One.

## 323.

**B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
morning,

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine  
aid ;

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,

Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies His head with the beasts of the  
stall :

Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom and offerings divine ?  
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the  
mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;  
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure :  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-  
ing,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine  
aid ;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

BISHOP HEBER.

## 324.

## IV. 2.

THIS God is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,  
Whose love is as great as His power,  
And neither knows measure nor end.

- 2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,  
His spirit shall guide us safe home :  
We'll praise Him for all that is past,  
And trust Him for all that's to come.

HART.

## 325.

## III. 3.

COME, Thou fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above ;  
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—  
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer :  
Hither by Thy help I'm come ;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

- 3 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be !  
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
 Prone to leave the God I love ;  
 Here's my heart, oh ! take and seal it,  
 Seal it for Thy courts above !

ROBINSON.

## 326.

COME, let us anew  
 Our journey pursue,  
 Roll round with the year,  
 And never stand still till the Master appear ;  
 His adorable will  
 Let us gladly fulfill,  
 And our talents improve  
 By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream ;  
 Our time, as a stream,  
 Glides swiftly away,  
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay :  
 The arrow is flown,  
 The moment is gone,  
 The millennial year  
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 Oh ! that each in the day  
 Of His coming, may say,  
 " I have fought my way through,  
 I have finished the work Thou didst give me to  
 do !"

Oh ! that each from his Lord  
 May receive the glad word,  
 " Well and faithfully done ;  
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my  
 throne !"

WESLEY.

327.

S. M.

*Union.*

LET party names no more  
The Christian world o'erspread;  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth  
Let mutual love be found;  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let discord, child of hell!  
Be banished far away;  
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,  
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the Church below  
Resemble that above,  
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,  
And every heart is love.

BEDDOME.

328.

L. M.

KINDRED in Christ, for His dear sake,  
A hearty welcome here receive;  
May we together now partake  
The joys which only He can give!

2 To you and us by grace 'tis given  
To know the Saviour's precious name;  
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,  
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

- 3 May He by whose kind care we meet,  
Send His good Spirit from above,  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love !
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme ;  
When Christians see each other thus ;  
We only wish to speak of Him  
Who lived and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all He did and said,  
And suffered for us here below ;  
The path He marked for us to tread,  
And what He's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;  
And hasten on the glorious day,  
When we shall meet to part no more.

NEWTON.

## 329.

## III. 1.

CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,  
Let us each with grateful heart,  
Once more to our Father raise  
Our united hymn of praise.

- 2 Here perhaps we meet no more,  
But we seek a brighter shore,  
Where, above all sin and pain,  
Brethren, we shall meet again.
- 3 To the Triune God of heaven  
Love and praise be ever given,  
Here, and by His hosts above,  
Endless praise, adoring love.



## 330.

S. M.

AND let our bodies part,  
To different scenes repair,  
Inseparably joined in heart  
The friends of Jesus are :  
Jesus the corner-stone,  
Did first our hearts unite,  
And still He keeps our spirits one,  
Who walk with Him in white.

2 Oh ! let us still proceed  
In Jesus' work below,  
And, following our triumphant Head,  
To farther conquests go.  
The vineyard of the Lord  
Before His lab'ers lies,  
And, through His grace, a rich reward  
Awaits them in the skies.

3 Oh ! let our heart and mind  
Continually ascend,  
That haven of repose to find,  
Where all our labors end—  
Where all our toil is o'er,  
Our suff'rings and our pain :  
Who meet on that eternal shore,  
Shall never part again.

WESLEY.

## 331.

L. M.

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,  
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;  
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found ;  
And every place is hallowed ground.

- 2 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew ;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of Thy saving name.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
To strengthen faith and banish care ;  
To teach our faint desires to rise  
To things unseen beyond the skies.
- 4 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;  
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;  
Oh ! rend the heavens this favored hour,  
Let us now feel Thy saving power.

COWPER.

## 332.

## III. 5.

*Encouragement when Error prevails.*

YES, we trust the day is breaking,  
Joyful times are near at hand ;  
God, the mighty God, is speaking,  
By His word in every land :  
Mark His progress ;  
Darkness flies at His command.

- 2 While the foe becomes more daring,  
While he enters like a flood,  
God the Saviour is preparing  
Means to spread His truth abroad :  
Every language  
Soon shall tell the love of God.

- 3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,  
Let Thy people see Thy hand ;  
Make the Gospel soon victorious  
Through the world, in every land :  
Perish idols,  
At Jehovah's dread command.

KELLY.

## 333.

C. M.

FOR mercies countless as the sands,  
Which daily I receive  
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,  
My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,  
What can I bring Him forth?  
My best is stained and dyed with sin,  
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make  
For all He has bestowed:  
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
And call upon my God.

4 The best return for one like me,  
So wretched and so poor,  
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,  
And ask Him still for more.

NEWTON.

## 334.

H. 3.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,  
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;  
In His secret habitation  
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed;  
There no tumult can alarm thee,  
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;  
Guile nor violence can harm thee,  
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword at noonday wasting,  
From the noisome pestilence,  
In the depth of midnight blasting,  
God shall be thy sure defense;

Fear not thou the deadly quivers,  
 When a thousand feel the blow ;  
 Mercy shall thy soul deliver,  
 Though ten thousand be laid low.

- 3 Since with pure and firm affection,  
 Thou on God hast set thy love,  
 With the wings of His protection,  
 He will shield thee from above.  
 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,  
 He will hearken, He will save,  
 Here, for grief, reward thee double,  
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

MONTGOMERY

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335.

L. M.

*On laying the Foundation-stone of a Church.*

- THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay ;  
 We build the temple, Lord, to Thee ;  
 Thine eye be open night and day,  
 To guard this house and sanctuary.
- 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,  
 And dying sinners pray to live,  
 Hear Thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,  
 And when Thou hearest, oh ! forgive !
- 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim  
 The blessed gospel of Thy Son,  
 Still by the power of His great name,  
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna ! to their heavenly King,  
 When children's voices raise that song ;  
 Hosanna ! let their angels sing,  
 And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

5 But will indeed Jehovah deign  
Here to abide, no transient guest ?  
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,  
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?

6 That glory never hence depart !  
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;  
Thy kingdom come to every heart,  
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

MONTGOMERY.

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336.

III. I.

*Perscverance.*

**H**ARK ! my soul, it is the Lord ;  
'Tis thy Saviour ; hear His word ;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :  
" Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me ?

2 " I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when wounded, healed thy wound ;  
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 " Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare ?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

4 " Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done ;  
Partner of my throne shalt be ;  
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?"

- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee and adore;  
Oh! for grace to love Thee more.

COWPER.

## 337.

L. M.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?  
'Tis God that justifies their souls,  
And mercy, like a mighty stream,  
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?  
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead;  
And their salvation to fulfill,  
Behold Him rising from the dead!

- 3 He lives! He lives! and sits above,  
Forever interceding there,  
Who shall divide us from His love?  
Or who shall tempt us to despair?

- 4 Shall persecution, or distress,  
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?  
He that hath loved us, bears us through,  
And makes us more than conquerors too.

- 5 Faith hath an overcoming power,  
It triumphs in the dying hour;  
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,  
Nor can we sink, with such a prop.

- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,  
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,  
Shall cause His mercy to remove,  
Or wean our hearts from Him we love.

WATTS.



338.

L. M.

*The Believer's Safety.*

THAT man no guard nor weapon needs,  
 Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows;  
 But safe may pass, when duty leads,  
 Through burning sands or mountain snows.

2 Released from guilt, he feels no fear,  
 Redemption is his shield and tower;  
 He sees his Saviour always near,  
 To help in every trying hour.

3 His love possessing, I am blest;  
 Secure, whatever change may come,  
 Whether I go to east or west,  
 With Him I still shall be at home.

4 If placed beneath the northern pole,  
 Though winter reigns with rigor there,  
 His gracious beams would cheer my soul,  
 And make a spring throughout the year.

5 Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil  
 My lonely dwelling e'er should prove,  
 His presence would support my toil,  
 Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

NEWTON.

339.

IV. 2.

WHAT think ye of Christ—is the test  
 To try both your state and your scheme;  
 You can not be right in the rest,  
 Unless you think rightly of Him:  
 As Jesus appears in your view,  
 As He is beloved or not;  
 So God is disposed to you,  
 And mercy or wrath is your lot.

- 2 Some take Him a creature to be,  
 A man, or an angel at most;  
 Sure, these have not feelings like me,  
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost:  
 So guilty and helpless am I,  
 I durst not confide in His blood,  
 Nor on His protection rely,  
 Unless I were sure He is God.
- 3 Some call Him a Saviour in word,  
 But mix their own works with His plan,  
 And hope He His help will afford,  
 When they have done all that they can.  
 Some style Him the Pearl of great price,  
 And say He's the fountain of joys,  
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,  
 And cleave to the world and its toys.
- 4 If asked what of Jesus I think,  
 (If He graciously give me the power,)  
 I'll say He's my meat and my drink,  
 My life, and my strength, and my store;  
 My Shepherd, my Guardian, my Friend,  
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall,  
 My Hope from beginning to end,  
 My Portion, my Lord, and my All.

NEWTON.

340.

L. M.

WHAT sinners value I resign;  
 Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine;  
 I shall behold Thy blissful face,  
 And stand complete in righteousness.

- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show:  
 But the bright world to which I go,  
 Hath joys substantial and sincere;  
 When shall I wake and find me there?

- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
I shall be near and like my God,  
And flesh and sense no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

WATTS.

## 341.

II. 2.

*Wrestling Jacob.*

- COME, O Thou Traveller unknown !  
Whom still I hold, but can not see,  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with Thee ;  
With Thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell Thee who I am :  
My misery and sin declare ;  
Thyself hast called me by my name,  
Look on Thy hands, and read it there :  
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?  
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold ;  
Art Thou the Man that died for me ?  
The secret of Thy love unfold ;  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new unutterable name ?  
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell ;  
To know it now resolved I am :  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy Name, Thy nature know.

- 5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long :  
I rise superior to my pain ;  
When I am weak, then I am strong !  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-man prevail.
- 6 Yield to me now, for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair ;  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,  
Be conquered by my instant prayer ;  
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me if Thy Name be love.
- 7 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love !—Thou died'st for me ;  
I hear Thy whisper in my heart ;  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
Pure, universal Love Thou art :  
To me, to all, Thy bowels move,  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 8 My prayer hath power with God, the grace  
Unspeakable I now receive ;  
Through faith I see Thee face to face ;  
I see Thee face to face, and live !  
In vain I have not wept and strove ;  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 9 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art ;  
Jesus the feeble sinner's friend :  
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,  
But stay and love me to the end ;  
Thy mercies never shall remove,  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 10 The Sun of Righteousness on me  
Hath rose with healing in His wings :  
Withered my nature's strength, from Thee  
My soul its life and succor brings ;  
My help is all laid up above :  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

11 Contented now, upon my thigh  
 I halt, till life's short journey end;  
 All helplessness, all weakness, I  
 On Thee alone for strength depend;  
 Nor have I power from Thee to move,  
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

12 Lame as I am, I take the prey:  
 Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome,  
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,  
 And, as a bounding hart, fly home;  
 Through all eternity to prove,  
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

WESLEY.

342.

L. M.

*Sabbath.*

WHEN, as returns this solemn day,  
 Man comes to meet his Maker, God,  
 What rites, what honors shall he pay?  
 How spread His sovereign name abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires  
 Shall circling clouds of incense rise,  
 And gems, and gold, and garlands, deck  
 The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain sinful man! creation's Lord  
 Thy golden off'rings well may spare;  
 But give thy heart, and thou shalt find,  
 Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

4 Oh! grant us in this solemn hour,  
 From earth and sin's allurements free,  
 To feel Thy love, to own Thy power,  
 And raise each raptured thought to Thee.

BARBAULD.



343.

III. 5.

ON the mountain's top appearing,  
 Lo ! the sacred herald stands,  
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
 Zion long in hostile lands.  
 Mourning captive ! God Himself shall loose  
 thy bands.

2 Lo ! thy sun is risen in glory !  
 God Himself appears thy friend ;  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee ;  
 Here their boasted triumph ends :  
 Great deliverance Zion's King will surely  
 send.

3 Enemies no more shall trouble ;  
 All thy wrongs shall be redressed ;  
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,  
 In thy Maker's favor blest ;  
 All thy conflicts end in an eternal rest.

KELLY.

344.

III. 1.

PEOPLE of the living God,  
 I have sought the world around,  
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
 Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns—  
 Turns, a fugitive unblest ;  
 Brethren, where your altar burns,  
 Oh ! receive me into rest.

3 Lonely I no longer roam,  
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;  
 Where you dwell shall be my home,  
 Where you die shall be my grave.



- 4 Mine the God whom you adore ;  
 Your Redeemer shall be mine ;  
 Earth can fill my soul no more,  
 Every idol I resign.

MONTGOMERY.

345.

GOD, that madest heaven and earth,  
 Darkness and light,  
 Who the day for toil hath made,  
 For rest the night,  
 May Thine angel guards defend us,  
 Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,  
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
 This live-long night.

- 2 Thou who dost reign in light,  
 Thy children hear,  
 In the solemn hour of night,  
 Be to us near ;  
 Then throughout eternity,  
 Songs of praise we'll sing to Thee,  
 To whom hallelujahs be,  
 Forever more.

346.

III. 1.

I N a land of strange delight,  
 My transported spirit strayed ;  
 I awake where all is night,  
 Silence, solitude, and shade.

- 2 Is the dream of nature flown,  
 Is the universe destroyed,  
 Man extinct and I alone,  
 Breathing through the formless void ?

3 No, my soul, in God rejoice,  
Through the gloom His light I see ;  
In the silence hear His voice,  
And His hand is over me.

4 When I slumber in the tomb,  
He will guard my resting place ;  
Fearless in the day of doom,  
I shall see Him face to face.

MONTGOMERY.

### 347.

WHEN shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever ?  
When will peace wreath her chain  
Round us forever ?

2 Our hearts will ne'er repose,  
Safe from each blast that blows,  
In this dark vale of woes,  
Never, no never.

3 When shall love freely flow,  
Pure as life's river ?  
When shall sweet friendship glow  
Changeless forever ?

4 Where joys celestial thrill,  
Where bliss each heart shall fill,  
And fears of parting chill,  
Never, no never.

5 Up to that world of light,  
Take us, dear Saviour,  
May we all there unite,  
Happy forever.

- 4 Where kindred spirits dwell,  
There may our music swell,  
And tune our joys to swell,  
Never, no never.
- 5 Soon shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever !  
Soon shall peace wreath her chain,  
Round us forever.
- 6 Our hearts will then repose,  
Secure from worldly woes,  
Our songs of praise shall close,  
Never, no never.
- 

- A** NOTHER dawning day is gone :  
In solemn silence rest, my soul !  
Bow down before His awful throne,  
Who bids the morn and evening toll.
- 2 Soon shall a darker night descend,  
And veil from thee yon azure skies ;  
And soon shall death's oppressive hand  
Lie heavy on these languid eyes.
- 3 Yet when beneath the dreadful shroud  
I lay my weary frame to rest,  
That night shall not make me afraid ;  
That bed the dying Saviour pressed.
- 4 Again emerging from the night,  
I like my risen Lord shall rise ;  
Again drink in the morning light,  
Pure at His fount above the skies.

## 349.

*Looking to Jesus.*

O SILENT Lamb ! for me Thou hast endured,  
 Jesus, Thou holy, perfect, sinless One !  
 Thy grief and bitter anguish have secured  
 My soul's salvation when this race is run ;  
 Then let me, to Thine image true,  
 Thus meekly suffer with the crown in view.

2 The narrow way that leads us up to heaven,  
 Must here through strife and tribulation lie ;  
 Then on the thorny path may strength be  
 given,  
 This sinful flesh, O Lord ! to crucify.  
 Oh ! take this feebleness away,  
 And make me strong to meet each future day.

3 Here daily crosses come to try our weakness,  
 Here every member must some burden  
 bear ;  
 But, O my Saviour ! if I take with meekness,  
 The cross appointed by Thy love and care,  
 Too great, too long it will not be,  
 For it is weighed and measured out by Thee.

BOGATZKI.

## 350.

L. M.

GOD of my life ! Thy boundless grace  
 G Chose, pardoned, and adopted me ;  
 My rest, my home, my dwelling place ;  
 Father ! I come, I come to Thee.

2 Jesus my hope, my rock, my shield,  
 Whose precious blood was shed for me ;  
 Into Thy hands my soul I yield ;  
 Saviour ! I come, I come to Thee.

- 3 Spirit of glory, and of God,  
Long hast Thou deigned my guide to be,  
Now be Thy comfort sweet bestowed ;  
My God ! I come, I come to Thee.
- 4 I come to join that countless host  
Who praise Thy name unceasingly ;  
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !  
My God ! I come, I come to Thee.
- 

## 351.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
In gracious power come down :  
Save this child by nature lost,  
And take *him* for Thine own.  
Hear us, sinful worms of earth,  
While on *his* behalf we pray ;  
Grant *him* that celestial birth,  
No water can convey.

- 2 Vain is every outward rite  
Unless Thy grace be given ;  
Nothing but Thy life and light  
Can form a soul for heaven.  
Jesus, Thou wast once a child  
Bid this infant come to Thee ;  
Thine alone may he be sealed  
To all eternity.

- 3 Let Thy promised inward grace  
Accompany the sign ;  
On his new-born soul impress  
The glorious name divine.  
Father, now Thy love reveal,  
Jesus, now Thy mind impart ;  
Holy Ghost, renew and dwell  
Forever in His heart.

## 352.

II. 5.

ONE sole baptismal sign,  
 One Lord, below, above—  
 Zion, one faith is thine,  
 Only one watchword—love.  
 From different temples though it rise,  
 One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one ;  
 One Priest before the throne—  
 The slain, the risen Son,  
 Redeemer Lord alone :  
 And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,  
 Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of Thy Church beneath,  
 The Catholic, the true ;  
 On all Thy members breathe—  
 Her broken frame renew :  
 Then shall Thy perfect will be done,  
 When Christians love and live as one.

G. ROBINSON.

## 353.

L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God my King,  
 To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing ;  
 To show Thy love by morning light,  
 And tell of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;  
 Oh ! may my heart in time be found,  
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.



- 3 My soul shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless His works, and bless His word;  
His works of grace, how bright they shine!  
How deep His counsels, how divine!
- 4 Oh! let me share a glorious part,  
Let grace divine refine my heart;  
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,  
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired or wished below;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

WATTS.

## 354.

## II. 2

- THERE is a thought can lift the soul  
Above the narrow sphere that bounds it—  
A star that sheds it mild control,  
Brightest when grief's dark cloud sur-  
rounds it:  
And pours a soft pervading ray,  
Life's ills can never chase away.
- 2 When earthly joys have left the breast,  
And e'en the last fond hope that's cherished  
Of mortal bliss, too, like the rest,  
Beneath woe's withering touch has perished,  
With fadeless lustre streams that light,  
A halo on the brow of night.
- 3 And bitter were our sojourn here  
In this dark wilderness of sorrow,  
Did not that rainbow beam appear,  
The herald of a brighter morrow—  
A friendly beacon from on high  
To guide us to eternity.

355.

S. M.

MY times are in Thy hand ;  
 My God, I wish them there ;  
 My life, my friends, my soul I leave  
 Entirely to Thy care.

2 My times are in Thy hand,  
 Whatever they may be ;  
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
 As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand :  
 Why should I doubt or fear ?  
 My Father's hand will never cause  
 His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand,  
 Jesus, the crucified ;  
 The hand my cruel sins had pierced  
 Is now my guard and guide.

5 My times are in Thy hand,  
 Jesus, my Advocate ;  
 Nor shall Thy hand be stretched in vain,  
 For me to supplicate.

6 My times are in Thy hand ;  
 I'll always trust in Thee ;  
 And after death, at Thy right hand,  
 I shall forever be.

356.

IV. 2.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
 My soul is in haste to be gone :  
 Oh ! bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
 And waft me away to His throne.

- My Saviour, whom absent I love,  
Whom, not having seen, I adore;  
Whose name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and power;
- 2 Dissolve Thou these bonds, that detain  
My soul from her portion in Thee;  
Oh! strike off this adamant chain,  
And make me eternally free.  
When that happy era begins,  
When arrayed in Thy glories I shine,  
Nor grieve any more by my sins,  
The bosom on which I recline;
- 3 Oh! then shall the veil be removed,  
And round me Thy brightness be poured;  
I shall meet Him whom absent I loved  
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.  
And then, never more shall the fears,  
The trials, temptations, and woes,  
Which darken this valley of tears,  
Intrude on my blissful repose.
- 4 Or, if yet remembered above,  
Remembrance no sadness shall raise;  
They will be but new signs of Thy love,  
New themes for my wonder and praise.  
Thus the strokes which from sin and from  
pain,  
Shall set me eternally free  
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain  
Which binds me, my Saviour, to Thee.

COWPER.

357.

II. 6.

REJOICE, rejoice, believers,  
And let your lights appear,  
The evening is advancing,  
And darker night is near;

The Bridegroom is arising,  
 And soon He draweth nigh;  
 Up! pray and watch and wrestle,  
 At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,  
 Replenish them with oil;  
 And wait for your salvation,  
 The end of earthly toil.  
 The watchers on the mountains,  
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near;  
 Go meet Him as He cometh,  
 With hallelujahs clear.

3 Ye saints who here in patience,  
 Your cross and sufferings bore;  
 Shall live and reign forever,  
 Where sorrow is no more.  
 Around the throne of glory,  
 The Lamb ye shall behold;  
 In triumph cast before Him  
 Your diadems of gold.

4 Our hope and expectation,  
 O Jesus! now appear;  
 Arise! thou sun so longed for,  
 O'er this benighted sphere.  
 With hearts and hands uplifted,  
 We plead O Lord! to see  
 The day of earth's redemption,  
 That brings us unto Thee.

GERMAN.

358.

L. M.

THE ransomed spirit to her home,  
 The clime of cloudless beauty, flies;  
 No more on stormy seas to roam,  
 She hails her haven in the skies.

But cheerless are those heavenly fields,  
 That cloudless clime no pleasure yields,  
 There is no bliss in bowers above,  
 If Thou art absent, holy Love !

2 The cherub near the viewless throne,  
 Hath smote the harp with trembling hand;  
 And one with incense-fire hath flown,  
 To touch with flame the angel band.  
 But tuneless is the quivering string,  
 No melody can Gabriel bring ;  
 Mute are its arches, when above,  
 The harps of heaven wake not to love.

3 Earth, sea, and sky one language speak,  
 In harmony that soothes the soul ;  
 'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,  
 And when on thunders, thunders roll.  
 That voice is heard, and tumults cease,  
 It whispers to the bosom, peace :  
 Speak, Thou Inspirer from above,  
 And cheer our hearts, celestial Love.

TAPPAN.

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 359.

S. M.

“FOREVER with the Lord !”  
 Amen ! so let it be :  
 Life from the dead is in the word :  
 'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,  
 Absent from Him I roam !  
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,  
 A day's march nearer home.

- 3 My Father's house on high !  
 Home of my soul—how near,  
 At times, to faith's aspiring eye,  
 Thy golden gates appear !
- 4 Ah ! then my spirit faints,  
 To reach the land I love ;  
 The bright inheritance of saints,  
 Jerusalem above !
- 5 Oh ! when my latest breath  
 Shall rend the veil in twain ;  
 By death I shall escape from death,  
 And life eternal gain.
- 6 " Knowing as I am known !"  
 How shall I love that word—  
 And oft repeat before the throne  
 " Forever with the Lord."

MONTGOMERY

360.

II. 4.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,  
 From God is all my aid ;  
 The God that built the skies,  
 And earth and nature made.  
 God is the tower  
 To which I fly ;  
 His grace is nigh  
 In every hour.

- 2 My feet shall never slide,  
 And fall in fatal snares ;  
 Since God, my guard and guide,  
 Defends me from my fears.



Those wakeful eyes  
That never sleep,  
Shall Israel keep  
When dangers raise.

3 No burning heats by day,  
Nor blasts of evening air,  
Shall take my health away,  
If God be with me there.  
Thou art my sun,  
And Thou my shade,  
To guard my head  
By night or noon.

4 Hast Thou not given Thy word,  
To save my soul from death?  
And I can trust my Lord  
To keep my soul from death.  
I'll go and come,  
Nor fear to die,  
Till from on high  
Thou call'st me home.

WATTS

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361.

A ROUND the throne of God in heaven  
Thousands of children stand;  
Children who feel their sins forgiven,  
A holy, happy band—  
Singing glory! glory! glory be to God on  
high!

- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white,  
 See every one arrayed ;  
 Dwelling in everlasting light,  
 And joys that never fade.  
 Singing glory ! glory ! glory be to God on  
 high !
- 3 What brought them to that world above ?  
 That heaven so bright and fair ;  
 Where all is peace and joy and love ?  
 How came those children there,  
 Singing glory ! glory ! glory be to God on  
 high !
- 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood  
 To wash away their sin ;  
 Bathed in this pure and precious flood  
 Behold them white and clean,  
 Singing glory ! glory ! glory be to God on  
 high !
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
 On earth they loved His name ;  
 So now they see His blessed face,  
 And stand before the Lamb,  
 Singing glory ! glory ! glory be to God on  
 high !
- 

362.

L. M.

**F**AREWELL, dear friends, I must begone,  
 I have no home nor stay with you ;  
 I'll take my staff and travel on,  
 Till I a better world shall view.  
*I'll march to Canaan's land,  
 I'll land on Canaan's shore,  
 Where pleasures never end,  
 And troubles come no more.*  
*Farewell, farewell, farewell,  
 My loving friends, farewell*

- 2 Farewell my friends, time rolls along,  
Nor waits for mortal's care or bliss ;  
I leave you here and travel on,  
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
- 3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,  
To you I'm bound in cords of love ;  
Yet we believe His gracious word,  
We all shall meet Him soon above.
- 4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,  
You've struggled long and hard for heaven ;  
You've counted all things new but dross.  
Fight on ! the crown shall soon be given.

---

 363.

S. M.

LORD, in the strength of grace,  
With a glad heart and free,  
Myself, my residue of days,  
I consecrate to Thee.

- 2 Thy ransomed servant, I  
Restore to Thee thine own ;  
And from this moment live or die,  
To serve my God alone.

WESLEY.

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 364.

L. M.

*Sabbath Evening.*

BLEST Sabbath eve ! thy holy calm,  
How welcome to the weary breast ;  
How sweetly sounds the household psalm,  
Which lulls thy sacred hours to rest.

- 2 This day within Thy courts, O Lord !  
 Thy waiting saints have met with Thee ;  
 Our eyes have seen, our ears have heard,  
 What prophets longed to hear and see.
- 3 A thousand days may not compare  
 With one which in Thy courts we spend ;  
 May every day that finds us there,  
 To life a holier impulse lend.
- 4 Through every scene of worldly strife,  
 A Sabbath blessing with us go ;  
 In every day of common life,  
 A Sabbath spirit may we show.
- 5 Within Thine earthly courts, may we  
 With grace for earthly work be blest ;  
 Till in Thy house above, we see,  
 The Sabbath of our endless rest.
- 

## 365.

## IV. 2.

- O H! had I the wings of a dove,  
 I'd make my escape and be gone ;  
 I'd mix with the spirits above,  
 Who encompass yon heavenly throne.  
 I'd fly from all labor and toil,  
 To the place where the weary have rest :  
 I'd haste from contention and broil,  
 To the peaceful abodes of the blest.
- 2 How happy are they who no more  
 Have to feel the assault of the foe !  
 Arrived on the heavenly shore,  
 They have left all their conflicts below ;  
 They are far from all danger and fear,  
 While remembrance enhances their joys,  
 As the storm, when escaped, doth endear  
 The retreat that the haven supplies.

- 3 Around that magnificent throne,  
Where the Lamb all His glory displays,  
United forever in one,  
His people are singing His praise :  
How holy, how happy are they,  
No tongue can express their delight ;  
My soul now unwilling to stay,  
Prepares for her heavenly flight.
- 4 But no ! my desire is not good,  
Impatience, not faith, is its source ;  
While He who redeemed me with blood,  
Still says to me, " Carry the Cross."  
O Lord ! let me think of the day,  
When Thou wast rejected of men ;  
And put the base wish far away,  
And never be fearful again.
- 5 Nor less my perverseness forgive,  
That when ease and prosperity come ;  
Thy servant is willing to live,  
And his exile prefers to his home.  
Ah ! Lord ! what a sinner am I,  
My hope is in mercy alone ;  
Forgive me, forgive me, I cry,  
Still count me through grace for Thine own.

KELLEY.

OH ! the hour when this material  
Shall have vanished like a cloud ;  
When amid the wide ethereal,  
All the invisible shall crowd.

And the naked soul surrounded  
 With realities unknown,  
 Triumph in the view unbounded,  
 Feel herself with God alone.

2 In that sudden strange transition,  
 By what new and finer sense ;  
 Shall she grasp the mighty vision,  
 And receive its influence ?  
 Angels, guard the new immortal  
 Through the wonder-teeming space,  
 To the everlasting portal—  
 To the spirit's resting place.

3 Will she there no fond emotion,  
 Naught of earthly love, retain ?  
 Or absorbed in pure devotion,  
 Will no mortal trace remain ?  
 Can the grave those ties dis sever  
 With the very heart-strings twined,  
 Must she part, and part forever  
 With the friends she leaves behind ?

4 No ! the past she still remembers ;  
 Faith and hope surviving too,  
 Ever watch the sleeping embers,  
 Which must rise and live anew.  
 For the widowed lonely spirit,  
 Incomplete till clothed afresh—  
 Longs perfection to inherit,  
 Longs to triumph in the flesh.

5 Angels, let the ransomed stranger  
 In your tender care be blest ;  
 Hoping, trusting, free from danger,  
 Till the trumpet end her rest.  
 Till the trump which shakes creation,  
 Through the circling heavens shall roll,  
 Till the day of consummation,  
 Till the bridal of the soul.



- 6 Can I trust a fellow-being  
Can I trust an *angel's* care?  
Oh! Thou merciful, all-seeing  
Shine around my spirit there.  
Jesus! blessed Mediator,  
Thou the airy path hast trod;  
Thou the Judge, the Consummator,  
Shepherd of the fold of God.
- 7 Blessed fold! no foe can enter,  
And no friend departeth thence;  
Jesus is their sun, their centre,  
And their shield Omnipotence.  
Blessed, for the Lamb shall feed them,  
All their tears shall wipe away,  
To the living fountains lead them  
Till fruition's perfect day.
- 8 Lo! it comes—that day of wonder,  
Louder chorals shake the skies;  
Gates of death are burst asunder,  
See the new-clothed myriads rise.  
Thought, repress thy weak endeavor,  
Here must reason prostrate fall;  
Oh! the ineffable forever!  
And the eternal all-in-all!
- 

GLORY, glory, everlasting,  
G Be to Him who bore the cross;  
Who redeemed our souls by tasting  
Death—the death deserved by us;  
Spread His glory,  
Who redeemed His people thus.

- 2 His is love—'tis love unbounded,  
 Without measure, without end;  
 Human thought is here confounded,  
 'Tis too vast to comprehend;  
 Praise the Saviour,  
 Magnify the sinner's Friend!
- 3 While we hear the wondrous story  
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,  
 Sing we "everlasting glory  
 Be to God and to the Lamb;"  
 Saints and angels,  
 Give ye glory to His name.
- 

368.

C. M.

LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?  
 O height, O depth of love!

One with us on the cursed tree?  
 We one with Thee above?

- 2 Such was Thy grace, that, for our sake,  
 Thou didst from heaven come down;  
 Our mortal flesh and blood partake,  
 In all our misery one.
- 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,  
 Confessed and borne by Thee;  
 The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine  
 To set Thy members free.
- 4 Ascended now, in glory bright,  
 Still one with us Thou art;  
 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,  
 Thy saints and Thee can part.
- 5 Oh! teach us, Lord, to know and own  
 This wondrous mystery;  
 That Thou with us art truly one,  
 And we are one with Thee.

- 6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,  
Where, seated on Thy Throne,  
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display  
That Thou with us art one.
- 

369.

C. M.

IN yon blest plains, where Jesus reigns,  
And lasting joys abound,  
I long to be, that I may see  
My Lord with glory crowned.

- 2 Then shall I rest upon his breast,  
And ever see His face ;  
With ceaseless joy my powers employ  
In singing forth His praise.

- 3 O Jesus ! now one smile bestow,  
To cheer me on my way ;  
In Thee I hope, hold Thou me up,  
Lest I should go astray.
- 

370.

C. M.

DWELL not, my searching soul,  
On ritual shadows now ;  
Christ is the Lamb all pure and whole ;  
The ransomed first-born thou.

- 2 Now get thy house within,  
Slay, eat, anoint thy door ;  
The dread avenger comes not in  
To smite, but passeth o'er.

- 3 He looks and calls from high,  
Art thou to die or live ?  
He hears the posts and lintels cry,  
Forgive, forgive, forgive.

- 4 I hear the accuser roar,  
Of ills that I have done ;  
I know them well, and thousands more ;  
Jehovah findeth none.
- 5 Sin, Satan, Death, press near,  
To harass and appal ;  
Let but my Advocate appear,  
Backward they go and fall.
- 6 Before, behind, around,  
They set their fierce array,  
To fight and force me from my ground,  
Along Emmanuel's way.
- 7 I meet them face to face,  
Through Jesus' conquest blest ;  
March in the triumph of His grace,  
Right onward to my rest.
- 8 There in His book I bear  
A more than conq'ror's name—  
A soldier, son, and fellow-heir,  
Who fought and overcame.
- 9 This be the victor's name,  
Who fought our fight alone ;  
Triumphant saints no honor claim,  
Their conquest was His own.

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 371.

## III. 2.

WHEN this passing world is done,  
When has sunk yon glaring sun ;  
When we stand with Christ in glory,  
Looking o'er life's finished story ;  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.

- 2 When I hear the wicked call  
On the rocks and hills to fall,  
When I see them start and shrink  
On the fiery deluge brink :  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 3 When I stand before the throne,  
Dressed in beauty not my own ;  
When I see Thee as Thou art,  
Love Thee with unsinching heart ;  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 4 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,  
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud ;  
But when fear is at the height,  
Jesus comes, and all is light ;  
Blessed Jesus ! bid me show  
Doubting saints how much I owe.
- 5 When in flowery paths I tread,  
Oft by sin I'm captive led ;  
Oft I fall—but still arise—  
The Spirit comes—the tempter flies ;  
Blessed Spirit ! bid me show  
Weary sinners all I owe.
- 6 Oft the nights of sorrow reign,  
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain ;  
But a night Thine anger burns,  
Morning comes and joy returns ;  
God of comforts ! bid me show  
To Thy poor how much I owe.

## 372.

## II. 4

COME, my fond fluttering heart,  
 Come, struggle to be free;  
 Thou and the world must part,  
 However hard it be:  
 My trembling spirit owns it just,  
 But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear,  
 Ye dearest idols, fall;  
 My love ye must not share,  
 Jesus shall have it all:  
 'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,  
 But ah! thou must consent, my heart.

3 Ye fair enchanting throng!  
 Ye golden dreams, farewell!  
 Earth has prevailed too long,  
 And now I break the spell:  
 Ye cherished joys of early years—  
 Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 But must I part with all?  
 My heart still fondly pleads:  
 Yes, Dagon's self must fall,  
 It beats, it throbs, it bleeds.  
 Is there no balm in Gilead found,  
 To soothe and heal the smarting wound?

5 Oh! yes, there is a balm,  
 A kind physician there;  
 My fevered mind to calm,  
 To bid me not despair:  
 Aid me, dear Saviour; set me free,  
 And I will all resign to Thee.



- 6 Oh! may I feel Thy worth,  
And let no idol dare;  
No vanity of earth,  
With Thee, my Lord, compare.  
Now bid all worldly joys depart,  
And reign supremely in my heart.

JANE TAYLOR.

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373.

L. M.

- A H! my dear Lord! whose changeless love  
To me, nor earth nor hell can part;  
When shall my feet forget to rove?  
Ah! what shall fix this faithless heart.

- 2 Why do these cares my soul divide,  
If Thou indeed hast set me free?  
Why am I thus, if Thou hast died,  
If Thou hast died to ransom me?
- 3 Around me clouds of darkness roll,  
In deepest night I still walk on;  
Heavily moves my fainting soul,  
My comfort and my God are gone.
- 4 O Love! Thy sovereign aid impart,  
And guard the gifts Thyself hast given;  
My portion Thou; my treasure art,  
And life, and happiness, and heaven.
- 5 Would aught with Thee my wishes share,  
Though dear as life the idol be,  
The idol from my breast I'll tear,  
Resolved to seek my all from Thee.
- 6 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,  
To Thee, my Lord, I here restore;  
Gladly I all, for Thee resign,  
Give me Thyself, I ask no more.

## 374.

II. 3.

OH! draw me, Saviour, after Thee,  
 So shall I run, and never tire;  
 With gracious words still comfort me,  
 Be Thou my hope, my sole desire.  
 Free from every weight; nor fear,  
 Nor sin can come, if Thou art here.

2 From all eternity with love  
 Unchangeable Thou hast me viewed;  
 Ere knew this beating heart to move,  
 Thy tender mercies me pursued:  
 Ever with me may they abide,  
 And close me in on every side.

3 In suffering be Thy love my peace,  
 In weakness be Thy love my power:  
 And when the storms of life shall cease,  
 Jesus, in that important hour,  
 In death, in life, be Thou my guide,  
 And save me, who for me hast died!

## 375.

WHAT though time on earth were over?  
 Not on time our hopes depend;  
 Lo! beyond it we discover,  
 Life that never knows an end.  
 'Mid the woes that life attend,  
 Still for rest we turn to Thee:  
 God a father and a friend,  
 Changeless, in His Son we see.

2 Father still in all our need,  
 Father still in weal or woe;  
 Father even of the dead,  
 When into the grave we go.

Change may toss us to and fro,  
 Changeless He in whom we trust :  
 Even our flesh His care shall know,  
 When our bodies turn to dust.

- 3 Then let days and years be fleeting,  
 Swiftly pass our joys and woes ;  
 'Mid the changes we are meeting,  
 God, our God, no changes knows.  
 Ours be then a life that shows,  
 That conducted by His hand,  
 We shall enter at its close,  
 Our beloved father-land.

## 376.

*The Ascension.*

**R**ISE, glorious Conqueror, rise,  
 Into Thy native skies—  
 Assume Thy right ;  
 And when in many a fold,  
 The clouds are backward rolled,  
 Pass through those gates of gold,  
 And reign in light !

- 2 Victor o'er death and hell !  
 Cherubic legions swell  
 The radiant train ;  
 Praises all heaven inspire—  
 Each angel sweeps his lyre,  
 And waves his wings of fire :  
 Thou Lamb once slain !

- 3 Enter, incarnate God !  
 No feet but Thine have trod  
 The serpent down :  
 Blow the full trumpets, blow !  
 Wider yon portals throw !  
 Saviour—triumphant—go,  
 And take Thy crown !

- 4 Lion of Judah, hail !  
 And let Thy name prevail,  
 From age to age :  
 Lord of the rolling years,  
 Claim for Thine own the spheres ;  
 For Thou hast bought with tears  
 Thy heritage.
- 5 Yet, who are these behind,  
 In number more than mind  
 Can count or say :  
 Clothed in immortal stoles,  
 Illumining the poles—  
 A galaxy of souls,  
 In white array ?
- 6 And then was heard afar,  
 Star answering to star :  
 Lo ! these have come ;  
 Followers of Him who gave  
 His life their lives to save ;  
 And now their palms they wave—  
 Brought safely home.
- 7 O Lord ! ascend Thy throne !  
 For Thou shalt rule alone,  
 Beside Thy Sire ;  
 With the great Paraclete—  
 The three in One complete—  
 Before whose awful feet  
 All foes expire !

BRYDGES.

## 377.

THE God of Abraham praise,  
 Whose all-sufficient grace  
 Shall guide me all my happy days,  
 In all His ways.

He calls a worm His friend,  
 He calls Himself my God ;  
 And He shall save me to the end,  
 Through Jesus' blood.

2 Though nature's strength decay,  
 And earth and hell withstand ;  
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,  
 At God's command.  
 The watery deep I pass,  
 With Jesus in my view ;  
 And through the howling wilderness  
 My way pursue.

3 The goodly land I see,  
 With peace and plenty blest ;  
 The land of sacred liberty,  
 And endless rest.  
 There milk and honey flow,  
 And oil and wine abound ;  
 And trees of life forever grow  
 With mercy crowned.

4 Before the great Three One  
 They all exulting stand ;  
 And tell the wonders He hath done,  
 Through all their land.  
 The listening spheres attend,  
 And swell the growing fame ,  
 And sing in songs which never end,  
 The wondrous name.

5 Before the Saviour's face,  
 The ransomed nations bow ;  
 O'erwhelmed with His Almighty grace,  
 Forever new :  
 He shows His prints of love—  
 They kindle to a flame ;  
 And sound through all the worlds above,  
 The slaughtered Lamb.\*

OLIVERS.

\* The other verses of this Hymn may be found in the Prayer Book Selection.

## 378.

0 SAVIOUR! when Thy beauteous feet  
 Were heard in Salem's ancient street,  
 Far rang the joyful tidings fleet,  
 And Zion's song once more was sweet :  
 Hosanna !

2 The sick came forth with tottering tread ;  
 Kind brethren bore the cripple's bed ;  
 Some gentle hand the blind man led,  
 And loved ones called Thee to their dead :  
 Hosanna !

3 Still stood the maniac's quivering frame,  
 Beside Thy path lay down the lame,  
 Near and yet near the leper came,  
 Nor shrank the weeping child of shame :  
 Hosanna !

4 And all were healed! they rose; they ran;  
 They lived anew time's little span;  
 The life of heaven on earth began,  
 And God and angels walked with man:  
 Hosanna !

5 Healer of souls, oh ! heal Thou me !  
 And ope mine eyes, Thy face to see ;  
 And bend the grateful leper's knee ;  
 And let me live, and live for Thee !  
 Hosanna !

6 Then, I will journey on in light,  
 And Thy dear steps shall guide me right,  
 Till I shall trail my robes of white  
 On thy pure city's pavement bright :  
 Hosanna !

BP. BURGESS.



## 379.

SINCE o'er Thy footstool here below,  
 Such radiant gems are strewn,  
 Oh! what magnificence must glow,  
 My God, about Thy throne!  
 So brilliant *here* those drops of light—  
 There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

2 If night's blue curtain of the sky  
 With thousand stars inwrought,  
 Hung like a royal canopy  
 With glittering diamonds fraught—  
 Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer veil,  
 What splendor at the shrine must dwell!

3 The dazzling sun at noontide hour,  
 Forth from his flaming vase,  
 Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,  
 Till vale and mountain blaze—  
 But shows, O Lord! one beam of Thine:  
 What then the *day where Thou dost shine!*

4 Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure  
 That noon of living rays,  
 Or how my spirit so impure,  
 Upon Thy glory gaze?  
 Anoint, O Lord! anoint my sight,  
 And robe me for that world of light!

MUHLENBERG.

## 380.

## IV. 4.

*Epiphany, Isaiah 60.*

RISE, daughter of Zion, thy mourning is o'er,  
 The night that hath veiled thee shall veil  
 thee no more;

Wear the robes of the morning, arise thou,  
     and shine,  
 For the beauty and light of Jehovah are  
     thine.

2 Oh ! lift up thine eyes, look around thee and  
     see  
 How thy children are gathering together to  
     thee,  
 Like doves on the wing, flying home to be  
     blest  
 At thine altar, with peace, in thy bosom,  
     with rest.

3 From the sea's farthest shores, and like its full  
     tide,  
 The nations new-born, how they flock to thy  
     side,  
 To freedom forth springing, thy light having  
     seen,  
 They own thee a mother, and hail thee a  
     queen.

4 Who wasted thee once, humbly kneel at thy  
     throne,  
 Rejoicing thy sceptre of mercy to own :  
 And the proud ones that hailed not the dawn  
     of thy day,  
 In the blaze of its noon shall but wither away.

5 In thy kingdom of love shall all violence  
     cease ;  
 Thine exactors be justice, thine officers peace,  
 All righteous thy people, all truth be thy  
     ways,  
 Salvation thy bulwarks, thy portals be praise.

6 Jehovah thy beauty, thy brightness, thy  
 crown,  
 Thy moon shall ne'er wane, and thy sun ne'er  
 go down,  
 And the tide of thy glory, no ebbing to  
 know,  
 From ages eternal to ages shall flow.

MUHLENBERG.

381.

III. 1.

*Thy Kingdom Come.*

**K**ING of kings, and wilt Thou deign  
 O'er this wayward heart to reign,  
 Henceforth take it for Thy throne,  
 Rule here, Lord, and rule alone?

2 Then like heaven's angelic bands,  
 Waiting for Thine high commands,  
 All my power shall wait on Thee,  
 Captive yet divinely free.

3 At Thy word my will shall bow,  
 Judgment, reason, bending low,  
 Hope, desire, and every thought,  
 Into glad obedience brought.

4 Zeal shall haste with eager wings,  
 Hourly some new gift to bring;  
 Wisdom humbly casting down  
 At Thy feet her golden crown.

5 Tuned by Thee in sweet accord,  
 All shall sing their precious Lord;  
 Love like Thine own Seraphim,  
 Leading on the blissful hymn.

6 Be it so—my heart Thy throne,  
 All my powers Thy sceptre own;  
 And like them on heaven's bright hill,  
 Live rejoicing in Thy will.

MUHLENBERG.

382.

IV. 4.

“I would not live alway.”—JOB 7 : 16.

**I** WOULD not live alway—live alway below!  
 Oh! no, I'll not linger, when bidden to go.  
 The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,  
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its  
 cheer.  
 Would I shrink from the path which the pro-  
 phets of God,  
 Apostles and martyrs, so joyfully trod?  
 While brethren and friends are all hastening  
 home,  
 Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would I  
 roam?

2 I would not live alway—I ask not to stay,  
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the  
 way;  
 Where seeking for peace, we but hover  
 around,  
 Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is  
 found;  
 Where hope when she paints her gay bow in  
 the air,  
 Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of  
 despair,  
 And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad  
 ray,  
 Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him  
 away.

- 3 I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin;  
Temptation without, and corruption within;  
In a moment of strength, if I sever the chain,  
Scarce the victory's mine ere I'm captive  
again.  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with  
fears,  
And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent  
tears;  
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,  
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.
- 4 I would not live alway—no, welcome the  
tomb;  
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its  
gloom;  
Where He deigned to sleep, I'll too bow my  
head,  
All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed.  
And then the glad dawn soon to follow that  
night,  
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my  
sight,  
When the full matin song, as the sleepers  
arise  
To shout in the morning, shall peal through  
the skies.
- 5 Who, who would live alway? away from his  
God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the  
bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;  
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to  
greet,

While the songs of salvation exultingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the  
soul.

- 6 That heavenly music! what is it I hear?  
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in the  
air;  
And see, soft unfolding, those portals of gold!  
The King all arrayed in His beauty behold!  
Oh! give me, oh! give me the wings of a dove!  
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions  
above:  
Ay, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions  
would soar,  
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore.

MUHLENBERG.

## 383.

L. M.

**W**HEN he who from the scourge of wrong,  
Aroused the Hebrew tribes to fly;  
Saw the fair region promised long,  
And bowed him on the hills to die.

- 2 God made his grave to men unknown,  
Where Moab's rocks a vale inclose;  
And laid the aged seer alone,  
To slumber there in long repose.
- 3 Thus still, whene'er the good and just  
Close the dim eye on life and pain;  
Heaven watches o'er their sleeping dust,  
Till the pure spirit comes again.
- 4 Though nameless, silent, and forgot,  
His servants' lowly ashes lie;  
Yet God has marked and sealed the spot,  
To call its inmate to the sky.

BRYANT.



## 384.

C.M.

THERE is a good and pleasant land,  
On this side Jordan's stream ;  
Where happy saints delighted stand,  
And bask in glory's beam.

2 Lord, let me know, before I die,  
The wonders of Thy hand ;  
And let me see, with mortal eye,  
That good and pleasant land.

3 My Saviour, tell me Thou art mine,  
And let me understand  
How bright Thy love and mercy shine  
Within that pleasant land.

4 And when Thy sovereign voice shall say,  
"This land is not thy rest ;  
Arise, depart, and come away,  
To realms completely blest ;"

5 Then shall my terrors all have ceased,  
Thy footprints I shall see,  
My Lord, my God, my great High Priest,  
And I will pass to thee !

6 And if I found upon the way  
A good and pleasant land ;  
What shall I find, when I survey  
The joys at Thy right hand ?

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385.*Nearer to Thee.*

ALONG the mountain track of life,  
Along the weary lea,  
O'er rocks, 'mid storm, in joy or strife,  
Let this my heart-cry be :  
"Nearer to Thee ! nearer to Thee !"

- 2 This pilgrim-path by Thee was trod,  
 Jesus, my King, by Thee !  
 Traced by Thy feet, Thy tears, Thy blood,  
 In love, in death, for me—  
 Oh ! bring my soul “ nearer to Thee ! ”
- 3 Let every step, let every thought,  
 Sweet memories bear of Thee !  
 And hear the soul Thy love hath bought,  
 Whose way-cry oft shall be :  
 “ Nearer to Thee ! nearer to Thee ! ”
- 4 Thou wilt ! Thou dost ! a still small voice  
 Teacheth of faith in Thee !  
 Of hope that might in grief rejoice,  
 If still the way-cry be :  
 “ Nearer to Thee ! nearer to Thee ! ”
- 5 Yet a few days, to me, perhaps,  
 And time no more shall be ;  
 But boundless love can know no lapse,  
 Thou art Eternity !  
 Draw Thou my soul “ nearer to Thee ! ”
- 6 Be it the heaven I hope above,  
 To live and move in Thee !  
 Oh ! by Thy past, Thy promised love,  
 Grant these blest words to me :  
 “ Ascend, forgiven, ‘ nearer to Thee ! ’ ”

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THERE is a stream that maketh bright  
 A city far away ;  
 Where neither morning is, nor night ;  
 For God Himself is day.

- 2 That stream no parching noon may stop ;  
Better and holier far  
Is its least shining water-drop,  
Than mountain torrents are.
- 3 Is there a wish in heart and mind,  
To drink that stream and live ?  
Go, child of man, thy Saviour find ;  
He will its waters give.
- 4 Whene'er we hear His holy word,  
If we but hear aright ;  
But ask aright of Christ our Lord,  
We drink those waters bright.
- 5 Morning and eve, when thou art taught  
To know God's blessed will ;  
Unto thy very lips are brought  
Drops from the living rill.
- 6 Drink then, till God shall call thee home,  
Unto that city fair ;  
Where thirst and pain can never come,  
Because His throne is there.
- 7 And ever through the holy place,  
The living waters go ;  
To light and comfort every face,  
That sees their silver flow.

TAYLER.

IF human kindness meets return,  
And owns the grateful tie ;  
If tender thoughts within us burn,  
To feel a friend is nigh ;

- 2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell  
 The gratitude we owe  
 To Him, who died our fears to quell—  
 Who bore our guilt and woe!
- 3 While yet in anguish He surveyed  
 Those pangs He would not flee,  
 What love His latest words displayed—  
 “Meet and remember me!”
- 4 Remember Thee—Thy death, Thy shame,  
 Our sinful hearts to share!  
 Oh! memory leaves no other name  
 But His recorded there.

NOEL.

388.

C.M.

*Ministering to Christ.*

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”—MATT. 25 : 40.

- OH! when some tender, gracious word,  
 Some glimpse of life above,  
 Our hearts' deep impulses hath stirred  
 To generous grateful love—  
 When errant thought, a moment free  
 From earthly, selfish aim,  
 Returns, O Saviour Lord! to Thee,  
 And breathes alone Thy name;
- 2 What would we give, with her of old,  
 To pour love's treasures forth,  
 In contrite tears, the soul's choice gold,  
 And spikenard's costly worth;

To kiss with her Thy sacred feet,  
 And catch those notes of heaven  
 From thine own lips—assurance sweet:  
 “Much loving—much forgiven.”

3 Or weary, homeless, as Thou wert  
 In all Thy sojourn here,  
 How would it thrill our bounding heart  
 But once Thy way to cheer:  
 To spread for Thee the plenteous feast,  
 Or humblest need relieve—  
 Thy human wants, the lowest, least—  
 Lord, what would we not give!

4 Then, then, for faith, meek, childlike faith,  
 To take Thee at thy word:  
 “Done to my brethren,” thus it saith,  
 “Thou dost it to thy Lord;  
 Naked, sick, prison-bound are they—  
 Clothe, comfort, set them free;  
 My lineaments their griefs portray,  
 Thou minist’rest to me.”

5 Lord, I believe! Oh! day by day,  
 To sad or lonely cell,  
 By crowded lane, by dreary way,  
 Lead me where Thou dost dwell!  
 That languid form—that wan, pale cheek—  
 I see Thee suppliant prove;  
 Joy, joy, my heart, to music wake,  
 The life of Life is love!

A. A.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on;  
 Thus far His power prolongs my days,  
 And every evening shall make known  
 Some fresh memorials of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;  
But He forgives my follies past,  
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep ;  
Peace is the pillow for my head,  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

WATTS.

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### 390.

"Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."  
LUKE 24: 29.

**A**BIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide ;  
The darkness thickens. Lord, with me  
abide ;

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh ! abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;  
Change and decay in all around I see—  
O Thou who changest not ! abide with me.

3 Not a brief glance I crave, a passing word ;  
But as thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord—  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free ;  
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.



- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy  
wings—  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;  
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.
- 5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;  
And though rebellious and perverse mean-  
while,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:  
On to the close, O Lord! abide with me.
- 6 I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, oh! abide with  
me.
- 7 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is Death's sting? Where, Grave, the  
victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 8 Hold thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to  
the skies!  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee:  
In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me.

LYTE.

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 391.

**B**Y faith I see my Saviour dying  
On the tree;  
To every nation he is crying,  
Look to me;

He bids ye guilty now draw near,  
Repent, believe, dismiss your fear;  
Hark, hark, what precious words I hear,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,  
Think on me?  
And did He snatch my soul from ruin;  
Can it be!  
Oh! yes, He did salvation bring,  
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,  
And now my happy soul can sing,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

- 3 Jesus the mighty God hath spoken  
Peace to me;  
Now all my chains of sin are broken,  
I am free.  
Soon as I in His name believed,  
The Holy Spirit I received;  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

- 4 Jesus, my weary soul refreshes—  
It is He;  
And every moment Christ is precious  
Unto me.  
None can describe the bliss I prove,  
While through this wilderness I rove:  
All may enjoy a Saviour's love—  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

- 5 This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it—  
Come and see!  
Ye ministers of God declare it—  
Come and see!  
Visit the heathen's dark abode,  
And spread the glorious news abroad,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

- 6 Long as I live I'll still be crying  
Unto Thee,  
And this shall be my theme when dying—  
Mercy's free.  
And when the vale of death I've passed,  
When lodged above the stormy blast,  
I'll sing while endless ages last,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 

## 392.

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,  
A trusty shield and weapon;  
He'll help us clear from all the ill  
That hath us now o'ertaken.  
The ancient Prince of hell  
Hath risen with purpose fell;  
Strong mail of craft and power  
He weareth in this hour—  
On earth is not his fellow.

- 2 With force of arms we nothing can,  
Full soon were we down-ridden;  
But for us fights the proper Man,  
Whom God Himself hath bidden.  
Ask ye, who is this same?  
Christ Jesus is His name,  
The Lord, Zebaoth's Son,  
He, and no other one,  
Shall conquer in the battle.

- 3 And were the world all devils o'er,  
And watching to devour us,  
We lay it not to heart so sore,  
Not they can overpower us;

And let the Prince of ill,  
 Look grim as e'er he will,  
 He harms us not a whit;  
 For why? His doom is writ—  
     A word shall quickly slay him.

- 4 God's word, for all their craft and force,  
     One moment will not linger,  
 But spite of hell shall have its course—  
     'Tis written by His finger;  
 And though they take our life,  
 Goods, honor, children, wife,  
 Yet is their profit small—  
 These things shall vanish all,  
     The Church of God remaineth.\*

LUTHER.

\* This is the celebrated War and Victory-Hymn of the Evangelical faith, written the year before the Diet of Augsburg. Translated by Carlyle.

## XVI. AFFLICTION.

## I. SEVERE SUFFERING, MENTAL OR BODILY.

393.

C. M.

*The Sympathy of Jesus.*

"For we have not an high priest which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."—HEB. 4: 15.

JESUS, my sorrow lies too deep  
For human sympathy,  
It knows not how to tell itself  
To any but to Thee.

2 Thou dost remember, amidst all  
The glories of Thy throne,  
The sorrows of humanity,  
For they were once Thine own.

3 Yes, and as if Thou wouldst be God  
Even in misery,  
Thou'st left no sorrow, but Thine own,  
Untouched by sympathy.

4 Jesus, my fainting spirit brings  
Its fearfulness to Thee;  
Thine eye alone can penetrate  
The clouded mystery.

- 5 And is it not enough, O Lord !  
 Thy holy sympathy !  
 That sorrow can not be too deep,  
 That I may bring to Thee.
- 

## 394.

## IV. 5.

- O** SAVIOUR ! whose mercy, severe in its  
 kindness,  
 Hath chastened my wanderings and guided  
 my way,  
 Adored be the power that pitied my blind-  
 ness,  
 And weaned me from phantoms that smil-  
 ed to betray.
- 2 Enchanted with all that was dazzling and  
 fair,  
 I followed the rainbow—I caught at the  
 toy ;  
 And still in displeasure Thy goodness was  
 there,  
 Disappointing the hope and defeating the  
 joy.
- 3 The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was  
 below ;  
 The moonlight shone fair, there was blight  
 in the beam,  
 Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered  
 of woe ;  
 And bitterness flowed in the soft flowing  
 stream.



- 4 So cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,  
I turned to the refuge Thy pity displayed;  
And still did this eager and credulous heart  
Weave visions of promise that bloomed  
but to fade.
- 5 I thought that the course of the Pilgrim to  
heaven,  
Would be bright as the summer and glad  
as the morn;  
Thou showed me the path, it was dark and  
uneven,  
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with  
thorn.
- 6 I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown,  
I grasped at the triumph that blesses the  
brave;  
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe and the  
crown,  
I asked and Thou showedst me a cross and  
a grave!
- 7 Subdued and instructed, at length to Thy will  
My hopes and my wishes, my all I resign;  
Oh! give me a heart that can wait and be still,  
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but  
Thine.
- 8 There are mansions exempted from sin and  
from woe,  
But they stand in a region by mortals un-  
trod,  
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not be-  
low  
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence  
of God.

395. L. M.

WAIT, O my soul ! thy Maker's will ;  
 Tumultuous passions, all be still,  
 Nor let a murmuring thought arise ;  
 His ways are just, His counsel wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,  
 Performs His work the cause conceals ;  
 But though His methods are unknown,  
 Judgment and truth support His throne.

3 In heaven and earth, and air and seas,  
 He executes His firm decrees ;  
 And by His saints it stands confessed,  
 That what He does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,  
 Prostrate before His awful seat ;  
 And midst the terror of His rod,  
 Trust in a wise and gracious God.

BEDDOME.

396. L. M.

CEASE thou from man ; oh ! what to thee  
 Can thy poor fellow mortals be ?  
 Are they not erring, finite, frail ?  
 What can their utmost aid avail ?

2 Their very love will prove a snare ;  
 Then when thy heart becomes aware  
 Of its own danger, it will bleed,  
 For leaning on a broken reed.

3 Why does thy bliss so much depend  
 On earthly relative or friend ?  
 There is a Friend who changes never,  
 The love He gives He gives forever.

- 4 He hath withdrawn thee now apart,  
To teach these lessons to thine heart ;  
Has darkened all thy earthly scene,  
That thou on Him alone may'st lean.
  - 5 His precious blood that balm supplies,  
For which thy wounded spirit sighs ;  
That only med'cine can make whole  
The weary, faint, and sin-sick soul.
  - 6 Go to that Friend, poor aching heart ;  
He knows how desolate thou art ;  
He waits—He longs to see thee blest,  
And in Himself to give thee rest.
- 

## 397.

- WHEN I can trust my all with God,  
In trial's fearful hour ;  
Bow all resigned beneath His rod,  
And bless His sparing power,  
A joy springs up amid distress—  
A fountain in the wilderness.
- 2 Oh ! to be brought to Jesus' feet,  
Though sorrows fixed me there,  
Is still a privilege ; and sweet  
The energies of prayer,  
Though sighs and tears its language be,  
If Christ be nigh and smile on me.
  - 3 Oh ! blessed be the hand that gave,  
Still blessed when it takes :  
Blessed be He who smites to save,  
Who heals the heart He breaks ;  
Perfect and true are all His ways,  
Whom heaven adores and earth obeys.

398.

C. M.

O THOU whose mercy guides my way!  
 Though now it seems severe;  
 Forbid my unbelief to say,  
 There is no mercy here.

2 Oh! grant me to desire the pain  
 That comes in kindness down;  
 More than the world's alluring gain,  
 Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though Thou bow my spirit low,  
 Love only shall I see:  
 The very hand that strikes the blow,  
 Was wounded once for me.

EDMESTON.

399.

L. M.

WITH tearful eyes I look around—  
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea;  
 But midst the gloom, I hear a sound,  
 A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest,  
 It tells me where my soul may flee;  
 Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,  
 How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3 When the poor heart with anguish learns  
 That earthly props resigned must be;  
 And from each broken cistern turns,  
 It hears the accents, "Come to me."

4 When against sin I strive in vain,  
 And can not from its yoke get free,  
 Sinking beneath the heavy chain,  
 The words arrest me, "Come to me."

5 Come, for all else must fail and die,  
 Earth is no resting place for thee;  
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,  
 I am thy portion, "Come to me."

6 O voice of mercy! voice of love!  
 In conflict, grief, and agony,  
 Support me, cheer me from above,  
 And gently whisper, "Come to me."

400.

L. M.

COME, O Thou universal Good!  
 Balm of the wounded conscience, come!  
 Haven to take the shipwrecked in,  
 My everlasting rest from sin!

2 Come, O my comfort and delight!  
 My strength and health and shield and  
 sun,  
 My boast, my confidence and might,  
 My joy, my glory, and my crown!

401.

C. M.

WHY, O my soul! why thus depressed?  
 And why this anxious care?  
 Let former favors fix thy trust,  
 And calm the rising tear.

2 When darkness and when dangers rose,  
 And pressed on every side,  
 Did not the Lord thy steps attend,  
 And was not He thy guide?

- 3 Affliction is a stormy deep,  
Where wave resounds to wave ;  
Though o'er my head the billows sweep,  
I know the Lord can save.
  - 4 In the dark watches of the night,  
I'll count His mercies o'er ;  
I'll praise Him for ten thousand passed,  
And ask Him still for more.
  - 5 Perhaps before the morning dawn,  
He'll reinstate my peace ;  
For He who bids the tempest roar,  
Can bid the tempest cease.
  - 6 Here will I rest and build my hope,  
Nor murmur at His rod ;  
He's more than all the world to me,  
My Saviour, and my God.
- 

402.

S. M.

- COME to the land of peace,  
From shadows come away ;  
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,  
And storms no more have sway.
- 2 Fear hath no dwelling here ;  
But pure repose and love  
Breathe through the bright, celestial air,  
The spirit of the dove.
  - 3 Come to the bright and blest,  
Gathered from every land ;  
For here thy soul shall find its rest,  
Amidst the shining band.



- 4 In this divine abode,  
Change leaves no saddening trace;  
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,  
Thy holy resting-place.
- 

## 403.

L. M.

MY sufferings all to Thee are known,  
Tempted in every point like me;  
Regard my grief, regard Thine own;  
Jesus, remember Calvary!

- 2 For whom didst Thou the cross endure?  
Who nailed Thy body to the tree?  
Did not Thy death my life procure?  
Oh! let Thy mercy answer me.

- 3 Art not Thou touched with human woe?  
Hath pity left the Son of Man?  
Dost Thou not all my sorrow know,  
And claim a share in all my pain?

- 4 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,  
Or quench the smallest spark of grace;  
Till through the soul Thy power is spread,  
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

- 5 The day of small and feeble things,  
I know Thou never wilt despise;  
I know, with healing in His wings,  
The Sun of Righteousness shall arise.

WESLEY.

## 404.

II. 2.

O THOU great Power in whom I move,  
 To whom I live, for whom I die ;  
 Behold me through Thy beams of love,  
 Whilst on this couch of tears I lie.  
 And cleanse my sordid soul within,  
 By Thy Christ's blood, the bath for sin.

2 No hallowed oils, no gums I need,  
 No rags of saints, no purging fire ;  
 One sacred drop from David's Seed,  
 An ocean is to quench thine ire.  
 O precious ransom, it was paid,  
 Where " Consummatum est " was said.

3 And said by Him that said no more,  
 But sealed it with His sacred breath ;  
 Thou then that hast struck off my score,  
 And dying wert the death of death,  
 Be to me now on whom I call,  
 My life, my strength, my joy, my all.

## 405.

C. M.

CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms  
 Than He went through before ;  
 He that into God's kingdom comes,  
 Must enter by this door.

2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet  
 Thy blessed face to see ;

For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What must Thy glory be ?

3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,  
And weary, sinful days,  
And join with those triumphant saints  
That sing Jehovah's praise.

4 My knowledge of that life is small ;  
The eye of faith is dim ;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him !

R. BAXTER.

406.

C. M.

" Fear not, for I am with thee. In the name of the Lord is strong confidence."

**I**NCARNATE God ! the soul that knows  
Thy name's mysterious power,  
Shall dwell in undisturbed repose  
Nor fear the trying hour.

2 Angels unseen attend the saints,  
And bear them in their arms,  
To cheer the spirit when it faints,  
And guard their life from harms.

3 The angel's Lord Himself is nigh,  
To those who love His name,  
Ready to save them when they cry,  
And put their foes to shame.

4 Crosses and changes are their lot,  
Long as they sojourn here ;  
But since their Saviour changes not,  
What have His saints to fear ?

## 407.

## IV. 4.

"I know O Lord! that Thy judgments are right, that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."—PSALM 119 : 75.

FOR what shall I praise Thee, my God and my King?

For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?

Shall I praise Thee for pleasure, for health, and for ease,

For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace?

2 Shall I praise Thee for flowers that bloomed on my breast,

For joys in perspective, and pleasures possessed?

For the spirits that heightened my days of delight,

And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?

3 For this should I praise! but if only for this,

I should leave half untold the donation of bliss;

I thank Thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,

For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear.

4 For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears, A present of pain, a perspective of fears;

I praise Thee, I bless Thee, my King and my God,

For the good and the evil Thy hand hath bestowed.

- 5 The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance  
 is flown ;  
 They yielded no fruits, they are withered and  
 gone ;  
 The thorn it was poignant, but precious to  
 me—  
 'Twas the message of mercy—it led me to  
 Thee.

C. FRY.

408.

III. 2.

“ God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.”  
 —PSALM 46 : 1.

GOD of pity ! God of love !  
 G Send me comfort from above ;  
 Let not anxious thoughts perplex,  
 Harrowing fears my spirit vex :  
 Let me trust Thee, and be still,  
 Waiting patiently Thy will.

- 2 Though to weak, short-sighted man,  
 All uncertain seems each plan ;  
 Each event Thy will ordains,  
 Fixed immutably remains :  
 Not one link in life's long chain,  
 Can be lost, or wrought in vain.

- 3 All that chain, through by-gone years,  
 Woven in links of love appears ;  
 Not one storm of vengeful wrath,  
 E'er has swept across my path :  
 Why should fear o'er faith prevail ?  
 Thy sure mercies can not fail.

- 4 What are distance, time, or place,  
 To that God who fills all space ?  
 What are sea or land to Him ?  
 Can the omniscient eye grow dim ?  
 Those we love, (whate'er betide,)  
 O'er them does that eye preside.
- 5 Clinging to that strengthening arm,  
 Thou wilt keep me safe from harm ;  
 Thou wilt grant the hope that cheers,  
 Wilt prove better than my fears :  
 Bid my sad misgivings cease ;  
 Guide me to my home in peace.

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### 409.

"Let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to Him."—1 PER. 4 : 19.

- O GOD ! from whom my spirit came,  
 Moulded by Thee, this mortal frame  
 Feels health or sickness, pain or ease,  
 As it may best Thy wisdom please :  
 Make me submissive, keep me still,  
 "Suffering according to Thy will."
- 2 The springs of life are in Thy hand,  
 They move, they stop, at Thy command ;  
 Without Thy blessing will prove vain  
 All human skill, to ease my pain :  
 Make me submissive, keep me still,  
 "Suffering according to Thy will."
- 3 I am a sinner—shall I dare  
 To murmur at the strokes I bear ?  
 Strokes not in wrath, but mercy sent,  
 A wise and needful chastisement :  
 Make me submissive, keep me still,  
 "Suffering according to Thy will."



- 4 Saviour! I breathe the prayer once Thine,  
 "Father! Thy will be done, not mine!"  
 One only blessing would I claim;  
 In me oh! glorify Thy name!  
 Make me submissive, keep me still,  
 "Suffering according to Thy will."

410.

L. M.

"Save me, O God! for the waters are come in unto my soul."—  
 PSALM 69 : 1.

GOD of my life, to Thee I call,  
 Afflicted at Thy feet I fall,  
 When the great water-floods prevail,  
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!  
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?  
 Where but with Thee, whose open door  
 Invites the helpless and the poor.
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,  
 And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
 Does not the word still fixed remain,  
 That none shall seek Thy face in vain?
- 4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;  
 And he is safe, and must succeed,  
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

411.

"When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then Thou knewest  
 my path."—PSALM 142 : 3.

MY God! whose gracious pity I may claim,  
 Calling Thee "Father," sweet endearing  
 name!

The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,  
All, all are known to Thee.

2 From human eyes 'tis better to conceal  
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel;  
But oh! this thought does tranquillize and heal,  
All, all is known to Thee.

3 Each secret conflict with indwelling sin;  
Each sickening fear, "I ne'er the prize shall  
win;"  
Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din,  
All, all are known to Thee.

4 When in the morning unrefreshed I wake,  
Or in the night but little rest can take;  
This brief appeal submissively I make,  
"All, all is known to Thee!"

5 Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned;  
Each drop that fills my daily cup, Thy hand  
Prescribes for ills none else can understand,  
All, all is known to Thee.

6 The effectual means to cure what I deplore,  
In me Thy longed-for likeness to restore,  
Self to dethrone, never to govern more,  
All, all are known to Thee.

7 And this continued feebleness—this state,  
Which seems to unnerve and incapacitate,  
Will work the cure my hopes and prayers  
await,  
That cure I leave to Thee.

8 Nor will the bitter draught distasteful prove,  
While I recall the Son of Thy dear love;  
The cup Thou would'st not for *our* sakes re-  
move—  
That cup He drank for me.

## 412.

C. M.

"They that know Thy name, will put their trust in Thee."—PSALM  
9: 10.

O LORD! my best desire fulfill!

And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,  
And make Thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at Thy command  
Whose love forbids my fears?  
Or tremble at the gracious hand  
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, rather let me freely yield  
What most I prize to Thee,  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,  
Thou art engaged to grant;  
What else I want, or think I do,  
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and Mercy guide my way—  
Shall I resist them both?  
A poor blind creature of a day,  
And crushed before the moth.

6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,  
Still bind me to Thy sway!  
Else the next cloud that veils the skies,  
Drives all these thoughts away.

## 413.

L. M.

"Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning."—JAMES 1: 17

WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,  
And smiling day once more appears,  
Then, my Redeemer! then I find  
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,  
And blush that I should ever be  
Thus prone to act so base a part,  
Or harbor one hard thought of Thee.

3 Oh! let me then at length be taught  
What still I am so slow to learn;  
That God is love and changes not,  
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!  
Yet when my faith is sharply tried,  
I find myself a learner yet,  
Unskillful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But O my Lord! one look from Thee  
Subdues the disobedient will;  
Drives doubt and discontent away,  
And Thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,  
As I am ready to repine;  
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,  
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine!

## 414.

L. M.

"I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me."—PSALM 40: 17.

WHEN pining sickness wastes the frame,  
 Acute disease or tiring pain;  
 When life fast spends the feeble flame,  
 And all the help of man proves vain;

2 Joyless and dark all things appear;  
 Languid the spirits, weak the flesh;  
 Med'cines nor ease, nor cordials cheer;  
 Nor food nor balmy sleep refresh:

3 Then, then to have recourse to God,  
 To pour a prayer in time of need,  
 And feel the balm of Jesus' blood,  
 This is to find relief indeed.

4 And this, O Christian! is thy lot,  
 Who cleavest to the Lord by faith;  
 He'll never leave thee (doubt it not)  
 In pain, in sickness, or in death.

5 When flesh decays, and heart thus fails,  
 Thy strength and portion He shall be;  
 Shall take thy weakness, bear thy ails,  
 And softly whisper, "Trust in me."

## 415.

FRIEND after friend departs—  
 Who hath not lost a friend?  
 There is no union here of hearts,  
 That finds not here an end;

Were this frail world our only rest,  
 Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,  
 Byond this vale of death,  
 There surely is some blessed clime  
 Where life is not a breath,  
 Nor life's affections transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,  
 Where parting is unknown ;  
 A whole eternity of love,  
 Formed for the good alone ;  
 And faith beholds the dying here,  
 Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,  
 Till all are passed away,  
 As morning high and higher shines,  
 To pure and perfect day ;  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night—  
 They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

MONTGOMERY.

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416.

III. 2.

"So He bringeth them to their desired haven."—PSALM 107 : 30.

**H**ALF a wreck by tempest driven,  
 Yet this feeble bark survives,  
 Dashed against the rocks and riven,  
 In the midst of death it lives :  
 See it pressed on every side,  
 See it still the storm outride.



- 2 Can a bark like mine so shattered,  
Ever reach yon friendly shore ?  
Tempest-tossed so long, and battered,  
Can it stand one conflict more ?  
Should another storm assail,  
Mast and planks, and all must fail.
- 3 So they would, but One that's greater  
Than the storms and waves is here ;  
He it is, whose name is sweeter  
Far than music to my ear ;  
He preserves my shattered bark ;  
He makes light when all is dark.
- 4 Jesus is the Lord, who hears me,  
When the tempest roars around ;  
He it is whose presence cheers me,  
When I hear the dreadful sound ;  
Trusting in His grace and power,  
Need I fear the darkest hour ?
- 5 What, though every plank is starting,  
Waves are running mountains high,  
Thunders roaring, lightnings darting,  
And no saving hand seems nigh !  
Let me still no danger fear,  
Jesus, though unseen, is near.

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417.

L. M.

*Under Depression of Spirits.*

“ Acquaint thyself with Him, and be at peace.”—JOB 22 : 21.

ART thou acquainted, O my soul !  
With such a Saviour, such a friend,  
Whose power can all events control,  
And from all evils can defend ?

- 2 Why art thou then oppressed with fears?  
 Knowledge of Him should give thee peace;  
 Should check these mournful thoughts and  
 tears,  
 And bid these sad misgivings cease.
- 3 Is it the *past* that gives thee pain?  
 Sins, errors, falls, dost thou deplore?  
 The atoning blood pleads not in vain;  
 Thy God remembers them no more.
- 4 Do *present* troubles vex thy mind?  
 Sufferings of body, mental care?  
 In God a refuge thou wilt find,  
 And oh! what sweet relief in prayer.
- 5 Dost thou the unknown *future* dread,  
 Sorrows in life, or death's dark vale?  
 In both shall light around be shed;  
 Thy God's sure promise can not fail.
- 6 Dost thou, with dread still greater shrink  
 From pain, for those on earth most dear?  
 And oft, with sickening anguish, think  
 On all they yet may suffer here?
- 7 O faithless unbelieving heart!  
 So slow to trust that tenderest Friend;  
 Who then will needful strength impart,  
 Who loving loves unto the end.
- 8 No longer doubt, nor fear, nor grieve,  
 Nor on uncertain evils dwell;  
 Past, present, future, calmly leave  
 To Him who will "do all things well."

## 418.

II. 5.

*A Look upwards in Depression of Mind.*

TAKE courage, O my soul! this life which  
 seems  
 To thee, while suffering, wearisomely long,  
 Would, if thy faith were vigorous and strong,  
 Full oft be gladdened by celestial gleams.  
 On that fair city, where the sun's bright beams  
 Are needed never, and the white-robed throng  
 Pour forth their hallowed ecstasies in song,  
 To gaze with steadier vision thee beseems.  
 On "things not seen," thou'rt bid to fix thine  
 eye;  
 To feel a stranger and a pilgrim here;  
 Of small account life's transient griefs appear,  
 When Faith unfolds heaven's joys, and brings  
 them nigh;  
 Then bright and blest each hour of Time would  
 be,  
 Fraught with the glories of Eternity.

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 II. IN SICKNESS.

## 419.

C. M.

JESUS, and didst Thou condescend,  
 When veiled in human clay;  
 To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,  
 And drive disease away?

2 Didst Thou regard the beggar's cry,  
 And give the blind to see?  
 Jesus, Thou Son of David, hear—  
 Have mercy too on me.

- 3 And didst Thou pity mortal woe,  
And sight and health restore?  
Then pity Lord and save my soul,  
Which needs Thy mercy more.
- 4 Didst Thou regard Thy servant's cry,  
When sinking in the wave?  
I perish, Lord—oh! save my soul,  
For thou alone canst save.

BRADLEY.

420.

III. 1.

GENTLY, gently lay Thy rod  
On my sinful head, O God!  
Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,  
Lest I sink beneath its sway.

- 2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak,  
Hear me, for Thy grace I seek;  
This my only plea I make—  
Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.
- 3 Who, within the silent grave,  
Shall proclaim Thy power to save?  
Lord! my sinking soul reprieve;  
Speak, and I shall rise and live.
- 4 Lo! He comes—He heeds my plea,  
Lo! He comes—the shadows flee;  
Glory round me dawns once more;  
Rise, my spirit, and adore.

LYTE.

421.

III. 1.

OH! how soft that bed must be,  
Made in sickness, Lord, by Thee;  
And that rest, how calm, how sweet,  
Where Jesus and the sufferer meet.

- 2 It was the good Physician now,  
Soothed thy cheek and chafed thy brow,  
Whispering, as He raised thy head—  
“It is I, be not afraid.”
  - 3 God of glory, God of grace,  
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place ;  
Hear in mercy and forgive,  
Bid Thy child believe and live.
  - 4 Bless me and I shall be blest,  
Soothe me and I shall have rest ;  
Fix my heart, my hopes above ;  
Love me, Lord, for Thou art love.
- 

## 422.

L. M.

“ I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies.”  
—PSALM 119 : 59.

NOT willingly dost thou afflict,  
And grieve the souls Thy hand has made ;  
Now, called by suffering to reflect,  
O God ! I seek Thy pitying aid.

- 2 I feel that I have gone astray,  
Have left the path Thy word commends ;  
I see that I have lost my way—  
But still that word sweet comfort lends.
- 3 It tells me if I seek a guide,  
That guide will come to lead me back ;  
It tells me strength shall be supplied,  
To reach once more the heavenward track.
- 4 My treacherous heart its God forgot,  
The flame of love grew cold and dim,  
But yet that God, forsaking not,  
Now gives me time to think of Him.

- 5 He now invites me to return,  
 He deigns to teach me from above ;  
 Lord, all Thou teachest I would learn,  
 With shame, and gratitude, and love.

## 423.

## II. 1.

“ I, the Lord, search the heart ; I try the reins.”—JER. 17 : 10.

O GOD ! what am I in Thy sight ?  
 Thou, only Thou, canst read aright  
 The characters within ;  
 No fellow-mortal has their clue—  
 No human scrutiny can view  
 The ravages of sin.

2 Till Thy light shone I never knew  
 How fearful was my heart to view,  
 Disordered, false, impure ;  
 I fondly fancied it was good,  
 Nor that high standard understood,  
 Whose test it must endure.

3 It once seemed sweet man's praise to hear ;  
 Now, it falls coldly on my ear ;  
 What is its worth for me ?  
 Mistaken, partial, at the best,  
 Is all the approving love expressed ;  
 None, none my heart can see !

4 And I am passing swiftly on  
 To that tribunal where alone  
 The estimate is just ;  
 Where into judgment God will bring  
 Each hidden thought, each secret thing,  
 And lay me in the dust.



- 5 Searcher of hearts ! before thine eye,  
 Though all my sins uncovered lie,  
     Sins more than I can count ;  
 Yet one pure drop of precious blood,  
 Shed by the atoning Lamb of God,  
     Cancels their whole amount.
- 6 On me that blood be sprinkled now !  
 Wash me and make me white as snow,  
     Thou Lamb for sinners slain !  
 That blood which our lost world redeemed,  
 (A ransom adequate esteemed,)  
     Can never plead in vain.

## 424.

## III. 4.

“I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee, saith the Lord.”—JER. 30 : 17.

- TELL me of that great Physician,  
 Will he undertake my cure ?  
 Will he freely grant admission  
     To an applicant so poor ?  
     None but Jesus  
     Could to such, relief insure.
- 2 I have not one plea to proffer,  
     Why such grace I should partake—  
 No inducement can I offer—  
     No requital can I make ;  
     None but Jesus  
     Heals for His own mercy's sake.
- 3 Yet I know that He has granted  
     Cures to thousands such as I ;  
 Given them freely all they wanted,  
     Without money let them buy :  
     None but Jesus  
     Every want could thus supply.

- 4 Let me go and spread before Him  
 All my symptoms—all my fears ;  
 Deeply, gratefully adore Him,  
 While my trembling heart he cheers :  
 None but Jesus  
 Wipes away the sufferer's tears.
- 

## 425.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me."—REV. 3 : 20.

**B**EHOLD a stranger at the door  
 Who gently knocks, has knocked before ;  
 Has waited long ; is waiting still ;  
 You treat no other friend so ill.

- 2 O gracious attitude ! He stands  
 With melting heart, and laden hands !  
 O matchless kindness ! Lo ! He shows  
 This matchless kindness e'en to foes !

- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed ?  
 He will, the very Friend you need ;  
 The man of Nazareth, 'tis He !  
 With garments dyed on Calvary.

- 4 If thou art poor, (and poor thou art,)  
 Lo ! He has riches to impart ;  
 Not wealth in which mean avarice rolls—  
 Oh ! better far ! the wealth of souls.

- 5 Thou'rt blind—He'll take the scales away,  
 And let in everlasting day ;  
 Torn and polluted is thy dress ;  
 He'll robe thee in His righteousness.

- 6 Art thou a weeper? grief shall fly,  
For who can weep with Jesus by?  
No terror shall thy soul annoy;  
No tear, except the tear of joy.
- 7 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,  
Turn out His enemy and thine,  
That soul-enslaving tyrant, sin,  
And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 8 Admit Him, for the human breast  
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest  
Admit him, and you'll ne'er expel;  
Where Jesus comes, He comes to dwell.
- 9 Admit Him ere His anger burn;  
His feet departed ne'er return;  
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,  
When at His door denied you'll stand.
- 10 Yet know—nor of the terms complain—  
Where Jesus comes, He comes to reign,  
To reign, and with no partial sway,  
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.
- 11 Sov'reign of souls! Thou Prince of peace!  
Oh! may Thy gentle reign increase!  
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,  
And be Thine empire all mankind!

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426.*Prayer for Faith.*

“Christ shalt give thee light.”—EPH. 5:14.

**L**ORD of all power and might!  
Grant me that inward sight,  
Which views the things unseen;

All earthly objects fade,  
 My life, a fleeting shade,  
 Ne'er for one moment staid,  
 Will soon have crossed the scene.

2 Each moment it moves on,  
 Still hastening to be gone,  
 Till, seen on earth no more,  
 I reach that unknown state,  
 Where souls Thy sentence wait,  
 To fix their lasting fate,  
 And hope of change is o'er.

3 Now, while yet there is time,  
 While earth's brief day grows dim—  
 Darkened by pain and woe;  
 Kindle that lamp of faith,  
 Which can make bright my path,  
 E'en through the vale of death,  
 If thither now I go.

4 Man can not wake the spark  
 In my soul's chamber dark—  
 Nor keep the flame alive;  
 Kindling Thyself the light,  
 Deign Thou to keep it bright,  
 Till, where is no more night,  
 In safety I arrive.

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427.

L. M.

“There is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared.”—  
 PSALM 130: 4.

O LORD my God! in mercy turn—  
 In mercy, hear a sinner mourn;  
 To Thee I call—to Thee I cry—  
 Oh! leave me, leave me not to die!

- 2 O pleasures past ! what are ye now,  
But thorns about my bleeding brow ?  
Spectres that hover round my brain,  
And aggravate and mock my pain !
- 3 For pleasures I have given my soul :  
Now, justice, let Thy thunders roll !  
Now, vengeance smite, and with a blow,  
Lay the rebellious ingrate low !
- 4 Yet Jesus, Jesus ! there I'll cling,  
I'll crouch beneath His sheltering wing ;  
I'll clasp the cross, and holding there—  
Even me, O bliss ! His love may spare.

H. K. WHITE.

428.

II. 1.

"Have pity on me, O my friends: for the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—JOB. 19: 21.

- I** LOOK around me, all is sad,  
Faces beloved no longer glad—  
In silence o'er me bend ;  
They see me wasting, worn with pain,  
They see the help of man is vain,  
To God their prayers ascend.
- 2 Backward I look—through by-gone years,  
An awful register appears,  
Of debts I ne'er can pay ;  
Duties omitted, time misused,  
Talents neglected or abused,  
Heart-sick I turn away.
  - 3 I look within—appalling sight !  
There, where I fancied all was right,  
Throughout confusion reigns :  
All evil passions there seem pent ;  
Impatience, pride, dark discontent,  
Which God Himself arraigns.

- 4 Forward I look—there, dark and dread,  
Lies the lone path I soon must tread;  
Low whispered sounds I hear;  
“The second death, the wrath to come,”  
“The judgment seat, the eternal doom,”  
My spirit faints with fear.
- 5 Still, still there’s hope—I look above,  
I trace the record, “God is love,”  
I read engraven there—  
“God to His mercy will receive,”  
“All who in Jesus Christ believe”  
This saves me from despair.
- 6 O Son of God! to Thee I look;  
For me unseal that heavenly book,  
Which testifies of Thee;  
That Spirit may I now receive,  
Who teaches sinners to believe—  
Blest Spirit! teach Thou me.

## 429.

L. M.

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“Commune with your own heart.”—PSALM 4:4.

- I**T matters not, when fruit appears,  
Whether its seed were sown in tears;  
While this poor frame is ill at ease,  
And earthly objects cease to please,  
Now may the power of faith prevail,  
Unfolding scenes within the veil,  
Not distant, shadowy, and obscure;  
But near, and well defined, and sure.
- 2 A nobler life dwells deep within  
Than this poor frame’s defiled with sin;  
A life so precious, weal or woe  
Hangs solely on its ebb or flow;



E'en while the body wastes, it thrives ;  
 E'en while the body dies, it lives ;  
 Heavenward it tends, from heaven bestowed,  
 Its source is "hid with Christ in God."

- 3 If these dark hours, this suffering state,  
 That life divine invigorate ;  
 If now God's Spirit work within,  
 Increasing faith, subduing sin,  
 Time thus employed is gained, not lost,  
 Though selfish hopes and schemes be crossed ;  
 My plans, my wishes I resign ;  
 "Father ! Thy will be done, not mine !"
- 4 Oh ! if as yet Thine eye in me  
 Has vainly sought some trace to see,  
 Of likeness to Thy Son, my Lord—  
 His image to my soul restored,  
 Now make these hours of lonely pain,  
 A means that likeness to attain,  
 Since even He, our Lord, our Head,  
 Was here by suffering perfected.

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### 430.

"I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name : thou art mine."—ISA. 43 : 1.

SAVIOUR ! once to Thee presented,  
 O At Thy footstool I was laid :  
 In life's bloom, my heart consented  
 To the vows my sponsors made ;  
 Thine in infancy and youth,  
 Should I not have kept Thy truth ?

- 2 Thine by right, as my Creator,  
 Who my two-fold life bestowed,  
 Saved by Thee, my Mediator,  
 Ransomed with Thy precious blood ;  
 Thine by baptism's solemn vow,  
 Shall my heart forsake Thee now ?

- 3 No ! not far then shall I wander,  
 Thou hast stricken me to reclaim ;  
 O'er the guilty past I ponder  
 Overwhelmed with grief and shame ;  
 Still that Lord whose seal I wear,  
 Pours for me the availing prayer.
- 4 Welcome the severest token,  
 That God "lets me not alone ;"  
 Though His covenant I have broken,  
 He reclaims me as His own ;  
 Saviour, now my soul restore,  
 Bid me "go and sin no more."

## 431.

## II. 1.

"And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not."—GEN. 28 : 16.

AM I to this seclusion brought,  
 As wandering Jacob first was taught  
 In solitude and woe,  
 To look on things before unseen,  
 And, in the stilly night serene,  
 His Father's God to know ?

- 2 Alone and weary as he laid,  
 A wond'rous ladder was displayed,  
 Reaching from earth to heaven ;  
 Ascending and descending there,  
 Angels (who perhaps made him their care)  
 To his charmed sight was given.
- 3 He felt that God was in that place,  
 He learned to prize and seek His grace,  
 And there before Him vowed—  
 "That if, through all his future track,"  
 "He thither came, in safety back,"  
 "The Lord should be his God."

- 4 Like him, a wanderer I have been,  
And waking, in this lonely scene,  
I feel that God is here ;  
While, bright with supernatural ray,  
Shines forth that "new and living way"  
Which brings the sinner near.
- 5 Apart from man, in this still hour,  
He, who might crush me by His power,  
A covenant deigns to make ;  
And if, supplying all my need,  
He to the end my steps will lead,  
Him for my God I take.
- 6 If health once more He deign to give,  
Then for His glory may I live,  
May all to Him be given !  
If not, while angels o'er me bend,  
Those golden steps may I ascend,  
Which lead the soul to heaven !

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432.

"He openeth their ear to discipline."—JOB 34 : 10.

CHAMBER of sickness ! much to thee I owe,  
Though dark thou be ;  
The lessons it imports me most to know,  
I owe to thee !  
A sacred seminary thou hast been,  
I trust, to train me for a happier scene.

- 2 Chamber of sickness ! suffering and alone,  
My friends withdrawn,  
The blessed beams of heavenly truth have  
shone  
On me, forlorn,  
With such a hallowed vividness and power,  
As ne'er was granted to a brighter hour.

- 3 Chamber of sickness ! midst thy silence, oft  
     A voice is heard,  
 Which, though it fall like dew on flowers, so  
     soft,  
     Yet speaks each word  
 Into the aching heart's unseen recess,  
 With power no earthly accents could possess.
- 4 Chamber of sickness ! in that bright abode,  
     Where "there is no more pain,"  
 If, through the merits of my Saviour God,  
     A seat I gain,  
 This theme shall tune my golden harp's soft  
     lays,  
 That in thy shelter passed my earthly days.
- 

### III. THE BELIEVER SUBMISSIVE AND RE- JOICING.

433.

C. M.

**O** LORD ! I put my trust in Thee,  
 And on Thyself depend ;  
 To Thee in every trouble flee,  
 My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dried  
     Thy fullness is the same ;  
 May I with this be satisfied,  
     And glory in Thy name.

3 Why should a soul a drop bemoan,  
     That has a fountain near ;  
 A fountain that must ever run,  
     With waters sweet and clear ?

4 No good in creatures can be found,  
     But all is found in Thee ;  
 I must have all things and abound,  
     Since God is good to me.

5 Oh ! that I had but stronger faith,  
To look within the veil ;  
To credit what my Saviour saith,  
Whose word can never fail.

6 Now Lord, I would be Thine alone,  
And wholly live to Thee ;  
But worthless still myself I own—  
Thy worth is all my plea.

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## 434.

L. M.

THE moment comes, the only one  
Of all my time to be foretold ;  
Though when, and where, and how, can none  
Of all the race of man unfold.

2 That moment comes, when strength must fail,  
When, health and hope and comfort flown,  
I must go down into the vale  
And shade of death, with Thee alone.

3 Then, when the unbodied spirit lands  
Where flesh and blood have never trod,  
And in the unveiled presence stands  
Of Thee, my Saviour and my God,

4 Be mine eternal portion this,  
Since Thou wert always here with me,  
That I may view Thy face in bliss,  
And be for evermore with Thee.

MONTGOMERY

## 435.

L. M.

*Psalm 130.—De Profundis.*

FROM sin's dark depths, my God, to Thee  
 I pour in tears my faltering prayer;  
 Oh! hear my cry of agony;  
 Oh! save me, save me from despair.

2 For if Thy justice should pursue  
 Whate'er of guilt Thine eye hath known,  
 Oh! who could stand the piercing view,  
 Or stand before Thy awful throne?

3 But Thou canst burst the two-fold chain,  
 That binds me still to sin and woe;  
 And Thou canst cleanse the earthly stain,  
 That tells my fall before my foe.

4 Oh! free me, cleanse me, bid me live!  
 And bondage, guilt, and death remove!  
 And while I tremble, still forgive;  
 For Thou art mercy, Thou art love.

5 Then, by Thy mercy reconciled,  
 Boundless, unmerited, and free,  
 Saviour! receive Thy long-lost child,  
 His life, his hope, his all in Thee.



436.

C. M.

WHEN languor and disease invade  
 This trembling house of clay ;  
 'Tis sweet to look by faith abroad,  
 And long to fly away ;

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend  
 The whispers of His love ;  
 Sweet to look upward to the place  
 Where Jesus pleads above ;

3 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,  
 Whose love can never end ;  
 Sweet on His covenant of grace  
 For all things to depend ;

4 Sweet in the confidence of faith,  
 To trust His firm decrees ;  
 Sweet to lie passive in His hands,  
 And know no will but His.

5 If such the sweetness of the streams,  
 What must the fountain be,  
 Where saints and angels share their bliss  
 Immediately from Thee ?

TOPLADY.

437.

III.

“ Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect ? It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth ? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.”—ROM. 8 : 32, 34.

FROM whence this fear and unbelief?  
 Hast Thou, O Father, put to grief

Thy spotless Son for me ?  
 And will the righteous Judge of men  
 Condemn me for that debt of sin,  
 Which, Lord, was charged on Thee ?

2 Complete atonement thou hast made,  
 And to the utmost farthing paid  
 Whate'er thy people owed :  
 How then can wrath on me take place,  
 If sheltered in Thy righteousness,  
 And sprinkled with Thy blood ?

3 Turn, then, my soul ! unto thy rest ;  
 The merits of thy Great High Priest  
 Speak peace and liberty ;  
 Trust in His all-atoning blood,  
 Nor fear thy banishment from God,  
 Since Jesus died for thee !

---

438.

C. M.

THERE is a fold where none can stray,  
 And pastures ever green,  
 Where sultry sun, or stormy day,  
 Or night, is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,  
 In God's own light it lies ;  
 His smile its vast dimension fills  
 With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,  
 Divides that land from this ;  
 I have a Shepherd pledged to save,  
 And bear me home to bliss.

4 Soon at His feet my soul will lie,  
 In life's last struggling breath ;  
 But I shall only seem to die,  
 I shall not taste of death.

5 Far from this guilty world, to be  
 Exempt from toil and strife ;  
 To spend eternity with Thee,  
 My Saviour, this is life !

EAST.

## 439.

## III. I.

“ And the angel said unto them, Fear not : for behold ! I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.”—LUKE 2 : 10, 11.

SWEETER sounds than music knows  
 Charm me in Immanuel's name ;  
 All her hopes my spirit owes  
 To His birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When He came the angels sung,  
 “ Glory be to God on high !”  
 Lord, unloose my stammering tongue !  
 Who should louder sing than I ?

3 Did the Lord a man become  
 That He might the law fulfill ?  
 Bleed and suffer in my room ?  
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?

4 No ; I must my praises bring,  
 Though they worthless are, and weak ;  
 For should I refuse to sing,  
 Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,  
 Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,  
 Every precious name in one,  
 I will love Thee without end.

## 440.

L. M.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross."—GAL. 6 : 14.

WE sing the praise of Him who died,  
Of Him who died upon the cross :  
The sinner's hope let men deride,  
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,  
In shining letters, "*God is love.*"  
He bears our sins upon the tree—  
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross, it takes our guilt away :  
It holds the fainting spirit up ;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love ;  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The angel's theme in heaven above.

## 441.

III. 5.

"Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick."—JOHN 11 : 3.

SAVIOUR ! I can welcome sickness  
If these words be said of me :  
Can rejoice 'midst pain and weakness,  
If I am but loved by Thee ;  
Love so precious,  
Balm for every wound will be.

- 2 Thou, who waitest not for fitness  
 In the souls Thy blood has saved,  
 Let Thy Spirit now bear witness,  
 He this sentence has engraved—  
 Love so precious,  
 Gives me all my prayers have craved.
- 3 Though that love send days of sadness  
 In a life so brief as this,  
 It prepares me days of gladness,  
 And a life of perfect bliss.  
 Love so precious,  
 Bids me every fear dismiss.
- 

## IV. THE BELIEVER DYING.

442.

III. 1.

DEATHLESS Spirit, now arise !  
 Soar, thou native of the skies ;  
 Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,  
 To His glorious likeness wrought ;  
 Go to shine before His throne,  
 Deck His mediatorial crown ;  
 Go His triumphs to adorn ;  
 Made for God, to God return.

- 2 Lo ! He beckons from on high !  
 Fearless to His presence fly ;  
 Thine the merit of His blood,  
 Thine the righteousness of God.  
 Angels, joyful to attend,  
 Hov'ring round thy pillow bend ;  
 Wait to catch the signal given,  
 And escort thee quick to heaven.

- 3 Is thy earthly house distrest ?  
 Willing to retain her guest ?  
 'Tis not thou, but she, must die ;  
 Fly, celestial tenant, fly ;

Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,  
 Sweetly breathe thyself away ;  
 Singing, to thy crown remove,  
 Swift of wing and fired with love.

- 4 Shudder not to pass the stream :  
 Venture all thy care on Him ;  
 Him whose dying love and power  
 Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar ;  
 Safe is the expanded wave,  
 Gentle as a summer's eve ;  
 Not one object of His care  
 Ever suffered shipwreck there.
- 5 See the haven full in view ;  
 Love divine shall bear thee through ;  
 Trust to that propitious gale,  
 Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail ;  
 Saints in glory, perfect made,  
 Wait thy passage through the shade,  
 Ardent for thy coming o'er ;  
 See, they throng the blissful shore.
- 6 Mount, their transports to improve ;  
 Join the longing choir above ;  
 Swiftly to their wish be given,  
 Kindle higher joy in heaven.  
 Such the prospects that arise  
 To the dying Christian's eyes !  
 Such the glorious vista faith  
 Opens through the shades of death.

TOPLADY.

443.

III. 5.

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—COL. 3 : 4.

JESUS' life of grief and sorrow,  
 All his suffering, death, and pain,  
 Prove in life our consolation  
 And in death our joy remain.  
 Hallelujah !  
 Christ's our life—hence death is gain.



- 2 On His precious death and merit,  
All our hopes are safely built ;  
We rejoice in His salvation,  
Freed from sin's condemning guilt :  
Sing His triumphs ;  
Twas for us His blood was spilt.
- 3 Jesus yieldeth up His spirit ;  
Lo ! He bows His head and dies !  
From His death we life inherit ;  
Hence our happiness takes rise :  
We now glory,  
Only in this sacrifice.
- 4 Jesus' body once interred  
Sanctifies His people's rest,  
And the place which keeps their bodies,  
Since earth lodged that heavenly guest,  
Now is hallowed ;  
We lie down in hope most blest.
- 5 Our Redeemer rose victorious ;  
Oh ! what joy doth this afford !  
Lasting bliss awaits us yonder,  
Raised to glory, like our Lord !  
Blessed Saviour !  
Ever be by us adored !
- 6 Conquering Lord ! to heaven ascended,  
To prepare for us a place,  
Pleading Thine own blood and merit ;  
Hence our faith rests on Thy grace :  
Then in glory,  
We shall see Thee face to face !
- 7 Jesus ! at Thy blest appearing,  
Freed from weakness, grief, and pain,  
We, restored to Thy likeness,  
Then shall join the happy train :  
Make us ready,  
Lord ! Thy glory to obtain.

444.

L. M.

WHY should we start and fear to die?  
 What tim'rous worms we mortals are!  
 Death is the gate to endless joy,  
 And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,  
 Fright our approaching souls away;  
 And we shrink back again to life,  
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh! would my Lord His servant meet,  
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste;  
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying-bed  
 Feel soft as downy pillows are;  
 While on His breast I lean my head,  
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

WATTS.

445.

L. M.

"My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart  
 and my portion forever."—PSALM 73 : 26.

DO flesh and nature dread to die?  
 And tim'rous thoughts our hearts enslave?  
 Yet grace can raise our hopes on high,  
 And quell the terrors of the grave.

2 What! shall we run to gain the crown,  
 Yet grieve to think the goal so near;  
 Afraid to have our labors done,  
 And finish this important war?

- 3 There shall we see Him face to face ;  
There shall we know as we are known :  
And Jesus, with His glorious grace,  
Shines in full light amidst the throne.
- 4 'Tis best, 'tis infinitely best,  
To go where tempters can not come :  
Where saints and angels, ever blest,  
Dwell, and enjoy their heavenly home.
- 5 Oh ! for a visit from my Lord !  
To drive my fears of death away,  
And help me through this darksome road,  
To realms of everlasting day.
- 

## 446.

C. M.

“To depart and be with Christ is far better.”—PHIL. 1 : 23.

- OH ! how I long to reach my home,  
My glorious home in heaven !  
And wish the joyful hour were come,  
The welcome mandate given !
- 2 Oh ! how I long to lay aside  
These worn-out weeds of clay ;  
And, led by my celestial guide,  
T' explore yon azure way !
- 3 Oh ! how I long to be with Christ,  
Where all His glory beams !  
To be from this dark world dismissed,  
Which His dear name blasphemes !
- 4 Oh ! how I long that world to hail,  
Where sin can ne'er defile !  
Where not a cloud shall ever veil  
From me my Saviour's smile !

- 5 Oh ! how I long to join the choir,  
 Who worship at His feet!  
 Lord, grant me soon my heart's desire!  
 Soon, soon, Thy work complete!

## 447.

L. M.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."—JOB 19 : 25.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives:  
 (This thought transporting pleasure gives,)  
 And standing, at the latter day,  
 On earth, His glories shall display.

2 And though this weak and mortal frame  
 Sink to the dust from whence it came—  
 Though buried in the silent tomb,  
 And worms my skin and flesh consume ;

3 Yet on that happy rising morn,  
 New life this body shall adorn ;  
 These active powers refined shall be,  
 And God, my Saviour, I shall see.

4 Though mouldering in its bed of clay,  
 My mortal form to dust decay,  
 Yet, for myself, these wandering eyes  
 God shall behold, with glad surprise.

## 448.

L. M

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 COR. 15 : 55.

I STOOD beside the dark death-bed,  
 My arm sustained the sufferer's head ;  
 That sinking head and glazing eye,  
 Proclaimed the King of terrors nigh.

- 2 Yet, tyrant! in that final hour,  
 Thou still shalt own a mightier power;  
 I named the name of Christ, and lo!  
 It checked thy hand and staid the blow.
- 3 O name, to every Christian dear  
 But sweetest to the dying ear!  
 That sound, when other sounds were vain,  
 Upraised the sinking head again.
- 4 The glazing eye, so dull that e'en  
 Our streaming tears fell all unseen—  
 Caught at the word a parting ray,  
 Earnest of heaven's approaching day.
- 5 A smile of speechless joy that told,  
 Relumed those features pale and cold;  
 Rallied that tongue, its powers once more—  
 Re-echoed "Christ"—and all was o'er!

## 449.

## III. 2.

JESUS, my Redeemer, lives,  
 Christ, my trust, is dead no more,  
 In the strength this knowledge gives,  
 Shall not all my fears be o'er;  
 Calm, though death's long night be fraught  
 Still with many an anxious thought?

- 2 Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,  
 And His life I once shall see;  
 Bright the hope this promise gives,  
 Where He is I too shall be.  
 Shall I fear then? Can the head  
 Rise and leave the members dead?

- 3 Close to Him my soul is bound,  
 In the bonds of Hope enclasped ;  
 Faith's strong hand this hold hath found,  
 And the rock hath firmly grasped.  
 Death shall ne'er my soul remove  
 From her refuge in Thy love.
- 4 I shall see Him with these eyes,  
 Him whom I shall surely know ;  
 Not another shall I rise,  
 With His love this heart shall glow ;  
 Only there shall disappear  
 Weakness in and round me here.
- 5 Ye who suffer, sigh, and moan,  
 Fresh and glorious there shall reign ;  
 Earthly here the seed is sown,  
 Heavenly it shall rise again,  
 Natural here the death we die,  
 Spiritual our life on high.
- 6 Body, be thou of good cheer,  
 In thy Saviour's care rejoice,  
 Give not place to gloom and fear,  
 Dead, thou yet shalt know His voice,  
 When the final trump is heard,  
 And the deaf cold grave is stirred.

LYR. GER.

## 450.

## III. 2.

FAREWELL, O ye much-loved friends !  
 Grief hath smote you as a sword,  
 But the Comforter descends  
 Unto them who love the Lord.  
 Weep not o'er a passing show,  
 To th' eternal world I go.



- 2 Weep not that I take my leave  
Of the world ; that I exchange  
Errors that too closely cleave,  
Shadows, empty ghosts that range  
Through this world of naught and night,  
For a land of truth and light.
- 3 Weep not, dearest to my heart,  
For I find my Saviour near,  
And I know that I have part  
In the pains He suffered here,  
When He shed His sacred blood  
For the whole world's highest good.
- 4 Weep not, my Redeemer lives ;  
Heavenward springing from the dust  
Clear-eyed Hope, her comfort gives ;  
Faith, Heaven's champion, bids us trust,  
Love eternal whispers nigh,  
" Child of God, fear not to die !"

LYR. GER.

451.

II. 2.

**W**HEN the last agony draws nigh,  
My spirit sinks in bitter fear :  
Courage ! I conquer though I die,  
For Christ with Death once wrestled here.  
Thy strife, O Christ ! with Death's dark power  
Upholds me in this fearful hour.

- 2 In faith I hide myself in Thee,  
I shall not perish in the strife ;  
I share Thy war, Thy victory,  
And death is swallowed up in life.  
Thy strife, O Christ ! with death of yore  
Hath conquered, and I fear no more.

LYR. GER.

452.

L. M.

"Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."—PHIL. 1: 23.

**L**ET me be with Thee, where Thou art,  
 My Saviour, my eternal rest!  
 Then only will this longing heart  
 Be fully and forever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,  
 Thy unveiled glory to behold;  
 Then only will this wandering heart  
 Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.

3 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,  
 Where spotless saints Thy name adore;  
 Then only will this sinful heart  
 Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art!  
 Where none can die—where none remove:  
 Where life nor death my soul can part  
 From Thy blest presence, and Thy love.

453.

**L**ORD Jesus Christ, true man and God,  
 Who borest anguish, scorn, the rod,  
 And diedst at last upon the tree  
 To bring Thy Father's grace to me;  
 I pray Thee through that bitter woe,  
 Let me, a sinner, mercy know.

- 2 When comes the hour of failing breath,  
And I must wrestle, Lord, with death;  
When from my sight all fades away  
And when my tongue no more can say,  
And when mine ears no more can hear,  
And when my heart is racked with fear ;
- 3 When all my mind is darkened o'er,  
And human help can do no more ;  
Then come, Lord Jesus, come with speed,  
And help me in my hour of need ;  
Lead me from this dark vale beneath,  
And shorten then the pangs of death.

LYR. GER.

## 454.

- O** PRINCE of life ! I know  
That when I too lie low,  
Thou wilt at last my soul from death awaken ;  
Wherefore I will not shrink  
From the grave's awful brink ;  
The heart that trusts in Thee shall ne'er be  
shaken.
- 2 To me the darksome tomb  
Is but a narrow room,  
Where I may rest in peace from sorrow free.  
Thy death shall give me power  
To cry in that dark hour  
O death ! O grave ! where is your victory ?
- 3 The grave can naught destroy,  
Only the flesh can die,  
And e'en the body triumphs o'er decay :  
Clothed by Thy wond'rous might,  
In robes of dazzling light,  
This flesh shall burst the grave at that last  
Day.

- 4 My Jesus, day by day,  
 Help me to watch and pray,  
 Beside the tomb where in my heart Thou'rt  
 laid.  
 Thy bitter death shall be  
 My constant memory,  
 My guide at last into Death's awful shade.  
 LYR. GER.
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## V. WHEN THE SPIRIT HAS FLED.

455.

C. M.

NOT for the pious dead we weep,  
 Their sorrows now are o'er;  
 The sea is calm, the tempest past,  
 On that eternal shore.

2 Their peace is sealed, their rest is sure,  
 Within that better home;  
 Awhile we weep and linger here,  
 Then follow to the tomb.

3 Oh! might some dream of visioned bliss,  
 Some trance of rapture, show  
 Where on the bosom of their God,  
 They rest from human woe.

4 Jesus! our shadowy path illume,  
 And teach the chastened mind  
 To welcome all that's left of good,  
 To all that's lost resigned.

BARBAULD

456.

NOW rests her soul in Jesus' arms,  
 Her body in the grave sleeps well,  
 His heart her death-chilled heart re-warms,  
 And rest more deep than tongue can tell—

Her few brief hours of conflict passed—  
She finds with Christ, her friend, at last ;  
She bathes in tranquil seas of peace,  
God wipes away her tears, she feels  
New life that all her languor heals,  
The glory of the Lamb she sees.

2 She hath escaped all danger now,  
Her pain and sighing all are fled ;  
The crown of joy is on her brow,  
Eternal glories o'er her shed.  
In golden robes, a queen, a bride,  
She standeth at her Sovereign's side ;  
She sees His face unveiled and bright,  
With joy and love He greets her soul,  
She feels herself made inly whole,  
A lesser light amid His light.

3 The child hath now its Father seen,  
And feels what kindling love may be,  
And knoweth what those words may mean,  
"Himself, the Father, loveth thee."  
A shoreless ocean, an abyss  
Unfathomed, filled with good and bliss,  
Now breaks on her enraptured sight ;  
She sees God's face, she learneth there,  
What this shall be, to be His heir,  
Joint-heir with Christ her Lord in light.

4 The body rests, its labors over,  
And sleeps till Christ shall bid it wake ;  
The dust that earth and darkness cover,  
Then as a sun its tomb shall break.  
Ah ! with what joy it rises then  
To meet the perfect soul again !  
Redeemed from death, no more to sever.  
At that great marriage-feast shall they  
With all the saints their homage pay,  
And worship there the Lamb forever.

457.

C. M.

THEN I have conquered; then at last  
 My course is run, good night!  
 I am well pleased that it is past,  
 A thousand times, good night!  
 But ye, dear friends, whom I must leave,  
 Look not thus anxiously;  
 Why should ye thus lament and grieve?  
 It standeth well with me.

2 Farewell, O anguish, pain, and fear,  
 Farewell, farewell, forever!  
 It glads my heart to leave you here,  
 Redeemed from you forever!  
 Henceforth a life of joy I share,  
 In my Creator's hand;  
 None of the griefs can touch me there,  
 That haunt this lower land.

3 Who yet o'er earth in time must roam,  
 Not yet from error free,  
 Scarce lisp the language of our home,  
 The glad eternity.  
 Far better is a happy death,  
 Than worldly life, I trow;  
 The weakness once I sank beneath,  
 I never more shall know.

4 Farewell, thou dear, dear soul, farewell!  
 To those sweet pleasures go,  
 That we who mourning here must dwell  
 Not yet, alas! can know.  
 Ah! when shall that great day be come,  
 When these things fade away,  
 And Thou shalt bid us welcome home?  
 Would God it were to-day!

LYR. GER.



458.

II. 2.

LIE down in peace to take thy rest,  
Dear cherished form, no longer mine ;  
But bearing in thy clay-cold breast  
A hidden germ of life divine,  
Which, when th' eternal spring shall bloom,  
Will burst the shackles of the tomb.

2 Lie down in peace to take thy rest,  
Unbroken will thy slumbers be ;  
Satan can now no more molest  
And death has done his worst on thee.  
Lie down thy hallowed sleep to take,  
Till clothed in glory thou shalt wake.

3 Lie down in peace to take thy rest,  
We can no longer watch thy bed ;  
But glorious angels, spirits blest,  
Shall guard thee day and night instead.  
And when thine eyes unclosed shall be,  
Christ in His glory thou shalt see.

4 Lie down in peace to take thy rest ;  
My eyes must weep, my heart must mourn ,  
But to thy soul with Jesus blest,  
For comfort and for hope I turn.  
Thou wilt not mark these tears that flow ;  
Sorrows can never reach thee now.

5 Lie down in peace to take thy rest,  
Let me betake myself to prayer,  
Binding faith's corslet on my heart,  
Lest Satan find an entrance there.  
God gave—though now His gift He claim,  
Still blessed be His holy name.

## 459.

OUR beloved have departed,  
 While we tarry, broken-hearted,  
 In the dreary, empty house ;  
 They have ended life's brief story,  
 They have reached the home of glory,  
 Over death victorious !

2 Hush that sobbing, weep more lightly,  
 On we travel, daily, nightly,  
 To the rest that they have found ;  
 Are we not upon the river,  
 Sailing fast to meet, for ever,  
 On more holy, happy ground ?

3 Whilst with bitter tears we're mourning,  
 Thoughts to buried loves returning,  
 Time is hasting us along :  
 Downward to the grave's dark dwelling,  
 Upward to the fountain swelling  
 With eternal life and song !

4 On we haste, to home invited,  
 There with friends to be united  
 In a surer bond than here ;  
 Meeting soon, and meet for ever !  
 Glorious hopes forsake us never,  
 For Thy glimmering light is dear.

5 Ah ! the way is shining clearer,  
 As we journey, ever nearer,  
 To the everlasting home ;  
 Friends, who there await our landing,  
 Comrades, round the throne now standing,  
 We salute you, and we come.

GERMAN.

## 460.

## III. 1.

THERE in peace his dust is laid,  
Jesus watches o'er his bed ;  
There in certain hope to lie  
Till the trumpet shakes the sky.

2 One more safe ; the race is run !  
Bright and brighter was the sun,  
Till the shining noon-day glowed  
O'er the pilgrim's heavenward road.

3 Yet a few more changing days,  
Winter's cold, and sun's bright rays ;  
Yet a few more flowers to dress  
Earth's prolific wilderness !

4 Then round the believer's tomb  
Light from heaven shall cheer the gloom,  
While the prison-house shall shake ;  
First the dead in Christ shall wake.

5 Glorious hour ! though sons of men  
Know not how and know not when,  
Lord ! tis Thine to choose the day,  
Theirs to watch, and wait, and pray.



## DOXOLOGIES.

## CLASS I.

## C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

## L. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom earth and heaven adore  
Be glory, as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

## S. M.

TO God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, glory be,  
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so  
To all eternity.

## CLASS II.

## II. 1.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host  
 And saints on earth adore;  
 Be glory as in ages past,  
 As now it is, and so shall last  
 When time shall be no more.

## II. 2.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host,  
 And suffering saints on earth adore,  
 Be glory as in ages past,  
 As now it is, and so shall last  
 When time itself shall be no more.

## II. 3.

TO God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be glory in the highest given,  
 By all in earth, and all in heaven,  
 As was through ages heretofore,  
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

## II. 4.

TO God the Father, Son,  
 And Spirit, ever blessed,  
 Eternal Three in One,  
 All worship be addressed,  
 As heretofore  
 It was, is now,  
 And shall be so  
 For evermore.



## II. 5.

TO God the Father, and to God the Son,  
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,  
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

## II. 6.

ETERNAL praise be given,  
And songs of highest worth,  
By all the hosts of heaven,  
And all the saints on earth,  
To God, supreme confessed,  
To Christ, His only Son,  
And to the Spirit blessed,  
Eternal Three in One.

## II. 7.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit blessed,  
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,  
Eternal Three in one confessed,  
Be highest glory given,  
As was through ages heretofore,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.  
By all in earth and heaven.

## II. 8.

BY all on earth and all in heaven  
Be everlasting glory given,  
To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit ; equal Three  
In undivided Unity,  
Ere time had yet its course begun :  
As was, and is, be highest praise,  
As still shall be through endless days.

## CLASS III.

## III. 1.

**H**OLY Father, holy Son,  
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
 Glory, as of old, to Thee,  
 Now, and evermore shall be!

## III. 2.

**P**RAISE the Name of God most high,  
 Praise Him all below the sky,  
 Praise Him all ye heavenly host,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;  
 As through countless ages past,  
 Evermore His praise shall last.

## III. 3.

**P**RAISE the Father, earth and heaven,  
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,  
 As it was, and is, be given  
 Glory through eternal days.

## III. 4.

**T**O the Father, throned in heaven,  
 To the Saviour, Christ, His Son,  
 To the Spirit, praise be given,  
 Everlasting Three in One :  
 As of old, the Trinity  
 Still is worshipped, still shall be.

## III. 5.

**G**REAT Jehovah ! we adore Thee,  
God the Father, God the Son,  
God the Spirit, joined in glory  
On the same eternal throne :  
Endless praises  
To Jehovah, Three in One.

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## CLASS IV.

## IV. 1.

**B**Y angels in heaven  
Of every degree,  
And saints upon earth,  
All praise be addressed ;  
To God in Three Persons,  
One God ever blessed,  
As it has been, now is,  
And ever shall be.

## IV. 2.

**A**LL praises to the Father, the Son,  
And Spirit, thrice holy and blessed,  
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,  
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

## IV. 3.

**A**LL praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,  
All praise to the Spirit, thrice blessed,  
The holy, eternal, supreme Three in One,  
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

## IV. 4.

O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be addressed,  
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever  
 blessed,  
 All glory and worship from earth and from  
 heaven,  
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

## IV. 5.

ALL glory and praise to the Father be given,  
 The Son, and the Spirit, from earth and from  
 heaven ;  
 As was and is now, be supreme adoration,  
 And ever shall be, to the God of salvation.

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COME, let us adore Him ; come, bow at His  
 feet ;  
 Oh ! give Him the glory, the praise that is meet ;  
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.







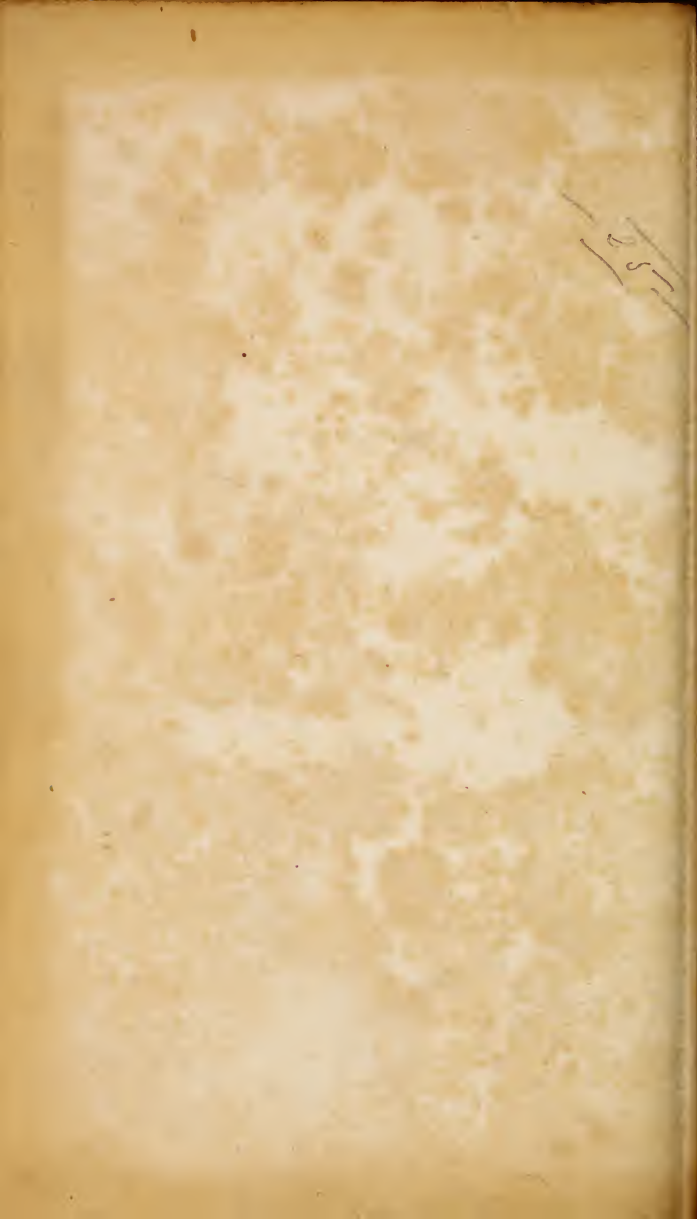














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